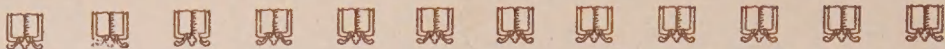


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BABY STUART. BY VAN DYCK

Beautiful Children In Art



BABY STUART

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



HE travels of pictures after they leave the hands of the painter are often of great interest. This picture of "Baby Stuart" is a detail, or portion, of a larger picture showing the three elder children of Charles the First of England. It now hangs in the Gallery at Turin. How did it get there?

The Queen of England one day decided that she wished to send her sister, Princess Christine of Savoy, a gift. After considering awhile, she sent for Van Dyck, the painter at the court of Charles I. He was commissioned to paint these three children. When it was finished, the picture was sent to her royal sister at Turin, and there it may now be seen; and in the archives of the city is the very letter which accompanied it.

This was not the only picture of the children of Charles I painted by Van Dyck in his position of Court Painter. Another hangs in Dresden, and still another in Windsor Castle. Something like thirty-eight portraits of Charles I himself and thirty-five of his Queen, show that the artist was kept pretty busy by the royal family.

He had sought this appointment as Court Painter before he started for Italy, but for some reason was unable to gain the attention of the King. His success in Italy was remarkable, especially in Genoa, where he painted upward of fifty pictures for the patrician families of that city. After an absence of five years he returned to Flanders. He was received with every honor. Princes and nobles vied with each other in having him paint their portraits.

But Van Dyck wanted a court appointment. In 1632 he again went to England. He was presented to Charles I and graciously given permission to paint the portrait of the King and Queen. This was a great success, and honors began to come quick and fast. He received the appointment as Painter to the Court. He was knighted and had a pension of a thousand dollars a year bestowed upon him. Rooms were reserved for his use at Blackfriars. A summer home was furnished him as well. The King and Queen kept him constantly at work on pictures.

Nor were the nobles of England slow to follow where their ruler led. Many of Van Dyck's finest portraits were painted at this time. One of them was the portrait of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, who gallantly offered to take the place of Charles I when he was about to be beheaded. It was a perfectly safe offer. This picture is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York.

So thickly besieged by patrons did Van Dyck become that he employed a host of assistants. His appointments for a sitting never lasted more than an hour. He would sketch in the face, and sometimes the hands of the sitter, and indicate the general composition of the picture. But as soon as the clock showed that he had been at work on it an hour, he would rise and indicate that the sitting was at an end. Another hour would be arranged. Then the sitter would be requested to send his clothes, and in the meantime Van Dyck's assistants would paint them in the portrait. In this manner, Van Dyck was able to keep many pictures going at the same time, and he derived a considerable income from his work. During the seven years of his residence in England he painted more than 350 pictures.

The home of Van Dyck in England was kept in a style which rivalled that of his patrons. He was very liberal in his patronage of musicians. He himself dearly loved music. Van Dyck died December 7, 1641. He was buried in St. Paul's.



THE BLUE BOY. BY GAINSBOROUGH

Beautiful Children In Art

THE BLUE BOY

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



T is a peculiarity of human nature that we are never satisfied with things as they are. Thomas Gainsborough would gladly have abandoned his fame as a portrait painter, if he might have been known as a successful landscape artist. Portrait painting was his work. The painting of the beauties of nature was his pleasure. But, unlike his portraits, his landscapes, now so eagerly sought, were never appreciated during his lifetime. He, therefore, never neglected an opportunity to use a landscape background for his portraits. Sometimes they, in a quiet way, are of very great beauty—witness the landscape in the picture before us. They have a soft, restful beauty of their own.

Gainsborough was one of those quiet, shy people who are often thought uninteresting by people of hasty judgment. He married early. He was nineteen, his wife eighteen. They had become acquainted through a commission to paint her portrait. The picture required so many sittings that by the time it was finished they were engaged. They lived very happily. The companionship of his wife seems to have been all the society young Gainsborough desired. He made no effort to enter the gay circles of either Bath or London; he was always averse to being considered a social lion.

And all this quiet shyness pervades many of his pictures. He never painted children with the grace and loveliness Sir Joshua Reynolds gave to them. He never painted them laughing or playing about, as did Sir Thomas Lawrence. Usually they stand or sit quietly, smiling with a "grown-up" manner, like "The Blue Boy."

Gainsborough's rise to fame quickly followed his removal from the little country town of Ipswich to the fashionable watering place, Bath. Here he was soon commissioned with more portraits than he could well paint. And it was doubtless through some of his sitters at Bath that he was induced to move to London.

Although Gainsborough's life has been called quiet, in London he was not without a considerable circle of important friends. Garrick, the actor, Sheridan, the dramatist, and the American, Benjamin West, later made the President of the Royal Academy, were among them. He painted several members of the royal family, as well as the high-bred lords and dames, with whom it was quite the proper thing to be pictured first by Sir Joshua Reynolds and then by Gainsborough. And with many of these lords and ladies, almost their sole title to fame is that Sir Joshua or Gainsborough did paint their portraits.

When he received a commission, Gainsborough never prearranged a picture. On the arrival of his sitter the artist would engage him in conversation until all self-consciousness had disappeared. Then seizing a happy position into which the unconscious sitter had been beguiled, he would paint him as he was. This is what makes his portraits so attractive.

"The Blue Boy" is evidently some such commission. This boy, Jonathan Buttall, was the son of a wealthy iron-monger. Our interest in him is quite lost in our interest in the art of the portrait.

Gainsborough had a passion for music, but seems never to have become much of a performer. He died August 2, 1788. At his request he was quietly buried in the tiny churchyard on Keir Green.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. BY REYNOLDS

Beautiful Children In Art

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS loved children, and used them as models for some of his most charming pictures. An artist who worked in the room next that in which Reynolds had his studio tells that he would often hear the voice of one of these tiny models pleading, "Sir, Sir, I'm tired." After a few moments of stirring about, there would be silence for another half hour. Then the voice again, "Sir, I'm tired." Sometimes the weary model would fall asleep. One time this resulted very favorably, for the kindly Sir Joshua, realizing that the position was more attractive than the one he had been painting, began on a fresh canvas and sketched the figure as it lay. After a time, the child stretched, yawned, and fell into another position. This delighted the artist as much as the first, and he rapidly sketched in the figure in the second position. It is said that he used the sketches for his picture "The Babes in the Wood."

One of these little models was his grandniece, and this picture, for which she posed, has come to be called "The Age of Innocence."

These paintings Sir Joshua called "Fancy Pictures." He had the habit of stopping any pretty little beggar children he met on the street and inviting them to his studio. There he would paint them between sittings of his regular patrons. It was well that some of the haughty duchesses Reynolds painted did not know that the soft divans upon which they so gracefully seated themselves had but shortly before held the tiny beggars Sir Joshua so loved to paint.

No matter how great a man may be, we always think better of him if he shows a love for children. Singularly enough, many of the artists who have most strongly exhibited this characteristic have had no children of their own. Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of them. But this man who showed such a love for children had a charming personality.

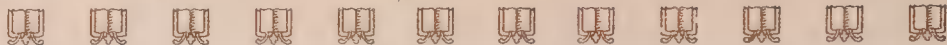
Reynolds was one of the most interesting men in the London of that time. He formed one of the famous circle which used to meet at the "Coffee Houses," where, over their cups, all the news of the day was discussed. Burke, the earnest advocate of American independence, Goldsmith, the author, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his inseparable biographer, formed members of this circle. From Boswell we glean many glimpses of Reynolds, who was one of Johnson's closest intimates, and of the life which was led by him and the other members of this famous body of men. Like Burke, Sir Joshua championed the cause of the colonies in their contest with the mother country. He even went to the extent of wagering as to the result, tradition says. If he did, he must have won his bet.

During a great part of his life Reynolds was deaf. In one of his portraits he is shown carrying an ear-trumpet. His deafness was contracted early in life, during a visit to Rome. Admiral Keppel, who was going to Italy on a diplomatic mission, took the young painter along on board his ship. Reynolds spent a great deal of time studying the pictures of Raphael in the Sistine Chapel. These rooms are unheated throughout the year, and Reynolds caught a severe cold, which brought on a deafness that lasted throughout his life. His eyes gave out just a year or two before he died, on February 23, 1792.



THE CALMADY CHILDREN. BY LAWRENCE

Beautiful Children In Art



THE CALMADY CHILDREN

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



One who looks at Sir Thomas Lawrence's group of the "Calmady Children" can believe it to be a subject painted in the ordinary day's work of a fashionable portrait painter. Nor was it. The beauty of these two little daughters of a Devon squire so struck the artist, that he offered to paint the picture for a sum much less than he was accustomed to receive at that time. Then he threw himself into the spirit of it. The little models were brought daily to his studio. On every opportunity he would detain them at dinner. The children lost any fear of him they might have had, and this charming picture is the result of his efforts.

Thomas Lawrence, the youngest of sixteen children, was born in Bristol on May 4, 1769. At different times his father had been a barrister, an actor and an inn-keeper. The boy was very precocious. It is said that he could draw likenesses at five years of age. His father would sometimes take him to the Green Room of the local theater. Here he would be made to recite for the actors, who were fond of him. But one day Tom announced that he would rather take the likenesses of two of the actors than recite for them. They consented to humor him, and were considerably surprised at the ease and skill with which the first sketch was soon finished. The second actor was something of a wag, however. When the boy began, he caused his face to assume a serious aspect. Gradually, while the young fellow was busily working away, he began to raise his brows, and widen his mouth—in short, to assume a countenance which was the opposite of sober. Tom was mystified, and, started again; but the process was repeated. At last, after a particularly searching look from Tom, the actor burst out laughing and the hoax was off. By the time he was twelve he had opened a studio at Bath, the great watering place of England. It became the fad for the fashionable people there to have their portraits painted by this boy. The price rose from five to seven dollars and a half apiece. Many notable people sat for him at this time, among whom was Sarah Siddons, the great actress.

It is said that his personal appearance during this period was so attractive that one artist wanted him to pose as the boy Christ. From Bath he moved to London. Honors came thick and fast. He enjoyed royal favor, and was kept busy painting the nobility of England. He never went abroad for study early in life, as so many of his brother artists were accustomed to do. But in 1818, when nearly fifty years old, he received a commission to paint for George IV the portraits of the Sovereigns assembled at Aix la Chappelle to sign that important treaty. He went on to Vienna and Rome. Everywhere he was received with the highest honors. On his return, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, perhaps the highest honor that could be offered an English artist. He died on January 7, 1830.

Lawrence's picture of the "Calmady Children" has itself a history. When George IV saw it, he wanted it. But, of course, he could not secure it unless the parents of the children were willing to part with it, and they were not. So it remained in the possession of that family until 1886, when it was sold in London. It was purchased by Collis P. Huntington, the great railroad financier, and it now hangs in the collection of his widow in New York. It is one of the prized pictures in this wonderful collection, where it is in good company with portraits by Rembrandt and Hals.



THE DAUPHIN. BY GREUZE

Beautiful Children In Art



THE DAUPHIN

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



GLOOMY room in a huge prison-like building. Seated at the table there a lazy lout with a coarse voice. Lounging in their chairs on either side of him, scarcely less grimy companions, also well on the road to intoxication. This brilliant circle was finding amusement from the efforts of a little fellow to supply their wants from the none too clean dishes with which the table was provided. The boy was the King of France. He was being taught that all men are equal.

At any rate, such was the reason given for placing the Dauphin in the charge of Simon. By one of the freaks of the French Revolution, this man, formerly a shoemaker, had risen sufficiently to be entrusted with the care of the young King. Judging from the diabolical pleasure he took in humiliating the child, he seems to have been brutal enough to have taken a delight in this commission. He cut off the Dauphin's hair, beat him, and forced him to sing the vilest songs for the entertainment of the guests.

This was in the days of the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" of the French Revolution. King Louis XVI, father of the Dauphin, and Marie Antoinette, his mother, had tried to flee from France for their safety, taking the Dauphin and his older sister with them. They were captured at the frontier of France and brought back to Paris. There they were imprisoned in the tower of the "Knights Templar" building.

The King was separated from his family and allowed to see them only on the night before he was guillotined.

At this time the little Dauphin was only eight years old. Six months after his father's death, orders were given that he be separated from his mother. He was taken away and turned over to the shoemaker, after a harrowing scene, in which his mother with her arms about his neck fought to prevent his removal.

The delicate boy naturally became ill from the treatment he received. His condition grew serious, and a doctor was hurriedly called in. A temporary improvement of his condition resulted, but the assistance had come too late.

In one of the hollows of the battlement on which he was now permitted to walk, there was a shallow place in which the water collected. Here a little band of sparrows used to come to drink and bathe. They soon became accustomed to his presence, and would not fly away when they saw him. He was able to recognize and distinguish certain of them. He liked their busy chirping. He called them "his birds."

But he was not able to walk out even to see his birds much longer. His disease made rapid progress. His physician, whom he had come to trust and revere, died suddenly. And all this time the news that his mother, like his father, had been guillotined, was kept from him. He did not survive her. The short life of the little "King Who Never Reigned," as he has been called, which had been so full of sorrow, was mercifully ended.

Jean Baptiste Greuze, the man who painted this picture, was during the early part of his life one of the most popular artists of the eighteenth century. He acquired considerable wealth, but during the Revolution he lost most of it. Then the popular taste changed. Another style came into the public liking, and Greuze died in neglect and poverty.



PRINCE BALTHAZAR CARLOS. BY VELASQUEZ

Beautiful Children In Art

DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



As proud as a Spaniard! How well it describes the character of the Spanish people. Nor has any man been better able to express this haughtiness than Velasquez, in his many portraits of the nobles and princes of his own country. It matters not whether he paint the king or one of the tiniest of the royal princesses, each is invested with a supply of dignity which is amusing to us in our day. Although the little Don Balthazar Carlos shown in our picture looks as though he could hardly have been more than six or seven years old, note the royal manner in which he sits his barrel-bodied hobby-horse. What a stately little fellow he is, and yet what an absence of affectation about the entire portrait!

The hopes of Spain were centered in this boy—he was the heir to the throne. He had no brother, and but one of his sisters lived to grow up. Every care was taken of him. When three years old, he was proclaimed heir to the throne with great ceremony. He was given over to the care of one of the noblemen of the court. When he became fourteen years old, a palace was set aside for his use. Within two or three years arrangements were being made for his marriage to an Austrian princess. But shortly after he became sixteen, he was taken ill. The doctors, as was the custom then when the cause of a disease was not immediately recognized, bled him. This, coupled with his previous condition, so weakened him that he died a few days later.

But as we see him in our picture, we have him while he was still a boy. Velasquez painted many portraits of him; one showing him when he could not have been more than two or three years old is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is accompanied by a dwarf. There is also a small head of this prince in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but it was copied by one of Velasquez's pupils. In a picture in the Museum at Madrid he is shown in hunting costume, with a hound lying at his feet. Here we have him mounted, waving his baton in a manner as nearly approaching excitement as could be permitted the heir apparent.

Hunting and riding played a large part in the court life of this time, but like all the other activities, it was surrounded by stilted customs which must have taken all of the joy out of it. Some years later, an accident occurred. To touch the person of the Queen without permission was a crime punishable with death. But while mounting one day the Queen's horse took fright and the Queen was thrown. In falling, her foot became entangled in the stirrup and she was being dragged along by the frightened animal. Two courtiers dared to go to her assistance, and, catching the horse, they freed the Queen. Their reward was a royal pardon for their infringement of the law.

It appears from documents which have come to light that Velasquez's position as Court Painter, when he was first appointed, was not one of which he could be proud; for, in a list of the expenses of the court, we find him ranked with the dwarfs, buffoons and barbers. Like them, he received an allowance of cloth at the time the court wore mourning. This did not last long, however, for four years after he entered the service of the King we find that he was appointed a gentleman usher, and seven years later Officer of the Wardrobe, a position of responsibility.

From this time on many favors were shown him by the King, who sent him to Italy on matters of state, and in whose favor Velasquez seems to have remained until he died in 1660.

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No. I

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN IN ART

BABY STUART—VAN DYCK

THE BLUE BOY—GAINSBOROUGH

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—REYNOLDS

THE CALMADY CHILDREN—LAWRENCE

THE DAUPHIN—GREUZE

PRINCE BALTHAZAR CARLOS

—VELASQUEZ

By GUSTAV KOBBE

Author and Critic.

CHILDREN'S portraits that are "too cute for words" are painted every day, and the very fact that they are "too cute for words" determines their fate. They belong to the merely "pretty" art of the day, and another generation will wonder that anything so insipid could have been tolerated. And yet, in its own insipid way, that other generation will be doing the same thing all over again—producing the "too cute for words" portrait of children, and probably, if it is more than ordinarily cheap and sentimental in feeling, displaying it in great quantities in the shop windows.

SENTIMENTAL PORTRAITS

It seems necessary to say this at the outset, because the cheap and sentimental portrait aims its entirely false appeal at people, otherwise intelligent and discerning, who, so to speak, have not been in the way of seeing fine pictures and so forming a judgment based upon those things in art that have stood the unerring test of time. If you go to an exhibition

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and look around the room, you will discover, if you stay long enough, that the picture which at first attracted you least is the one that in the end attracts you most. The obvious, pleasing qualities of the canvases that first held your attention soon become tiresome. Usually they are examples of what is well characterized as sentimental rubbish. Qualities that are intended to captivate quickly are wantonly thrust at the beholder. Such pictures are like women who make themselves too agreeable on first acquaintance. They lack the lasting attraction of those whose accomplishments have to be drawn out through the closer knowledge developed by friendship. In the same way fine pictures, the only kind of pictures you should learn to care about, are more sober, more restrained, and less obvious. In pictures, as in all art, the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb.

PICTURES OF LASTING VALUE

“Too cute for words!”—I have purposely spoken of the child portraiture that evokes that exclamation. No great picture of a child, no matter who the original, would call for those words. The first view of a great picture never is, in fact, followed by an exclamation of any kind. It is sight—and silence. If, on seeing a picture for the first time, you exclaim “Wonderful,” you may be sure that it isn’t. But if there is in it something that holds, perhaps even puzzles you, so that you ask yourself why you linger before it, that picture has qualities the study of which will repay you.

This generalizing applies as much to portraits of children as to any other class of painting. For the great child portrait is as rare as any great portrait, or as any other great picture; and as with these the great child portrait is the work only of the great masters. No child portraiture has come down to us from the past as an art heritage that was not painted by a master whose name stands for many other great pictures. These masters appreciated that a portrait calls for more than mere superficial likeness. They visualize character, and even in their portraits of children know how to let character show through the features. The modern photograph gives a perfect likeness, but does not interpret character.

BABY STUART, BY VAN DYCK

It is because the great painter can interpret character and even his subject’s attitude toward what is going on about him, that the portrait which is a masterpiece contributes toward our knowledge of a period. Am I exaggerating when I say that in painting the portraits of Charles I. and

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THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

This painting hangs in Turin. The "Baby Stuart" is a detail of this picture. A superb character study of royal children.

tion. The Stuarts and their romance are being written about as busily as ever, and the courtly traditions of the period illustrated by Van Dyck's portraits, among them that of Baby James, Duke of York, later James II.

The "Baby Stuart" by Van Dyck shows a youngster holding an apple in his small hands. The portrait is bewitching, yet its real charm lies in the very pathos of its innocence. For what did Baby Stuart know of his future? What inkling had he that, having grown to manhood, he was, after a "short, uneasy, tactless reign" of four years, to be deposed by William and Mary—William the son of his sister Mary and the husband of Mary, his own daughter. For Mary, beside whom James, still a little fellow in petticoats, stands in Van Dyck's group of the five children of Charles I. at Windsor, married William II. of Orange and was the mother of William III., who married his cousin Mary, daughter of

his children, Van Dyck unconsciously left behind him a commentary on the story of an English Royal family? Even the portraits of the children have the haunting charm of the Stuarts, and explain why, despite a Charles I., there was a Charles II. and another James, to say nothing of the mistaken loyalty of generations to a lost cause and its Pretenders. Thus "the King's Principalle Paynter," as Van Dyck was called in the language of the time, made his portraits of the Royal family a series of character studies that recalls a period of English history of still potent fascina-



VAN DYCK
(1599-1641)

This famous Flemish painter had a great influence on English Art. Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence were influenced to a great extent by his work.



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.—VAN DYCK

In this painting, which hangs in Windsor Castle, "Baby Stuart," who became James II., is the second from the left, with his hands folded. Charles II. rests his hand on the dog's head.

James II., whom, notwithstanding, they deposed for England's good. Thus we see how closely interwoven with its period is that masterpiece of child portraiture, Van Dyck's "Baby Stuart." The painter, of Antwerp birth, was thirty-three years old when he went to the court of Charles I. and became the limner of the Royal family and so of an epoch. He had already painted at least one picture of the abiding charm of childhood in the portrait group of the Balbi children in Genoa.

VAN DYCK'S INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH ART

Ever since Van Dyck sojourned in England, although it is more than two hundred and fifty years ago, English portraiture has been more or less a weak imitation of his art. Only a few great figures among English artists, like Reynolds and Gainsborough, have been independent enough to absorb and assimilate Van Dyck's method and master it without becoming slaves to it. For this reason it is not surprising that the finest out and out English



WINDSOR CASTLE

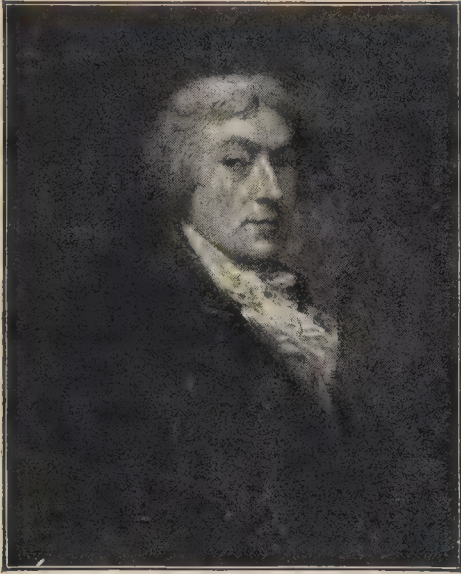
Here hangs the picture, shown on the opposite page, of the five children of Charles I., by Van Dyck. This historic building on the banks of the Thames has long been the chief residence of English sovereigns. It contains a magnificent room wholly devoted to the paintings of Van Dyck.

portraits of children emanated from these two artists, while the child pictures of Lawrence, who in method is more nearly in the Van Dyck line of succession, show the smooth and flattering brush that has caused his work to be more admired in France than that of any other English master.

Van Dyck's influence on even the greatest English art is illustrated by Gainsborough's farewell words to Reynolds. These two artists and rivals had been estranged, but Gainsborough, from his deathbed, begged Reynolds to come to him. When they parted, the dying man extended his hand to the other and said, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company."

GAINSBOROUGH'S BLUE BOY

Coming from the painter of the "Blue Boy," this has special significance. For this Gainsborough masterpiece, although painted in 1770, shows a youth in a costume of 1640, the cavalier garb of Van Dyck's English period. "It is only telling you what you already know of the exhibition of 1770 to say that Gainsborough is beyond himself in the portrait of a gentleman in a Van Dyck habit," writes the Royal Academician, Mary Moser, to Fuselli. The picture has fully sustained its fame thus early gained.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
(1727—1788)

A leader in English portrait and landscape painting. He worked at great speed, sometimes with brushes upon sticks six feet long. He painted over three hundred pictures.

THE MILLION DOLLAR PICTURE

Not long ago, in view of the rising prices being paid for pictures, I asked one of the leading art dealers when the million dollar picture would arrive. He replied that if Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"—which belongs to the Duke of Westminster—were for sale, he would gladly pay a million dollars for it, being sure that he could immediately sell it for more.

To a great extent the merit of the "Blue Boy" lies in the painter's having carried out in the boy's attitude and mien the suggestion of the period conveyed by the costume. This is the more remarkable because the boy was a middle-class lad, the son of Jonathan Buttall, an ironmonger, who is found in the London directory of the time as living at 31 Greek Street. The tradesman was a friend and patron of Gainsborough.

Of course the picture derives its title from the costume, which is entirely in blue. The boy's air is as aristocratic as that of a young cavalier, and he looks calmly down at the beholder from out of the picture. The figure is nearly life size, full length, standing. The boy carries his plumed cap in his right hand; his left on his hip. The background is landscape with a stormy sky. The color tone of the painting shows what has aptly been called Gainsborough's cool palette, but the application of the color is heavier, and lacks that feathery lightness which is characteristic of Gainsborough's later work. Therefore, the "Blue Boy" may be said to owe its fame, not so much to dexterous technique, as to the skill with which, in a picture, the ingenuous pride of a young cavalier has been expressed. Gainsborough understood perfectly well the seriousness with which youth takes itself, is absorbed in its own problems and undertakings, and so to be interpreted. In other words, the great artist, in painting a portrait, whether child or adult, gives us, as Gainsborough has, a leaf out of the book of life.

REYNOLDS' CRITICISM OF GAINSBOROUGH

It is not at all unlikely that the cool tones in which the "Blue Boy" is painted led Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his discourses to the students

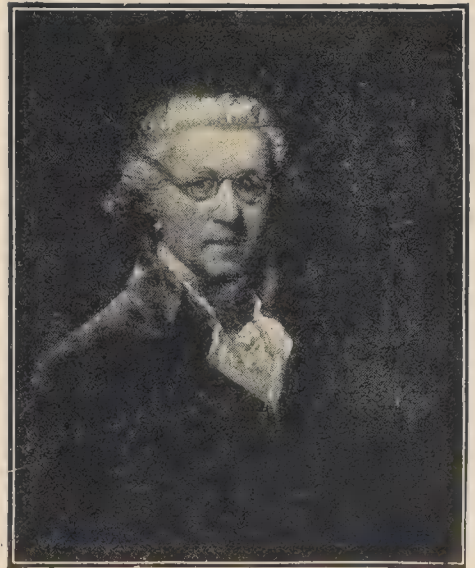
BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN IN ART

of the Royal Academy, to inveigh against the use of a preponderance of cool color in a picture, and especially to mention blue as one of the tones that should be used sparingly, and only to set off and support warm colors like yellow, red or yellowish white. This no doubt was aimed at Gainsborough, who replied to the attack with his famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in which nearly every rule laid down by Reynolds was violated. It is pleasant to think that these two great painters came together again before death overtook the creator of the "Blue Boy."

About 1798 the picture came into the possession of George, Prince of Wales. One night, when the Prince's boon companion, John Nesbitt, was dining with him, the Prince, pointing to the canvas, said, "Nesbitt, that picture is yours." Nesbitt demurred, but the Prince insisted, and the next morning the picture was delivered at Nesbitt's lodgings—to be followed in a few days by a bill for £300, which he promptly paid. In such manner does royalty sometimes replenish its purse.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Unlike the "Blue Boy," which is comparatively an early work of Gainsborough's, the "Age of Innocence" is one of the most mature of Reynolds' canvases, having been painted in 1785, four years before he lost his eyesight. How touching that this master should, in old age, have turned to youth for inspiration. No doubt the freshness of inspiration with which he painted it was due to his love for his sister's child and also for the little grandniece who posed for the "Age of Innocence." Is it not charming that besides his delight in the young, family affection was an inspiration in the production of this, his crowning presentation of childhood, a masterpiece because it shows no tendency to over-sentimentality, no "slopping over" of temperament? The little girl seated under a tree and gazing into the distance, her hands folded over her breast, her little feet protruding from under her little skirt—how unvexed she is by the slightest suggestion of the mundane. This is innocent, but not insipid, childhood.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(1723—1792)

The first president of the Royal Academy. He had an "inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence" in painting. Rather detached from his fellow men, but with a noble disposition and character.



"SIMPLICITY"—REYNOLDS

Reynolds' little niece, the daughter of his sister Mary, posed for this picture. It is regarded as one of the loveliest child portraits.

became Mrs. Gwatkin and, in her turn, had an "Offy," it was little "Offy" Gwatkin who posed for the "Age of Innocence." Would there had been another great artist present to paint a picture even more charming—a picture of old Sir Joshua painting his grandniece!

Gainsborough was dead and Reynolds blind when, in 1789, Lawrence, then in his twenty-first year, became famous at a stroke by painting the portrait of Miss Farren, afterward Countess of Derby. This artist, who as a boy of ten attracted notice by doing crayon portraits of the frequenters of his father's tavern in Oxford, soon had the wealth and aristocracy of England sitting to him.

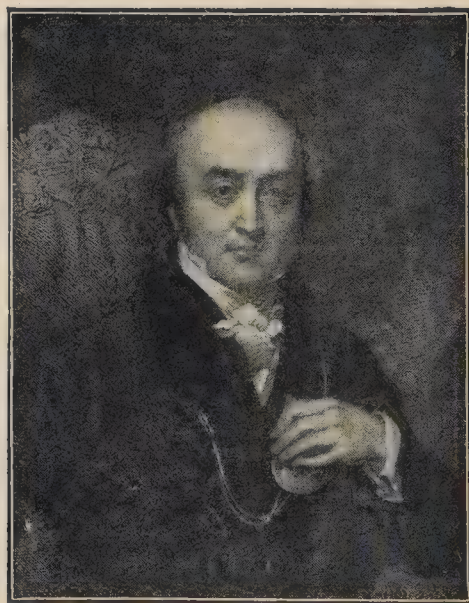
LAWRENCE'S CHOSEN MASTERPIECE

But of all his pictures, the one he selected as the masterpiece by which he wished to be

REYNOLDS' LOVE OF CHILDHOOD

No wonder Sir Joshua put such love of genuine childhood into his "Age of Innocence," and dipped his brush into his heart as well as into the colors of his palette. Well might he have loved the child that sat for him, for the little girl was his beloved sister's grandchild. The personal relationship was beautiful. The Christian name of the artist's mother was Theophila, and she was called "Offy" for short. When in his eighteenth year the ambitious boy set out to study art seriously, it was his sister Mary, Mrs. Palmer, who helped to defray the expense. Her daughter, "Offy," posed to her famous uncle for the "Strawberry Girl," and when she

grew up and



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
(1769—1830)

At the age of six he was shown off to the guests of his father's inn as the infant prodigy who could sketch their likenesses and recite long passages from Milton. He ranks high among English portrait painters.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN IN ART

remembered, was the "Calmady Children." The fact that this portrait canvas is widely known under the title of "Nature" and that it deserves the title, explains its enduring fame.

Lawrence painted these children in 1823, and did everything to make their counterfeit presentment on his canvas as natural as possible. Few sitters had so delighted him as these little girls. In order to observe them and paint what he said would be the best piece of the kind he had ever put on canvas, he detained them many hours, keeping them in good humor by reading stories to them or romping with them. At times, like all creators of great works, he morbidly mistrusted his own power. "How disheartening it is," he exclaimed once, after attempting to catch the playful attitude and expression of the younger sister, "when we have Nature before us, to see how far, even with our best effort and all our study, how very far short we fall of her!"

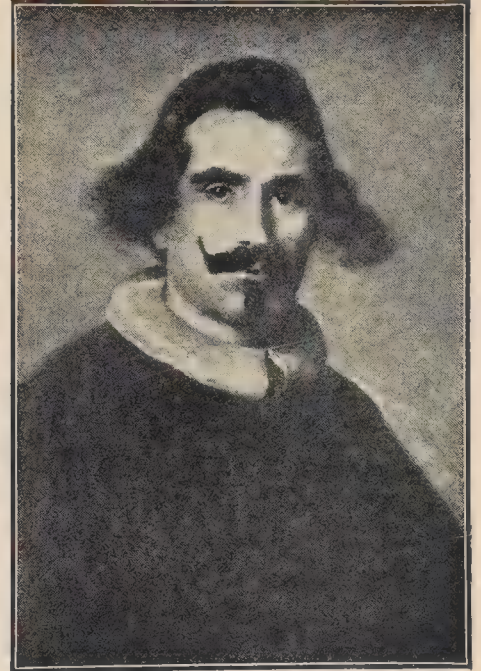
Yet there were moments when he felt reassured. During a sitting a packet arrived from the King of Denmark with the announcement of Lawrence's election as an honorary member of the Danish Royal Academy. It was signed "Votre affectione (your affectionate), Christian Frederick."

"The fact is," commented Lawrence, smiling at the children and their parents, "they have heard that I am painting this picture."

An anonymous writer has justly said that the work was well entitled "Nature," and that it is an example of art copying Nature's most charming works with graceful truth, the children being beautiful, while the expression and character are those of perfect childhood.

VELASQUEZ, THE PAINTER OF ROYALTY

Velasquez was a Spanish contemporary of Van Dyck, and born the same year as that artist, 1599, in Seville. In 1623, when twenty-four years old, he became the painter to King Phillip IV., of Spain. Lodgings in the royal palace were set aside for him, and he was made the recipient of a monthly allowance. Fortunate for Velasquez, but even more fortunate



VELASQUEZ
(1599—1660)

Considered by many critics to be the supreme painter of the world. Ruskin says, "Everything that Velasquez does may be taken as absolutely right by the student."

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN IN ART



PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.
(1605—1665)

Father of Prince Balthazar Carlos; patron of Velasquez. Weak and indolent, his reign was marked by the political and military decay of Spain. He was seen to laugh in public only three times during his entire life.

for his royal patron, a weak king, who to-day is remembered chiefly because of the portraits Velasquez has painted of him.

Not only the royal master, however, but the younger members of the royal family, also sat to Velasquez. Among portraits of these is that of little Prince Balthazar Carlos on his pony.

This portrait has everything art demands—life, motion, luminosity and prospect. The very air is lustrous and palpitating. The dapper little Prince is in his seventh year. Seated lightly yet firmly on his chestnut pony, he holds a marshal's baton extended over the animal's head.

All is brilliancy. The sense of motion is such that the pony seems bounding out of the frame. The foreshortening gives roundness and vigor to the body of the little steed, whose long mane and sweeping tail flutter in the wind. The Prince is decked in all his

bravery—broad plumed hat, dark green velvet jacket with white sleeves, red scarf embroidered in gold, long, close fitting leather boots; and, as Justi points out, by contrast with the landscape all this has made the picture the most shimmering and dazzling of equestrian portraits. Nature appears to have been awakened out of a deep stillness by the clatter of the pony and the brilliant figure of the boy. This sturdy young Prince died in youth, but still lives for us in this portrait by Velasquez.

GREUZE, PAINTER OF CHILDREN'S HEADS

The portrait of the Dauphin by Greuze, a French painter (1725-1805), shows the work of an artist who, famed in his day in other branches of painting, is now considered mediocre in most of his work save his heads, and chiefly his children's heads. Than these "nothing could be fresher and more lightly touched." They form an exquisite series, from which the portrait of the little Dauphin is a capital choice.

"And a little child shall lead them"—lead to the realization of the great in art. Not, however, the "cute" picture child, but the child that through the eyes of the master painter becomes, as it were, one of the few world children—children of all time, because they represent not this, that, or the other young personality, but Childhood itself standing upon the threshold of life. That is the secret, the test, of great child portraiture.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



Beautiful Children	<i>C. Haldane McFall</i>
Van Dyck	<i>Percy M. Turner</i>
Van Dyck	<i>Percy Randall Head</i>
Anthony Van Dyck	<i>Lionel Cust</i>
Gainsborough	<i>Max Rothschild</i>
Artistic Development of Reynolds and Gainsborough .	<i>Sir W. M. Conway</i>
Reynolds	<i>S. N. Bensusan</i>
Sir Joshua Reynolds	<i>Leslie</i>
Lawrence	<i>S. N. Bensusan</i>
Velasquez	<i>S. N. Bensusan</i>
Velasquez	<i>A. de Beruete</i>
Greuze	<i>Alys Eyre Macklin</i>
J. B. Greuze	<i>Normand</i>

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject treated can obtain it by writing to the

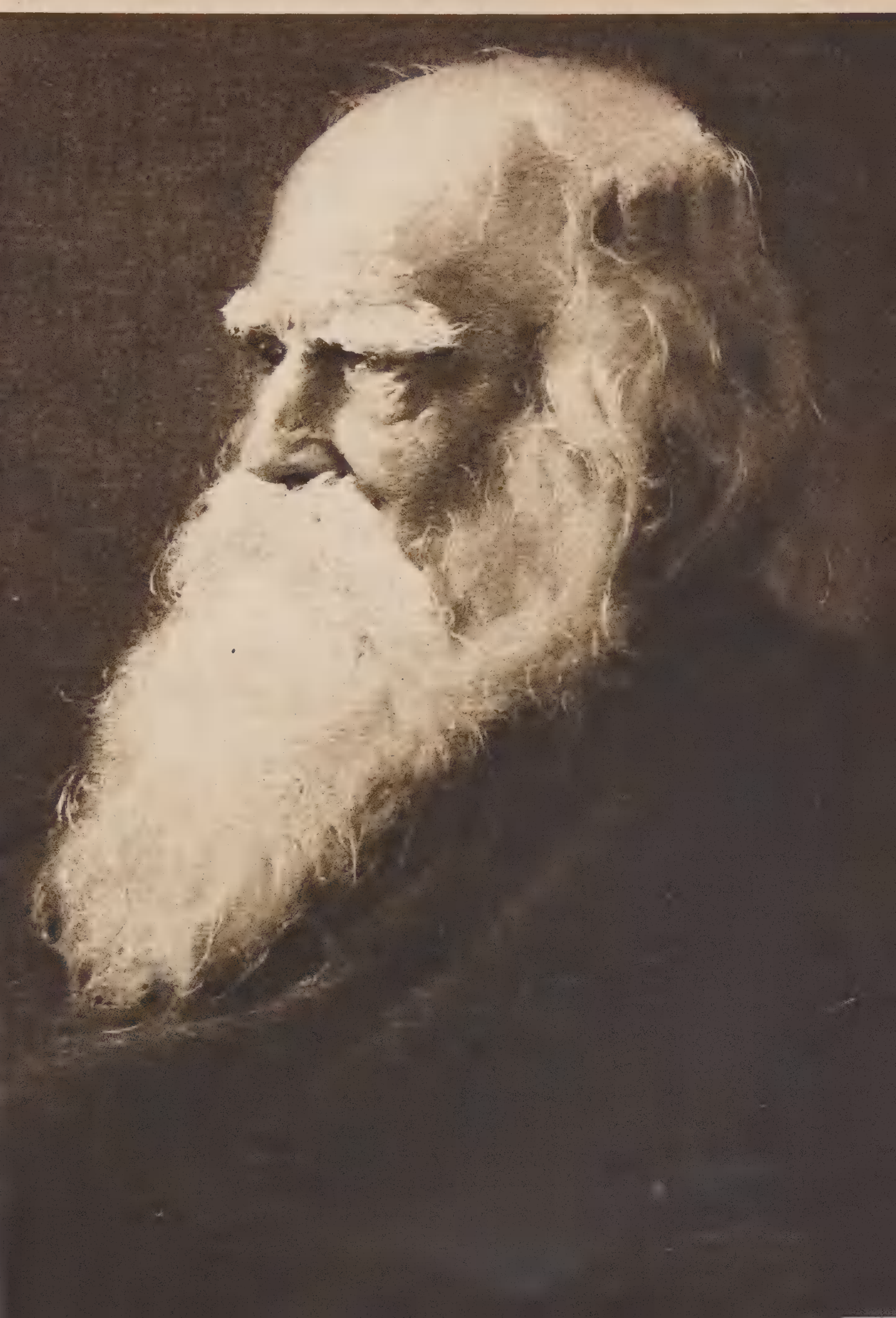
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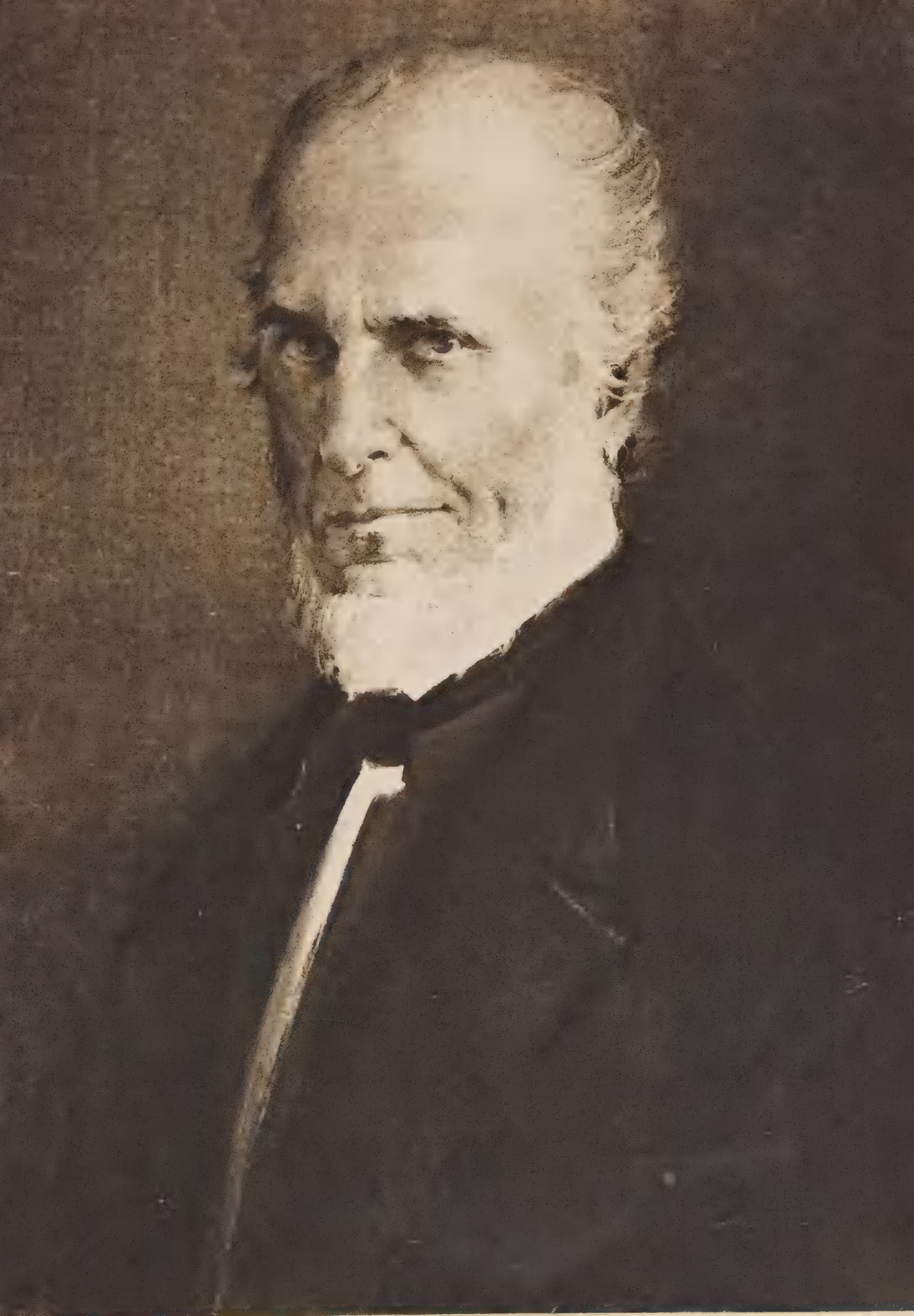
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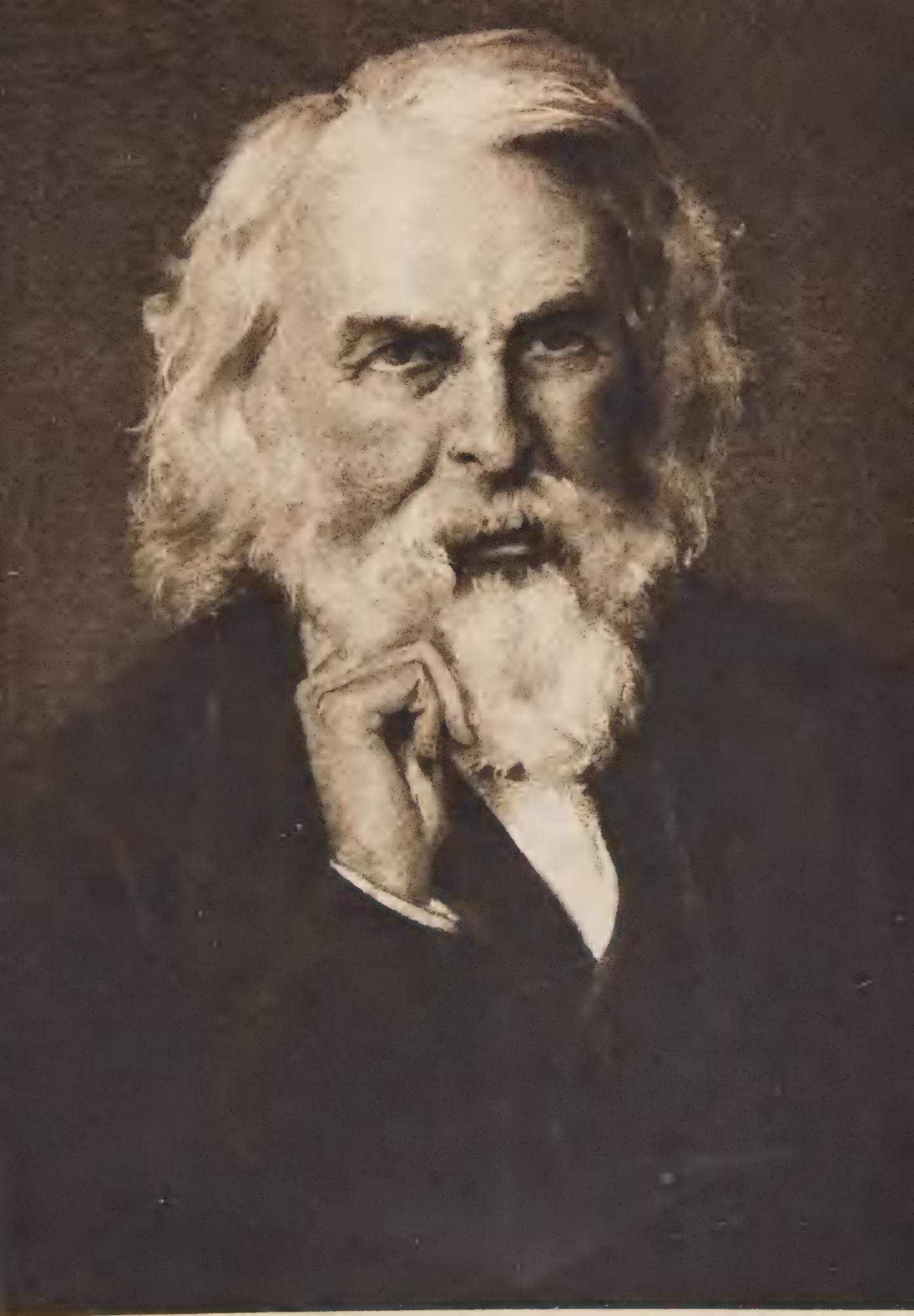




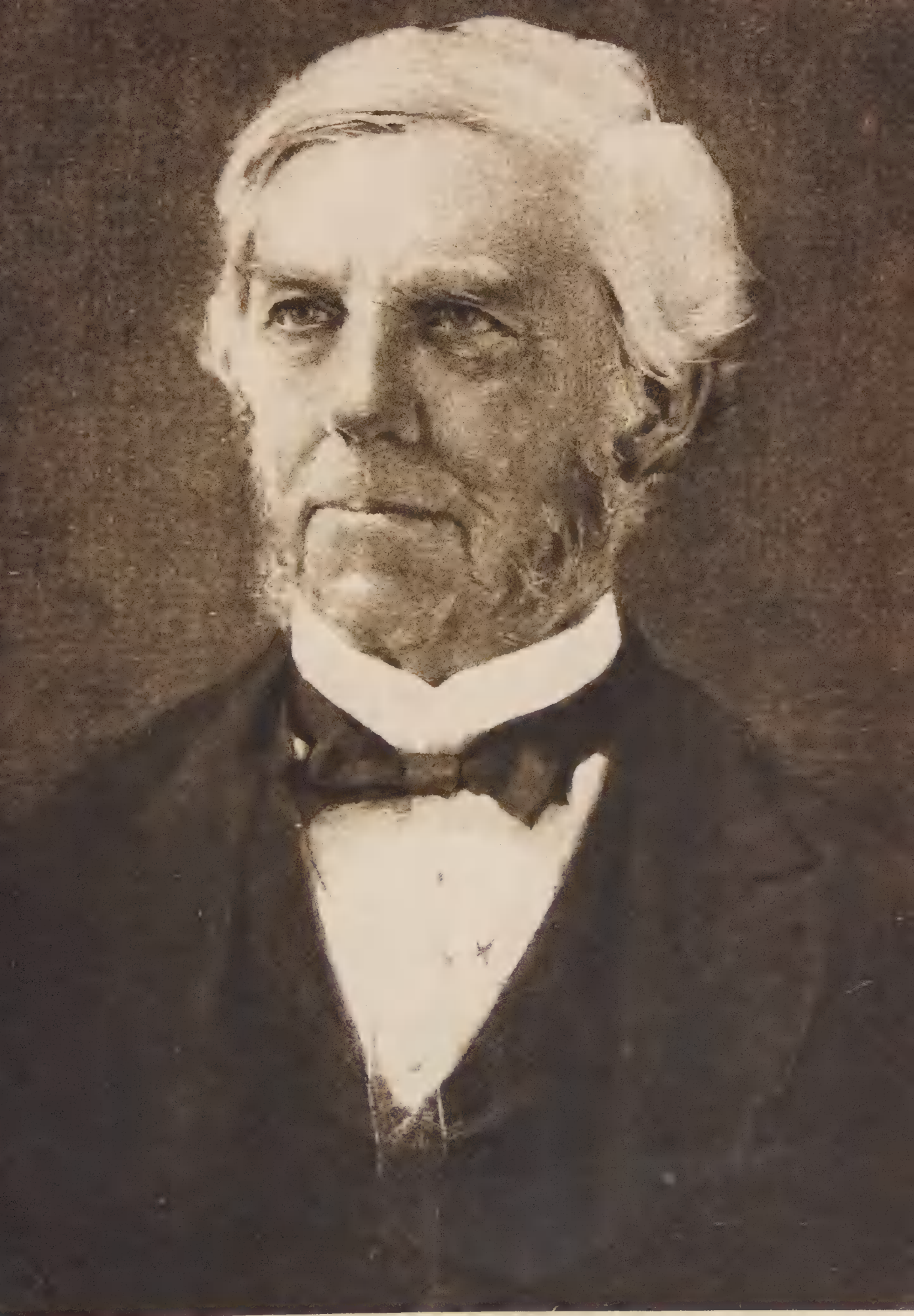
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



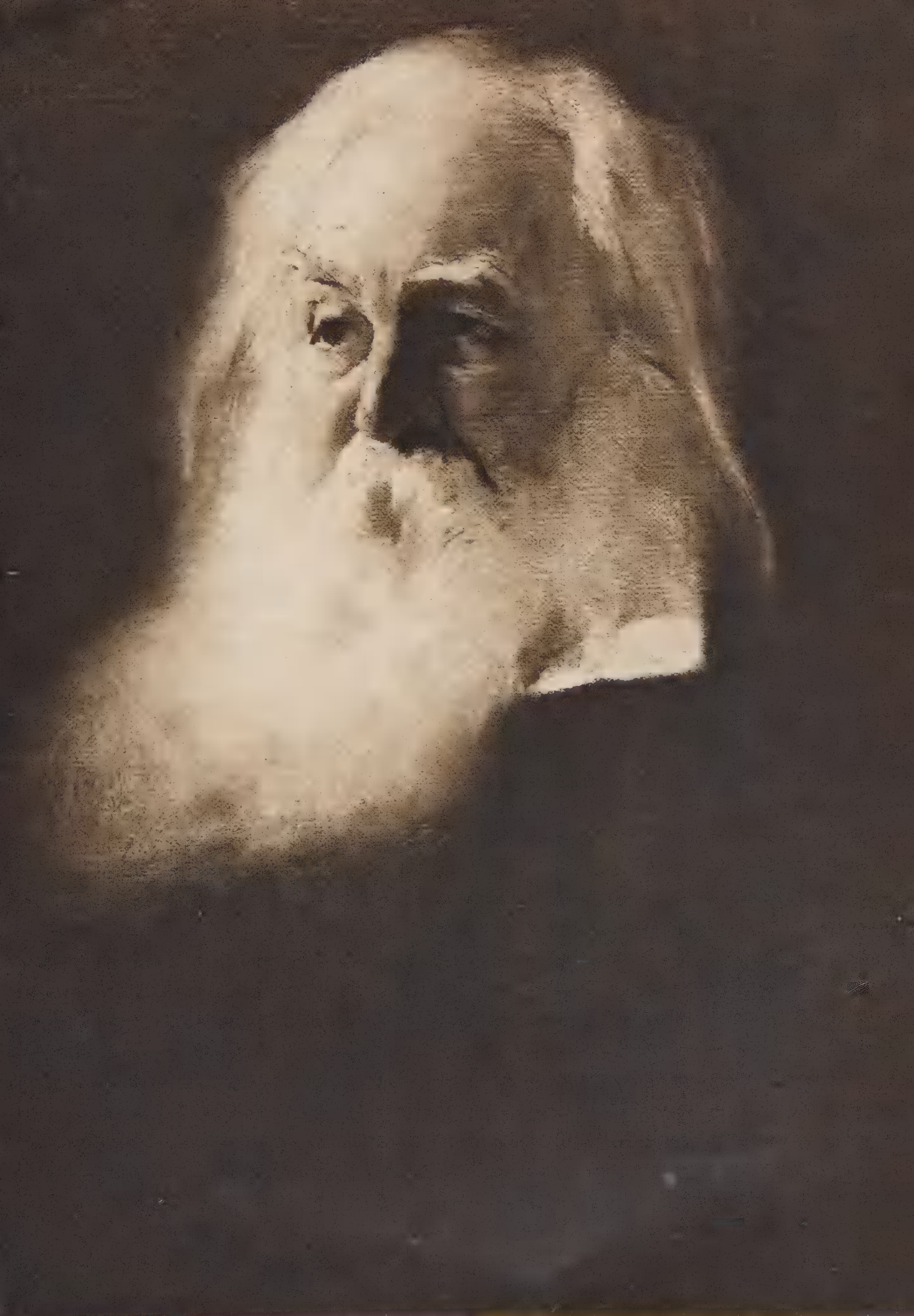
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



WALT WHITMAN

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

Vol. I

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1913

No. 2

MAKERS OF AMERICAN POETRY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794-1878

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819-1891

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882

WALT WHITMAN, 1819-1892

By *HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE*

Author of "Books and Culture," "Essays in Literary Interpretation"

MANY people have the idea that poetry is a pleasant but useless form of writing; that it does not have any serious relation to real life; that reading poetry is a delightful recreation for the mind, but not a discipline of the will or a necessity of the spiritual life.

In this country most men and a large number of women are workers. Every day with them, except Sunday and holidays, is a working day. They have something definite to do between nine o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon, with an hour or half an hour for luncheon and an occasional holiday, and, if they are fortunate, a short vacation in the summer months. As working people they gain their living, but they do not make their lives; for life is a great deal more than doing work with one's hands and getting food and clothes. These things are necessary, but they are only the beginning of life. We live in our affections, our inter-

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ests, our tastes, our convictions and our principles. Simply to exist is not to live; it is merely to make life possible. Life goes on from the point where we feed and clothe and house ourselves; if we do not get beyond that point we are prisoners.

POETRY AND LIFE

It is the same with nations. This has been called a commercial nation; and many of our critics have told us that in this country we care for nothing but dollars. Our ancestors cared for a great deal more or they would not have come here. Many of them came at the beginning because they loved something more than money; they brought a great many convictions, principles, ideals and a world of sentiment with them; and Americans in every generation, while they have been actively at work with their hands, have kept their hearts above their work. They have never been content with piling up money or making a living by manual work. They have never been afraid of the dangers of pioneer work; of the immense toil of breaking in great farms, building cities and opening mines; but they have worked for independence, for education, for the advancement of their children, for the making of homes; and these are largely matters of sentiment.

It is for this reason that the poets of a nation count for so much in its history. They explain the people to themselves because they reveal what is in the hearts of the people. If by some great calamity every formal history of the English people were destroyed and its poetry remained, it would be easy to reconstruct the story of the development of the English race from its poetry from Chaucer to Kipling. No one can understand what has happened in America unless he reads the American poets. Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow and Whitman, Poe and Emerson, have not contributed chapters to a formal history of the United States; but they have each written chapters in a great revelation of what Americans have cared for, have thought about, and have believed in; and they have told the story of the growth of the American spirit.

WHAT IS POETRY

There have been a great many definitions of poetry; but no definition has ever given the whole meaning of the word. Mr. Stedman has told us that "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul," an awkward but entirely accurate statement; but like every other attempt to put the free spirit and genius of poetry into a phrase, this definition leaves the greater part of the nature of poetry to be made by individual

imagination. Matthew Arnold defined it as a "criticism of life," which is also partial, but has the virtue of condensation and of suggesting the chief characteristic of a great literary form. What the American poets have done has been to express what is in the hearts of Americans in language which has been beautiful, picturesque, powerful, or in some other way memorable.

BRYANT OUR FIRST GREAT POET

Bryant, who was the earliest American to write poetry which had insight, dignity of phrase and was an expression of something real and distinctively American, wrote a prelude to our poetry in "Thanatopsis," which



HOME OF BRYANT AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND

was published in the *North American Review* in 1817. The American poets before him, like Francis Hopkinson, had written verses about British policies and British aggression which had the sting of genuine satire, or verse which expressed religious emotion; or poems like "Eutaw Springs," which had grace and sweetness. But Bryant sounded two great notes in "Thanatopsis": the note of human morality, which is as old as the Greek tragedies, and the recognition of the vastness and majesty of the American landscape. From the earliest times poets had been talking about nature, and many true and exquisite things were said of the landscape of Greece, of Sicily, of the older and newer countries. But Bryant was the first



BIRTH PLACE OF WHITTIER AT HAVERHILL, MASS.

poet in the New World to feel the beauty of nature on a vast scale; the majesty and fascination of great forests; of rivers of Continental length. In his verse, always serious with thoughts of human mortality, one finds the vast background of American scenery or the fresh sweetness of American flowers, or the unspoiled charm of the rural landscape.

Bryant was a man of affairs as well as a poet; a journalist deeply interested in the political discussions of his time; an ardent lover of his country, who, when the hour of trial came, sounded the great note of patriotism with the same dignity of style with which he had sounded the note of love of nature. There was something elemental and austere about Bryant. His range was not great; he lacked the fertility of subject and manner of many other poets of his own rank; but he had command of a few of the greatest themes and of a manner which was at once simple and majestic.

WHITTIER THE POET OF SIMPLE LIFE

Whittier lacked the broad culture of Bryant; he could not have translated the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," as did Bryant in his old age; but he had the best possible education for his work as a poet. He grew up in simple surroundings; he knew the life of the American farmer and of the American village, and the interests that were important to plain men and women were dear to him. He was a man of great simplicity of life, nature, and art; and for that reason he has probably come nearer

more people than any other American poet, and he has been especially a favorite with children. His "Snow-Bound" is in American poetry what Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" is in Scotch poetry. It is a classic picture of simple country life in a New England farmhouse of the old type.

Whittier was the poet, not only of plain people, but of simple things; the things which are most common and most dear, and in which men and women of all conditions must find their happiness. He was a Quaker of deeply religious spirit, to whom the "inner voice" spoke often and with great distinctness. Some of his poems of faith are among the most beautiful we have: "Eternal Goodness, a Psalm," for instance. He was also in a special sense the singer of the anti-slavery movement; for he was a passionate lover of human freedom. "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "The Eternal Goodness" are among the most widely-known poems in America.

LONGFELLOW THE POET OF THE HEART

Longfellow, born in a beautiful old New England house, was a graduate of the oldest New England college and became a scholar in the field of language and of literature. He had opportunities of foreign study and travel, and was for many years a professor in Harvard College. The conditions of his life were widely different from the conditions which surrounded Whittier; but he was not less sincere, simple and sympathetic.

No American poet has been more widely popular or more dearly loved; and it has been his great good fortune to find a place in almost every schoolhouse in the country. There are few school festivals in which some poem of Longfellow's does not find a place. This is saying that he was a poet of the heart rather than of the mind; that his verse was of the kind which can be understood by all sorts and conditions of men; and that he interpreted sympathetic with universal emotions and experiences. Longfellow was a singing poet; his rhymes were for the ear rather than for the eye. In this respect he differed from Lowell. He was not less cultivated than Lowell; but he was more sympathetic with the common life; and, though a man of elegant accomplishments, he never ceased to be a man of the people.

It was his happy task, as it was Irving's, to reunite the old and the new; for when these two writers were in their infancy the stirring days of the Revolution were within the recollection of men and women in active life, and the antagonisms of that struggle had not lost their heat. The colonists were alienated in feeling from the mother-country, and the people of the new world were living largely within the limits of their own experience. Longfellow and Irving, by their charming descriptions and



HOME OF LONGFELLOW AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

interpretations of historic events and persons and of the scenery of the mother-country, established the continuity of intellectual aspiration between the old and the new world; and once more the hearts of the colonists turned back to the places which their ancestors had loved.

Longfellow may be described as a poet of places and of persons; so often, and with so happy a touch did he bring old cities like Bruges and Nuremberg before the eye, and so constantly did he recall historic incidents and figures. His ample scholarship and his command of the poetic form were evidenced by his fine translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His strongest work is seen in some of his ballads and narrative poems: "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Launching." Although not a great poem in any sense, "Evangeline" is a very sweet and poetic story in verse. Those who bring the most exacting standards to the judgment of poetry would probably agree in regarding three or four of his sonnets as his most artistic and original work. But the country cares most for his songs: "The Psalm of Life," "The Children's Hour," "The Bridge."

LOWELL THE SCHOLAR POET

There are many writers whose work has a permanent value, but who do not stand out as representative men of letters. Addison, for instance, although not a great writer, was in a striking way, by reason of his wide



HOME OF LOWELL AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

interests, his intelligent knowledge of his craft, and the dignity with which he upheld his profession, a representative man of letters. So in America was Lowell. All sorts of good fortune were his; and to him were given many kinds of talents, too many perhaps for his very highest success. He belonged to the old order in New England; an order which meant great simplicity, purity and dignity of character, and fine traditions of intellectual cultivation. He was born in the house in which he died; was graduated at Harvard, which was his near neighbor, and had opportunities of foreign travel of which he made the best possible use. He was a poet, a prose writer, a critic, a humorist and a diplomatist; and he was also in great crises, and by constant habit, a patriotic citizen.

His poetic career began early and lasted until the very end of his life. He was more distinctly a bookish man than Longfellow; and, though a profound believer in popular institutions and at times a passionate American, he was not so much a poet of the domestic affections as Longfellow. That he could write tenderly and beautifully of household experiences is proven by a group of poems, of which "The Changeling" may serve as a type. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," written

early in his career, was a confession of his faith, both as a poet and as an idealist. The "Commemoration Ode," which falls just short of being a great poem, reveals the patriot, the scholar and the singer in the full possession of his power, speaking on a great occasion and rising to the height of a great subject. The few lines in which he commemorates Lincoln register the high-water mark of his genius.

The future may regard humor as Lowell's greatest quality, and "The Biglow Papers" his most original and distinctive contribution to American poetry. They were written in a time of fierce discussion and rising passion; but their good-humored irony, expressed through the Yankee dialect and the Yankee shrewdness of comment, is never bitter and for that reason all the more effective. Lowell had a great love of the Yankee. He understood his character and had a ready command of his forms of speech. "The Courtin'" is in its way one of the most delightful achievements in American verse.

HOLMES POET OF SENTIMENT AND WIT

Lowell was a New Englander who became an American of national sympathies and ideas. Oliver Wendell Holmes was not only a New Englander, but pre-eminently a Bostonian; a man in whom the local genius flowered in the most perfect way. He himself described the class in which he was born as the "Brahmin" class of New England; the people of hereditary cultivation. He was born under the shadow of Harvard,



BIRTHPLACE OF HOLMES AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MAKERS OF AMERICAN POETRY

was graduated from the university, began to study law, as did Bryant and Lowell; but during the few months which he gave to this study flashed out in a poem which made him popular in all parts of the country, "Old Ironsides,"—a passionate plea against the destruction of the frigate "Constitution."

Passing from the law to medicine, Dr. Holmes became an expert and was for thirty-five years a lecturer in the Harvard Medical School. Beginning with no other ambition than that of being an efficient physician, this versatile and fascinating Bostonian developed a number of rare gifts. He became a poet of sentiment and wit, a writer of psychological novels, and the founder of the kind of semi-fiction, semi-essay in which he called himself "the Autocrat." He wrote to Lowell that his life was never monotonous, and that he was a source of surprises to himself. Year after year at the reunion of his college class he appeared with a poem for the occasion; almost always witty, unhackneyed and fresh in feeling. His "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf" belong with the poems which American children learn by heart. "Dorothy Q.," a portrait of one of his ancestors, is a fine example of his ready wit and his tactful and happy phrase; while "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay" will long be a classic of American humor.

WHITMAN THE POET OF DEMOCRACY

Whitman's condition and career stand in striking contrast to those of the New England poets. Whitman had only the scantiest regular education, and was wholly outside the circle of intellectual and social influences which helped to shape the aims and fortunes of his fellow-poets. He was born on the outskirts of opportunity, so to speak. He attended a public school until his thirteenth year and then became a printer. His education came through observation, experience and human intercourse. He became later familiar with the best poetry; but was never in any sense a bookman. The resource of his later years was not reading, but talking. His knowledge of America was not derived from books, either of history or of literature, but from meeting people. A scholar's knowledge is, so to speak, perpendicular; it runs up and down. Whitman's knowledge was horizontal; it ran along the plane of his own age.

Whitman, like Bryant, was an elemental poet. The vastness of the landscape inspired Bryant; the vastness of the popular life liberated the genius of Whitman. His "Leaves of Grass" delighted a few people and shocked many more. There were long stretches of prose in it, but there were also passages of great imaginative power. He regarded himself as a singer of a new order, and he thought his poetry a new departure in verse-making. In this he was partly right and largely wrong.



BIRTHPLACE OF WHITMAN ON LONG ISLAND

In his versification he recalled much of the manner of the early bards or rhapsodists; in his view of life he was a radical Democrat, whose special note was the equality, not only in political opportunity, but in the authority of experience of all men. He was a broad rather than a lofty poet. He loved the comradeship of working men, the ferries, the streets, the omnibuses. He was a man in his shirtsleeves and is represented in his most characteristic early picture with his hands in his pockets and a certain air of swagger which he rarely lost; for he was an egoist and there was a good deal of pose about him. When he set about to work out his theories deliberately he wrote long catalogues which, like some parades, grow monotonous by reason of the unbroken and almost indistinguishable ranks that pass by.

In his most inspired moments he forgot his theories and showed a quality of imagination different from that of any other American poet; something vast and elemental, which conveys through his verse the sense of the great movement of things. In this quality of plastic imagination he holds the first place among American poets. Believing that all things were wholesome, and lacking the gift of reticence, his verse sometimes showed offensive violation of the privacy of nature. At his best, however, he was a man of extraordinary vigor of conception and extraordinary eloquence of phrase. It is too early to predict his final rank; but that he was an original force in American poetry must be evident to all who read the work of the younger poets of today, many of whom would not have written as they are writing had it not been for Whitman.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

BOOKS ON AMERICAN POETS

Poets of America	<i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>
An American Anthology	<i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>
William Cullen Bryant (Men of Letters Series)	<i>W. A. Bradley</i>
John Greenleaf Whittier (Men of Letters Series)	<i>G. R. Carpenter</i>
Life of Whittier	<i>Bliss Perry</i>
Longfellow (American Men of Letters Series)	<i>T. W. Higginson</i>
Life of James Russell Lowell	<i>Horace E. Scudder</i>
Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes .	<i>J. T. Morse</i>
Walt Whitman, His Life and Works	<i>Bliss Perry</i>

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue ten cents.

NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

"WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL"

Six beautiful gravure pictures of the Capitol, The White House, The Library of Congress, Memorial Continental Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue and Mount Vernon.

Comment by Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler.

THE MENTOR

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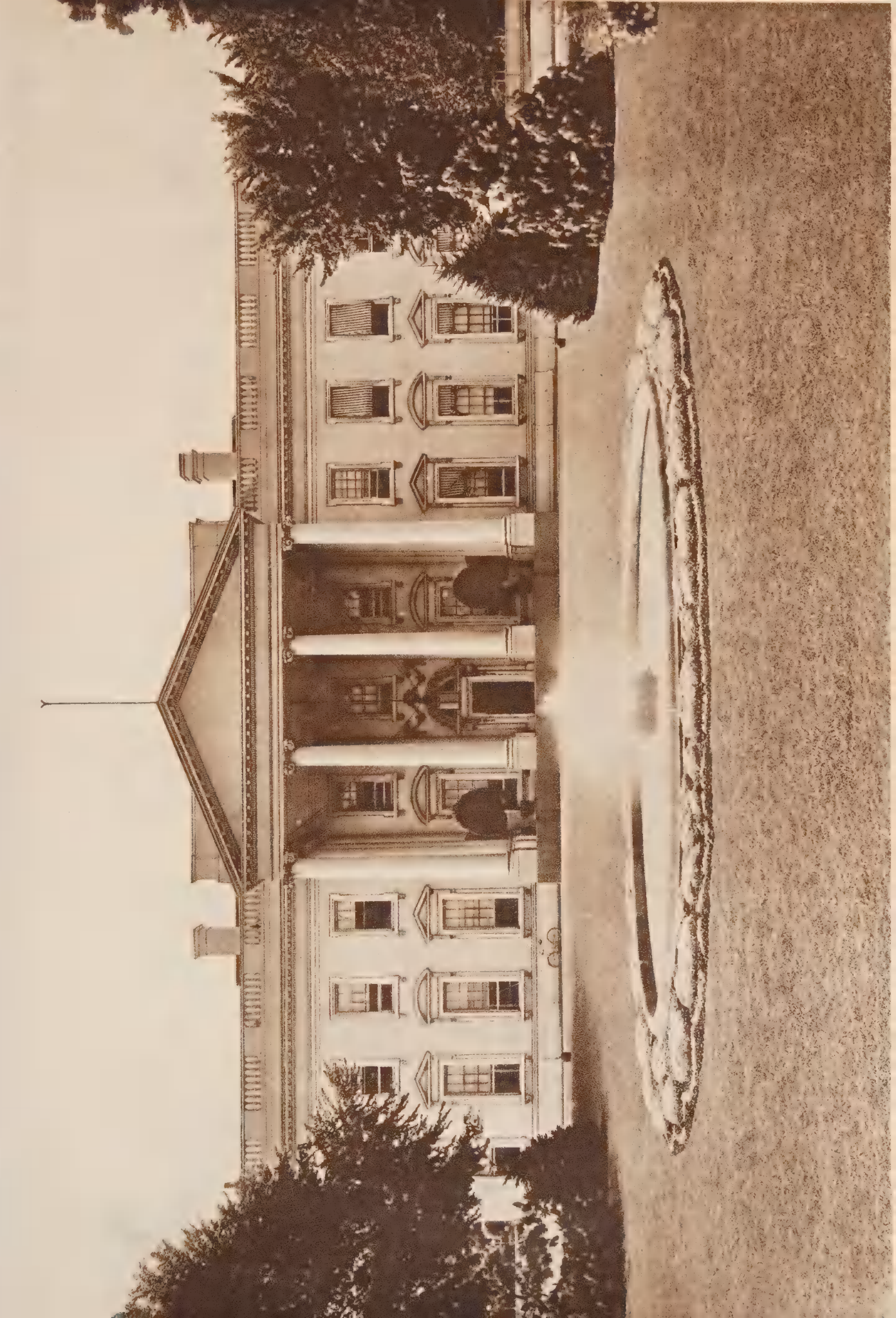
And the text, written specially for you by a recognized authority on each subject, is simple, direct and informing.

Previous Issues

Last week the first number of "The Mentor" appeared. The subject was "Beautiful Children in Art." The pictures in gravure were of Baby Stuart, The Blue Boy, The Age of Innocence, The Calmady Children, The Dauphin, and Prince Balthazar Carlos. They are a selection of the most famous pictures of children in the world. You ought to have them. Gustav Kobbe's comment on them is most entertaining and sympathetic. It makes you feel that you know these beautiful children, and that you fully appreciate the pictures as works of art.

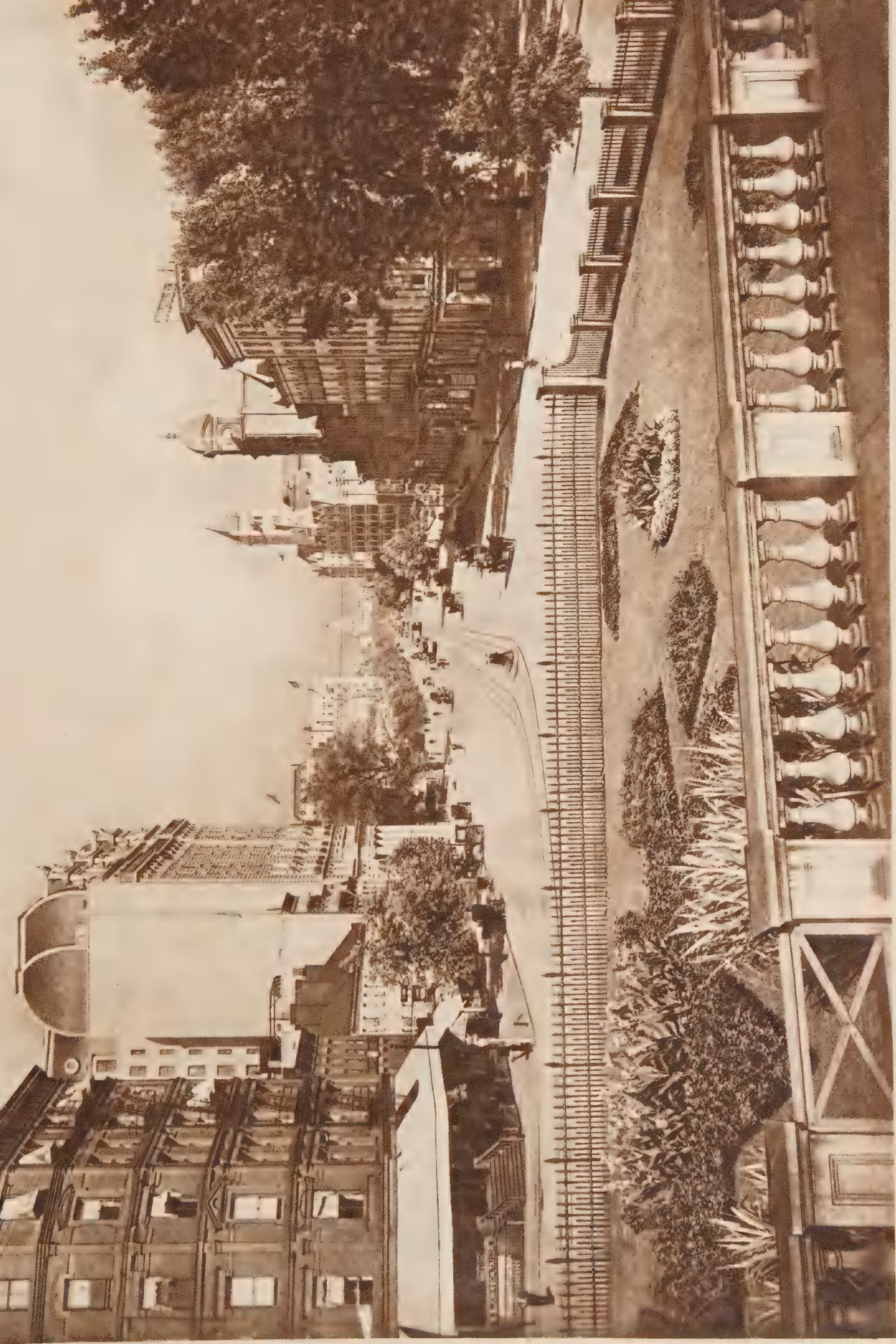
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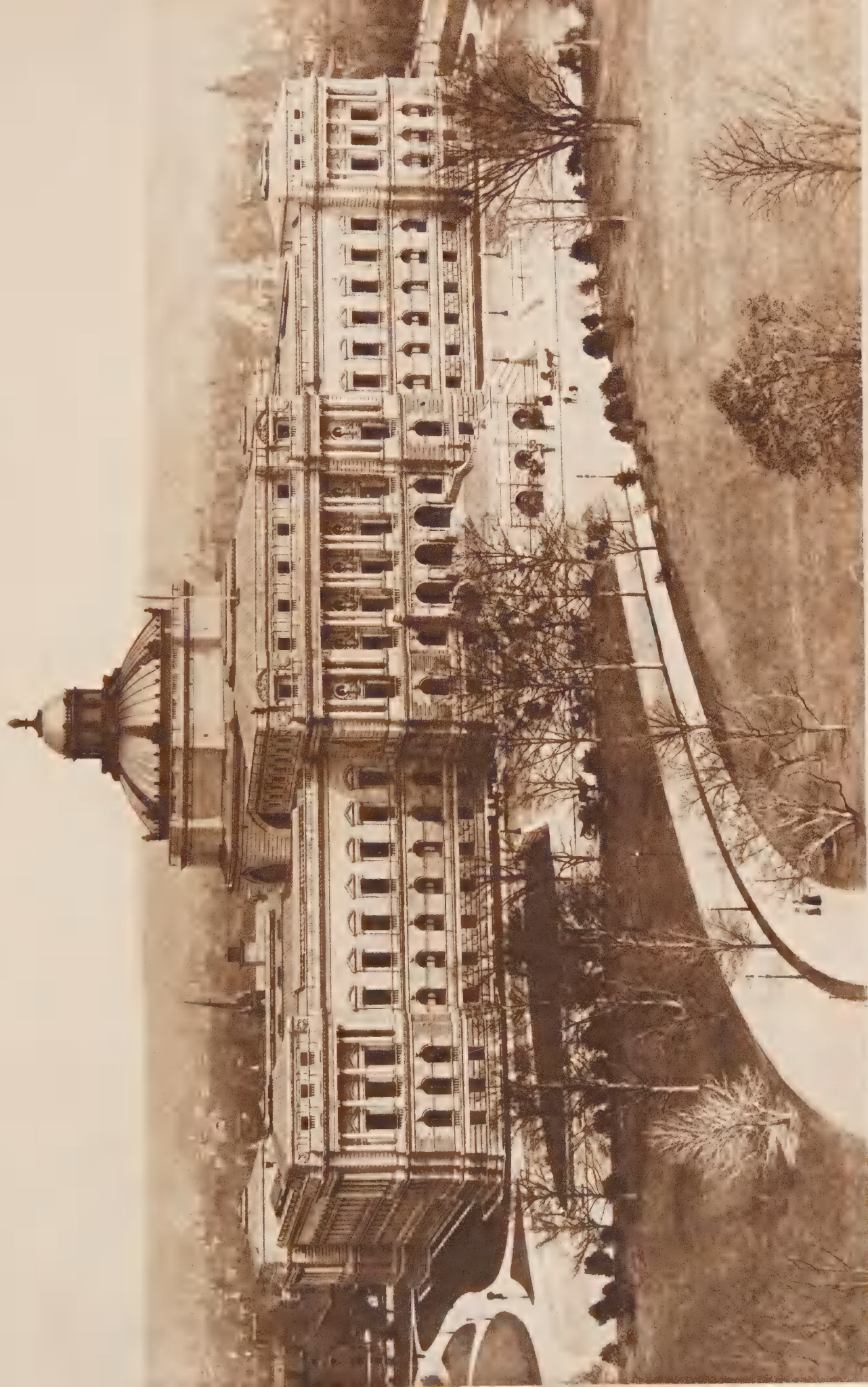
MOUNT VERNON



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL





THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1913

No. 3

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

THE CAPITOL

THE WHITE HOUSE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

MOUNT VERNON

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF,

Lecturer and Traveler

WASHINGTON, THE BEAUTIFUL," is a phrase that has in it something of patriotism, something of promise. We Americans cannot look upon Washington as we do on other cities. We see it first and foremost as our nation's Capital, and we celebrate the beauty that is truly there while condoning much else. The foreigner to whom this beauty is pointed out sees the beauty too, but the shabby spots that still exist do not escape his eye. His unbiased judgment pronounces Washington a city of growing beauty, with some of its promises still unfulfilled.

Washington has been in the course of construction since it was first planned in 1790. At that time the Continental Congress was holding its sessions in Philadelphia. It was important that the Government should have a local habitation of its own, and George Washington suggested the district now known as Columbia. This tract of ten miles square, on the

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

Potomac, was obtained by the Government from the States of Maryland and Virginia. At that time it seemed as though a central and convenient point had been selected, a fact curious enough when we look at the map of the United States today, and see territory stretching nearly three thousand miles west from Washington to the Pacific and less than one hundred miles east to the Atlantic.

THE STREETS AND AVENUES OF WASHINGTON

The plan of Washington was conceived by Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer and an officer in the American Army. In general the city plan may be described as a wheel laid on a gridiron. The Capitol is the hub of the wheel; from it radiate streets like spokes, and these streets are intersected by other streets laid in rectangular lines. This combination gives a varied effect in odd corners and open circles and squares that are picturesque and beautiful. The spokes of the great wheel are wide, well shaded avenues named after the States. The intersecting streets that run north and south are numbered; those that run east and west are named by the letters of the alphabet.

That, in brief, is the plan of Washington, but it is being modified by the superb building scheme of Mr. D. H. Burnham, the celebrated architect. In the Congressional Library there is a plaster model in miniature of what may be truly called "Washington the Beautiful." There we find a long parkway stretching from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, lined with splendid public buildings. As we look at this plan it is hard to believe



MODEL OF THE NEW WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

that the territory on which this noble city stands was once nothing but a piece of swampy woodland; but it is not so hard, perhaps, as it would have been for the citizen of that day to see in those low stretches the wonderful city that will be fully realized in our generation. Part of it at least was in the imagination of the first engineer and builders, for Washington was laid out from the start in ample dimensions. The people of that day found food in this for satire and Washington was called "The City of Magnificent Distances." Distances there were, then, and scarcely anything more. We have an interesting light on this from a distinguished source. This is what the poet, Thomas Moore, wrote of our seat of Government, as he saw it in 1804:

"An Embryo Capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,
Where second-sighted Seers the plain adorn
With fanes unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see,
Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

WASHINGTON OF INTEREST TO EVERYONE

Washington is so many things to visitors. It is one thing to the member of Congress; it is another thing to the foreign diplomatic officer and a far different thing to the regular resident—and to the thousands of visitors from all parts of the country and the world it is too many things to enumerate. Ask your friends who have visited Washington what has impressed them most. It will be interesting to note the varied answers you receive. The distinguished public citizen of your

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

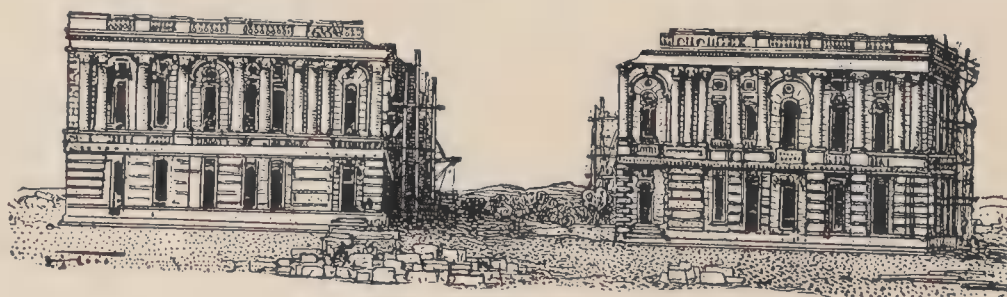
town may say, "The Capitol"; your literary friend, especially if artistic in taste, will no doubt say, "The Congressional Library"; the imaginative miss of eighteen may exclaim, "The Washington Monument first of all—cool, gray white in the morning, blue in the midst of mist, and rosy-tinted at sundown. The buildings are fine, but the Monument is a friend." The daughter of the American Revolution will naturally select first "Memorial Continental Hall," the palatial home that her patriotic society has founded. Others may mention the White House first, or some one of the great Department buildings; while many in whom the patriotic pulse beats strongly will answer without hesitation, "First of all Mount Vernon."

THE MAJESTIC CAPITOL

The wisdom and foresight of those who planned Washington is significantly shown in the choice of the position of the Capitol. There on its hilltop this impressive building is the observed of all objects in the city. Capitol it is in every sense, for it is the very head and forefront of Washington, and its towering dome, capped by Crawford's statue of Liberty, crowns and commands the whole city. The Capitol is a growth from a comparatively simple building, and it has taken seventy years to reach its present dimensions.

The total cost of construction and improvements, including the terraces and grounds, was something over fourteen millions—far less than that of several of our State capitol buildings that have been erected since. The corner-stone was laid by Washington in 1793. Since then the work of the building has been carried on by many hands. The structure itself has passed through two fires, and it was finally completed in 1867, when it was pronounced a "Monument of Beauty," expressive in the best sense of the state of the arts at that time in this country.

In the minds of the thoughtful the spirit of things unseen haunts the Capitol. The old "Hall of Representatives," now "Statuary Hall," is a Chamber of Whispers. In the dome is a mysterious whispering



THE CAPITOL IN 1812

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL



STATE, WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS

gallery. But, to the student of American History, the whole of this wonderful building is filled with significant whispers. Every square inch of its floor has its historical interest. Could its walls give back all that they have heard, we could hear the story of the making of our nation in the words of its makers.

Recently the interior of the Capitol has undergone considerable rearrangement, owing to the completion of the magnificent new office buildings for members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the transferring of the offices, caucus and committee rooms that have for many years crowded the Capitol. These stately buildings were so planned that they would in no way detract from the architectural dominance of the Capitol, but help to make it still more imposing.

As we gaze at that superb East Front, our eyes scale the great sweep of ascending steps and we find at the right the Chamber of our Senate, at the left the Hall of our Representatives, in the center the Supreme Court, and above the whole structure the great dome on which the Statue of Liberty stands. There is our Government—the Legislative and the Judiciary. From the top of those steps we can look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, the dwelling of the Executive.

THE WHITE HOUSE THE PRESIDENT'S HOME

The site of the White House was chosen by Washington and the building was designed by Hoban. The British burned it in 1814, and, when restored, it was painted white to cover the marks of fire. It is a tribute

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

to the taste and judgment of the architects that this simple stately building holds its own among the mansions of our country even in this day of magnificent homes—while it is unique in the history, personal and political, that has been written into all its fine features.

There are certain rooms in the White House that are known to the public. There is the great East Room with its profusion of gilding and mirrors and rich chandeliers. Here, gorgeously arrayed assemblies have gathered on state occasions. There is the Green Room at the southern end, containing notable portraits of Presidents, and the Blue Room which bows out in the center of the colonnade of the south front. Besides these, the public is familiar with the state Dining Room and the Cabinet Room. In these apartments the social functions of our Government have taken place for nearly a century, varying in character according to the temperament and tastes of the Chief Executive that occupied them.

Recently it has been realized that the building is inadequate for all the purposes it has to serve and plans for a new White House have been drawn. No definite conclusion has been reached, for the plan is not an easy one to realize. The traditions of our present White House are not easy to transfer.



VIEW OF WHITE HOUSE FROM WASHINGTON MONUMENT



STAIRCASE IN CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY THIRD LARGEST IN THE WORLD

The Library of Congress was originally in the Capitol, and it consisted in 1802 of only 3,000 books. These were destroyed by fire in 1814 and a new Library was started with the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's books. It is now the third largest library in the world.

It is not so much the collection, however, as the building itself that attracts visitors to Washington today. It is doubtful if there is any structure in the world that combines so many varied features of beauty. The building was begun in 1886 and completed in 1897. It is expressive, therefore, of all that is best in modern architectural and decorative art. The decorations are entirely the work of American architects, painters and sculptors, numbering in all more than fifty, so that the building is a magnificent exhibit and memorial of our native art and ability.

The Library has been referred to as a Museum of Literature and Art. The Library is a finer thing than this. It is one magnificent harmonious structure in which all the features bear a proper relation to the one great

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

dominating plan, which was to construct a national temple dedicated to the best in art and literature of our nation at the present time.

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL

Memorial Continental Hall, the marble mansion built by the Daughters of the American Revolution at a cost of \$700,000, occupies a position facing the park before the White House, where its noble structural features can be seen to the best advantage. Aside from the beauty of its design, there is much thought that has gone into its construction. The various features have been contributed in a spirit of loyalty and devotion by different State chapters of the society. The portico at the south is a memorial to the thirteen original States. It is supported by thirteen fine classic columns, each of which cost \$3,000. These were paid for by the thirteen States, and are named after the States in the order in which they entered the Union.

The building has a very handsome auditorium with galleries, seating nearly two thousand, and in this the annual conventions of the society are held. On the platform is a reproduction of the desk on which the Declaration of Independence was signed and of the chair in which the presiding officer, John Hancock, sat at the time of the signing.

There are a number of special State memorial rooms in the building, and a National Board Room, a Library, a collection of Revolutionary relics, a Banquet Hall, private Dining Room and a Rest Room. It has been the purpose, in all the work of construction and interior decoration of the building, to sound the patriotic note. And so, throughout this most interesting building, the visitor is greeted at every point with some material evidence of the love and devotion of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

The growth of Washington is illustrated in Pennsylvania Avenue. In the long stretch from the Capitol to the White House, or close by it, may be seen various landmarks of the past century. A few of the earliest buildings of the city—around which the aroma of historic association clings tenderly—are there; old shops and places of amusement, side by side with fine modern stores, sky-scraper office buildings, and luxurious new hotels.

Within the last few years these reminiscent buildings have grown less in number. According to the Burnham plan of Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue will skirt the long line of magnificent public build-

WASHINGTON THE CAPITAL

ings that will stretch from the Capitol to the Monument. Some of these buildings are already there. When this great plan is finally realized, Pennsylvania Avenue and the beautiful parkway paralleling it will be the very spine and marrow of Washington. All the important activities of the Capital find their source somewhere along its length. All the public functions select it for an avenue of expression.

Compared with the important streets of other cities in the world, Pennsylvania Avenue is not impressive. From Georgetown to the Capitol it is only four and a half miles long, and the important part of it, extending from the White House to the Capitol, is less than half that length. But in significance it has no rival. It is not simply a Washington Street; it belongs to the whole nation.

Every four years it is the scene of the great inaugural procession between the White House and the Capitol. It was there that the victorious Union forces, 230,000 in number, with many trophies of their campaigns, were reviewed at the close of the Civil War.

Writers in poetry and prose have celebrated the avenue in different terms. It has been called by some "the Artery of the Nation," and the name is not inapt, for through it pulses the vital energies of our Government.

MOUNT VERNON THE AMERICAN MECCA

A visit today to Mount Vernon is like a Sabbath in the American heart—a day set apart for sacred things. We feel the effect when we first enter the grounds. At the left of the lane is the old formal garden with its box maze, just as it was in Washington's time. At the right lies the wide expanse of tree-enclosed bowling green and the lawn with its old sun dial.

Everything at Mount Vernon is eloquent of Washington. All that is there was either his or bears some historic relation to him. The preservation of Mount Vernon was a noble public service, and the fine thought that inspired it is equaled by the taste with which the work has been done. While filled with relics of rare historic interest, it has the atmosphere not of a museum, but of home. In the house, the attached buildings and grounds, the spirit of Washington abides, and visitors, undisturbed by jarring influences, can enter into the home life of our first Commander-in-Chief and come to appreciate him as a man.

The priceless possessions in furniture, art, books, instruments and general household articles are too numerous to mention, let alone describe. As far as possible Mount Vernon has had its original contents restored; the other articles to be found there are of the time and illustrate the do-



TOMB OF WASHINGTON

mestic life of the day. And when the house and all its contents have been examined, and we have gathered from them a sense of intimate personal relation to Washington, we go down to the vine covered tomb, and, as we gaze through the iron gateway upon the marble sepulchres of George and Martha Washington we seem to feel their actual presence.

It is disturbing to think that, but for the splendid public spirit of one patriotic woman, Mount Vernon might not have been preserved for the American people. It was Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham who brought about the movement to preserve the place as a national memorial.

When Washington died in 1799 and Martha Washington in 1802, Mount Vernon descended to Bushrod Washington, a Justice of the Supreme Court. At his death in 1829 it passed through the hands of John Augustine Washington, then to his widow, and in 1855 to her son. It was his purpose to sell the place when Miss Cunningham secured an option. The task of securing the property was not easy. She was not able to interest Congress. She finally succeeded in arousing the women of the country, and "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union" was formed. This Association bought the property in 1858, and, in the years since, have added to its possessions and have managed and cared for it, until it stands now the true "Mecca" for all who cherish the memory of "The Father of Our Country."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

BOOKS ON THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

History of the United States Capital	.	.	<i>Glenn Brown</i>
History of the Washington Monument			<i>Frederick L. Harvey</i>
The Story of Washington, the National Capital			<i>C. B. Todd</i>
Historic Towns of the Southern States	.	.	<i>L. P. Powell</i>
Mount Vernon and Its Associations	.	.	<i>B. J. Lossing</i>
Improvement of Washington City	.	.	<i>Glenn Brown</i>

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue ten (10) cents.

NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART"

Six beautiful gravure pictures of the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, Madame Vigée Le Brun, Queen Louisa of Prussia, Madame Recamier, and Countess Zofia Potocka.

Comment by J. T. WILLING

Author of "Some Old Time Beauties," "Dames of High Degree."

The Associated Newspaper School

EVERY issue of "The Mentor," with its beautiful pictures and interesting comment, should be in your library. Don't skip a single issue. The plan builds, and every issue is a vital part of the structure. The subjects of each week have been intelligently chosen with the thought of their relation to each other and of their timely value. Read every issue and you will find that your interest will grow from week to week. The Advisory Board has selected the subjects. That alone will convince you that they are well chosen parts of the world's best knowledge.

The first issue of "The Mentor" tells of "Beautiful Children in Art." Six exquisite gravure pictures of children that are world famous, and Gustav Kobbé's delightful comment on them, make this issue one you will want to have.

The second issue of "The Mentor" is devoted to "Makers of American Poetry," with comment by Hamilton W. Mabie. He gives the busy American, in a few paragraphs, the essential characteristics of America's poets; Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes and Whitman. The gravure pictures should be in every home.

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE BY GAINSBOROUGH



MADAME LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER BY HERSELF



MRS. SIDDONS BY REYNOLDS



COUNTESE POTOCKA





QUEEN LOUISE BY RICHTER

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

Vol. I

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No. 4

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. By Thomas Gainsborough, 1722-1788

MRS. SARAH SIDDONS. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723-1792

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN. By Herself, 1755-1842

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA. By Gustav Richter, 1823-1884

MADAME RECAMIER. By Jacques Louis David, 1748-1825

COUNTESS ZOFIA POTOCKA. By Alexandre Kucharski, 1736-1820

By J. THOMSON WILLING

Author of "Some Old Time Beauties" and "Dames of High Degree"

WHAT is beauty? Can that quality, which gives pleasure to the eye as music gives pleasure to the ear, be analyzed and its lure be dissected and laid bare? Some have attempted it, but without success. There are laws of beauty, but there is much beauty that challenges law and defies analysis. Beauty in woman conforms not to laws, but is its own and only law. We may list and define the qualities that make beauty in woman, but even where these qualities are found beauty may be lacking. The Greek ideal of proportions for the human form can be given, the Italian rules for beauty may be recited, but with all that perfect beauty may not be attained. It is often the something so difficult to define that we call "personality" that is the crowning feature of woman's beauty. Though she may lack in much that the law of beauty

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

demands, the spirit that animates her may make her a greater beauty in the eyes of others than many of her sisters better favored by Nature.

The service of beauty is in giving joy. Art's aim is to transmit that joy. If beauty gives joy, it is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful as possible and to retain that beauty as long as she can. It is her duty to her time. The beautiful women of France felt this, and many of them preserved their beauty and charm to an advanced age.

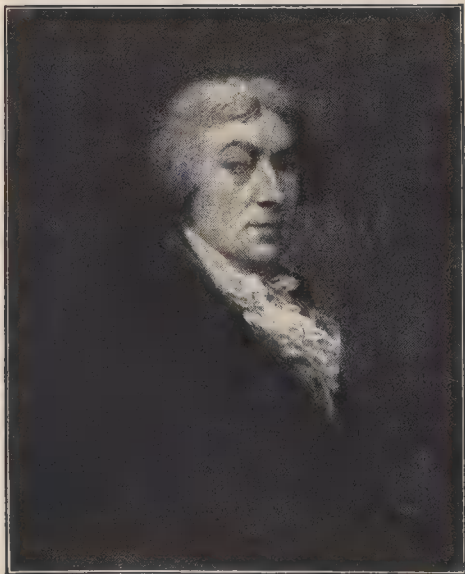
And the art in portraiture of any time is a lasting memorial to its fair women, in some cases a gallant celebration of them. The women of Reynolds' time may not have been more beautiful than those of other periods of history, but his art has made us believe it. He was chivalric in that art, seeing grace where he might and charm where he could.

He put it this way: "Even in portraits the grace, and we may add the likeness, consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature." Fortunate indeed have been these six women, famous in their day for beauty, in the portrayers who proved

able to capture and express it. We have written record of the beauty of all of them, but words avail nothing without the painted record. The brush has given enduring life to charming personalities, otherwise lost in the past. Johnson said that portraiture was the truest historical painting. The Georgian period is alive for us in the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. We know in their portraiture the court and the life of the time as we could not know it from written history. Apart from the rendering of the personality of the sitter and showing the trend of taste, all these six portraits have the charm of intrinsic pictorial beauty. As pictures they delight and satisfy, as all great portraits should do without



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
Painted by Himself



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
Painted by Himself

any knowledge of the identity of the subject. Likeness, though a requisite in portraits, is not the only essential. There must be also such character of design as to make them agreeable pictures. Greek beauty was wholly a perfection of form and loveliness of lines. To these, painted portraiture adds color. Though Ruskin says: "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn," yet color is the least necessary in portraits—as is seen in the black and white reproductions of color work. Design, the arrangement of lines and the relation of forms, differentiates a great picture from a thousand others not counted great. An artist acquires a manner of doing things. He works through many years in such a way that his habit of thought and effort become known, and these gradually form a style. Years of rendering of grace, beauty, and dignity of life by Reynolds and Gainsborough are expressed in their pictures of Devonshire and of Siddons. Le Brun painted several portraits with the design of mother and child, but that of herself with her child "in the love-locked harbor of her arms" was the supreme result of her art finding in herself the most suited subject.

Interesting as they are as pictures, these portraits have added interest from the viewpoint of the careers of the people portrayed—all of them people who played notable parts in their time. Their beauty was a force. Georgiana, the dashing Duchess of Devonshire, was a power in politics and dominated the Whig court of Carlton House, the home of the Prince of Wales. On her death in 1806 the Prince remarked, "We have lost the best bred woman in England." "We have lost the kindest heart in England,"



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

said her old friend and admirer, Charles James Fox. Wraxall wrote what is considered to be the best contemporary description of her: "The personal charms of the Duchess constituted her smallest pretensions to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of feature and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, her irresistible manners and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red, and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered an ordinary countenance."

Reynolds painted her in her childhood, in the splendor of her youth, and again as a



MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting by Gainsborough

young mother. Gainsborough's great portrait was painted when she was 27. Vivacity and joyousness in life gave her a much greater personal popularity than those noted beauties from Ireland, the Gunnings and the Luttrells, and of course her position aided her to outclass the Linleys, even though Eliza Linley married the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In the tragic beauty of Mrs. Sarah Kemble Siddons the painter Reynolds found his greatest subject. Though some features did not conform to good standards, her manner and bearing were such as to offset all defects. Gainsborough's portrait of her is second only to his Devonshire. Lawrence painted upwards of fifteen portraits of her throughout her career. He was her great admirer and was engaged to a daughter who died. Her fame is as the greatest actress of the English stage. Her art cannot be shown, but the painter's art has preserved for us many a transcript of her potent loveliness.

In contrast to the illustrious Siddons' tragic mien is the delicate grace of Le Brun's beauty. Mme. Louise Elizabeth Vigée (Veegay), the daughter

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

of a beautiful mother, was born in Paris in 1755 and died there in 1842. In all history there have been few more marvelous children, for at fifteen years she had such fame as an artist that the grand dames of Paris were thronging her studio. She was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke at 19 and of the Royal Academy at 27. She painted upwards of thirty portraits of Marie Antoinette, before the Terror caused her to leave France. They are the chief records of the beauty of that Queen. She traveled in Italy, painting everywhere she went. Her best known portrait is the one painted for the gallery in Florence, in which is hung only the portraits of great artists painted by themselves. She spent years in Russia, becoming identified with the court life there. Her beauty and ability made her welcome in Prussia and in England. She was a constant worker. At her death she left over 650 portraits and many landscapes.

Madame Le Brun records her first impression of Queen Louisa of Prussia, whose portrait she painted in 1801: "The charm of her lovely face, with its fine and regular features, her beautiful figure, neck and arms, and the dazzling whiteness of her complexion, everything about her surpassed my expectations. She was clad in deep mourning, with a head dress of wheat ears, black jet, which added still more to the brilliancy of her skin."

Princess Louisa of Strelitz was born in Hanover in 1776. Her aunt, Queen Charlotte of England, wished that she should marry the Prince of Wales, but her fate was that she should be consort of Prussia's King when that country suffered in its wars with Napoleon. Thackeray refers to her as "that famous Louisa who shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune." Goethe refers to this Queen's divine beauty, and we have record of the King's own impassioned description addressed to her: "I saw you standing in the entrance of the bower in a white dress, loosely covering your noble and charming figure, a gentle smile playing on your pure, sweet face,



MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting in National Gallery, London
By Sir Thomas Lawrence



MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

golden ringlets flowing down both sides of your rosy cheeks, and your head wreathed with the full and fragrant roses, which seemed to bend down upon you from the bower in order to kiss and adore you, your round white arms only half covered with clear lace sleeves and a full blown rose in your right hand, which you had raised to your waist. I beheld an angel of innocence and beauty. A true artist shall render and eternize that moment for me so that one day when we are gone our son may look up to the painting, and say, 'Such was my mother, when my father first saw her.'"

Another record of her at the time reads, "Glorious blue eyes beaming in the full fire of youth, enthusiasm, and happiness; a sweet

smile playing on her finely formed mouth with the ripe cherry lips. Her noble and pure forehead arose above a nose of classic regularity, and her figure, so proud and yet so charming, so luxurious yet so chaste, full of true royal dignity and winning womanly grace."

Richter's portrait painted long years afterwards is an idealized picturing of these written records and of several contemporary pictures of her. Noble lines mark its rendering and give the grace, majesty, and calm bliss of life. It makes its appeal largely from the same quality that commends the great Greek statue, "The Victory of Samothrace," that of poise and bearing. In these attributes she resembles Marie Antoinette, who was of royal carriage and who said it was well she was a queen, else that manner and bearing would be taken for insolence. That misfortune which was theirs shows in their faces. Indeed the element of sadness is desirable in great portrayals of beauty. "The sadness of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain" in art, as it does in poetry and music.

Madame Recamier (Ray-kä-myay), famous as being the most beautiful woman of her time, was, like Le Brun, the daughter of a beautiful mother, a blonde, lively, clever, and graceful. Her father, Jean Bernard, was a handsome man. She was born in Lyons in 1777, and was named Jeanne Francois Julie Adelaide. When but fifteen years of age she married the Paris banker, M. Recamier, who was twenty-seven years her senior. She is

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

described shortly after her marriage as having "a figure flexible and elegant; a well poised head; throat and shoulders of admirable form and proportions; beautiful arms, though somewhat small; a little rosy mouth, pearly teeth; black hair that curled naturally; a delicate and regular nose, an incomparable brilliancy of complexion; a frank, arch face, rendered irresistibly lovely from its expression of goodness; a carriage slightly indicative of both indolence and pride."

Like Le Brun, she dressed very simply in white, varying its material, form, and trimmings. Greek simplicity in costume was her usual habit, so David's portrait was not a pose in garment but her usual garb. That goodness of face was a life long attribute, made more marked by a goodness of life. Her gracious manner drew to her most of the men of minds of her time. Some women were envious of her power, but no ill was spoken of her.

It was in 1800 that she sat for her portrait to David (Dah-veed'). This picture was not regarded as satisfactory by the artist and was set aside. It was sold in his effects in 1829, was bought by M. Charles Lenormant for 6,000 francs, and was disposed of by him to the Louvre (loovr) for the same sum. Shortly after it was painted, a commission was given to Gerard, who produced what is thought to be one of his most beautiful creations. This picture was given by Madame Recamier to Prince Augustus of Prussia, an ardent admirer, by whom it was returned to her thirty years afterward. It has been objected to as not truly expressive of Madame Recamier's bearing.

A friend wrote: "Though exquisitely beautiful, I always looked at it with pain and regret. It is not thus that a woman of pure mind and irreproachable life ought to be transmitted to posterity. The low morality and the coarse, depraved taste of the period, at which time this picture was painted, have tinged it with a character which is not satisfactory to those who loved her."

Her classic beauty inspired her friend Canova, the sculptor, to



MME. LE BRUN
From a Painting by Herself
In the Louvre



MME. LE BRUN
From a Painting by Herself
In the National Gallery, London

create a bust of her during her exile in Rome in 1813. Never a favorite of the Emperor, she was exiled by him for several years, because of her open friendship for many of the great thinkers opposed to the Empire, and chiefly for her intimacy with Madame de Staël (Stahl), who was a firm admirer and who once wrote, "I am listening to music that recalls your sweet face and those attractions you possess apart from your beauty."

She who is known as the beautiful Countess Potocka (Po-tots'-kah), was not of the Slavic type. The arched eyebrows, the large, lustrous eyes and the delicate mouth are not Polish, but Greek, and this lady was a native of Greece. She was first married at thirteen years to the French Ambassador to the Turkish Court. Her second marriage was to a Polish army man,

Count de Witt. Shortly afterward she married Count Szczesny (Felix) Pilawa Potocki from Tulczyn, born in 1752, the son of the Vogeвода of Kijou (Kiev) called popularly the King of Ukrainia. The Count's first wife was Gertrude Komorowska, a beautiful woman of a lower class, to whom her proud father-in-law objected as a member of the family. By his influence she was separated and sent in the convoy of Cossacks to Lemberg Convent, but was killed on the way.

The name of Count Felix Potocki (Po-tots'-kee) is hated in Poland, for he betrayed his country, as leader of the Confederation of Tavgonia. When he married Zofia, the beautiful Greek, he laid out a beautiful park for her on his estate Humar in Ukrainia, and called it Zofiofka. This was after the last partition of Poland in 1795. This place cost fifteen millions Polish guildens, not counting the work of his serfs. It was regarded in Poland as the eighth wonder in the world, and is described and celebrated in one of the best Polish poems, "Zofiofka," by Trembeck.

The portrait of the Countess was painted by Alexandre Kucharski, (Ku-kar-skee) a Polish artist born in 1736, and who died in 1820. He studied in Paris, and his work was French in manner. He painted portraits of the grand dames of the period in Poland and in France. One of his greatest pictures is of Marie Antoinette in prison.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

Madame Le Brun tells that when in Rome she painted the portrait of Countess Potocka very picturesquely, with her leaning against a mossy rock and behind her some waterfalls.

The Countess spoke of Potocki as "my third husband; but I think I will take up the first one again, who suited me better, although he is a regular scamp." When she was yet Madame de Witt, the Prince Potemkin, favorite of Catherine II., though in love with the famous beauty Princess Dolgorouki, also adored the lovely young Greek, who was somewhat vain of her charming face. That face has been affixed by art for all time, never to pass into nothingness.

The most appealing beauty in nature is usually that which passes most quickly; the rich, gleaming color of the flower, the glory of the sunset, the shimmer of light in the tawny skin of the tiger—all give delight in the beholding. As the highest beauty of all is the beauty of woman, that artist has best justified his art who records in all their charm the passing attributes which go to make up her beauty. The radiant eye, the glowing flesh, the contour of body, all pulsing with life and expressing a personality differing from a million other personalities, is the subject which the artist must transfix so that those who see the picture may feel the life and the lure of it.

Lanier, the poet, was fond of inverting the biblical phrase, "the beauty of holiness," into "the holiness of beauty." That mysterious quality in nature which we call beauty is indeed holy. We involuntarily bow before that divinity and do it reverence, and are grateful to such art as glorifies it and the artist by whose hand it is wrought.

"The joy of the hand that hews for beauty is the sweetest solace beneath the sun."



MME. RECAMIER
From a Painting by Francois Gerard in the Louvre

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Gainsborough	<i>Sir Walter Armstrong</i>
Sir Joshua and His Circle	<i>Fitzgerald Molloy</i>
Sir Joshua Reynolds	<i>Sir Walter Armstrong</i>
Mrs. Sarah Siddons	<i>James Borden</i>
Life of Mrs. Sarah Siddons	<i>Nina Kinnard</i>
Life of Mrs. Sarah Siddons	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>
Souvenirs of Madame Vigée le Brun	
Vigée le Brun	<i>C. Haldane McFall</i>
Queen Louisa of Prussia and Her Times	<i>L. Mühlbach</i>
Madame Recamier	<i>Alys Hallard</i>
<i>From the French of Edward Herriot</i>	
Madame Recamier and Her Friends	
Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier	<i>Josephine M. Luyster</i>
<i>From the French of Madame Lenormant</i>	

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

"ROMANTIC IRELAND"

Six beautiful gravure pictures of The Giants' Causeway, Blarney Castle, Thomond Bridge in Limerick, The Hill of Tara and Statue of St. Patrick, The Lakes of Killarney, and A Typical Irish Village.

A Trip Around the World with Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler.

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The second issue of "The Mentor" is devoted to "Makers of American Poetry," with comment by Hamilton W. Mabie. He gives the busy American, in a few paragraphs, the essential characteristics of America's poets; Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes and Whitman. The gravure pictures should be in every home.

In the third issue of "The Mentor" Dwight L. Elmendorf begins his personally conducted Trip Around the World. He starts in Washington, the Capital, and you will get from his account a view of Washington so vivid as to make you feel that you have just come from a visit there. By taking "The Mentor" regularly you will have the pleasure of visiting pictorially the leading countries and places of the world with this famous and interesting traveler.

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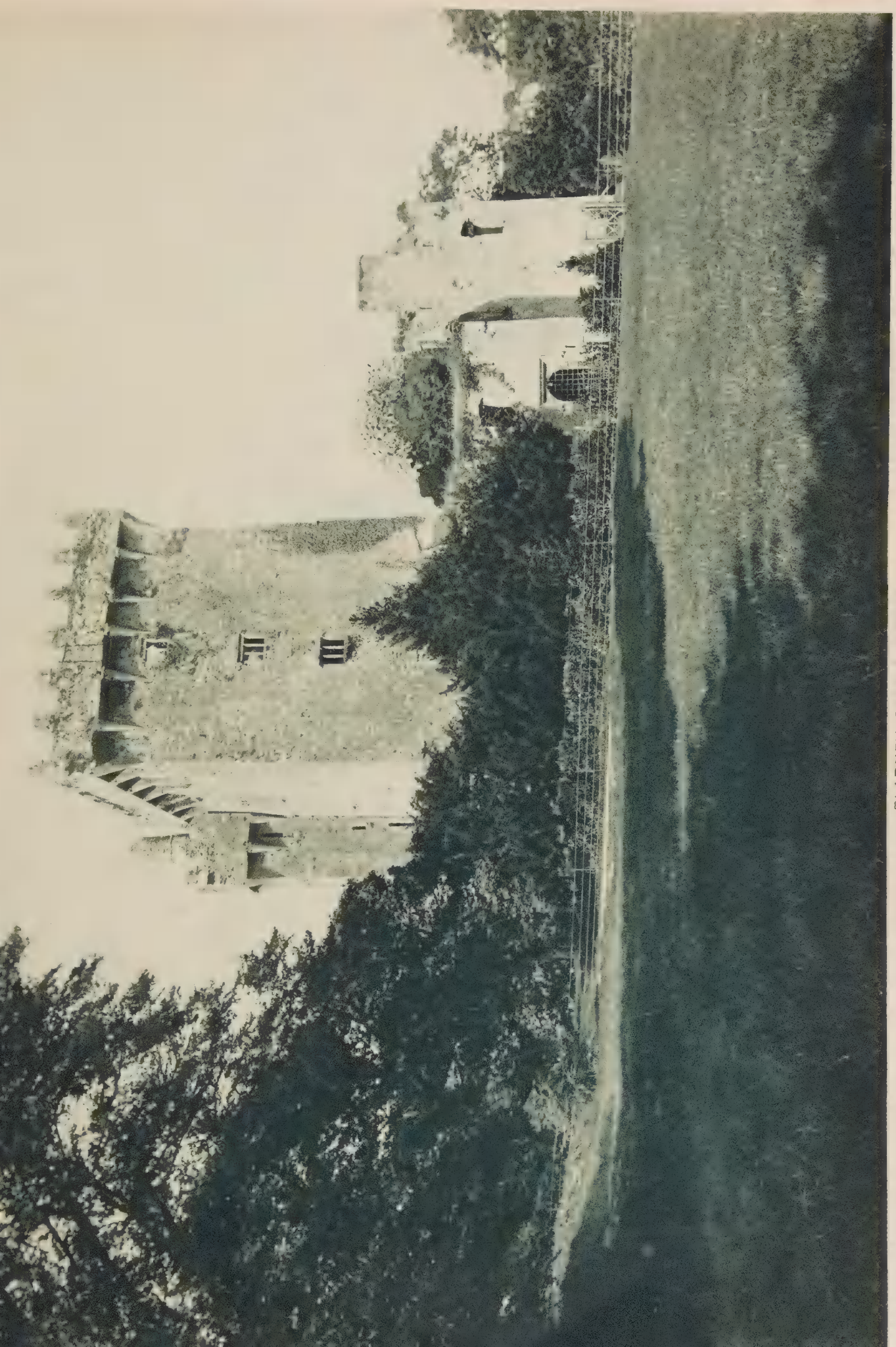
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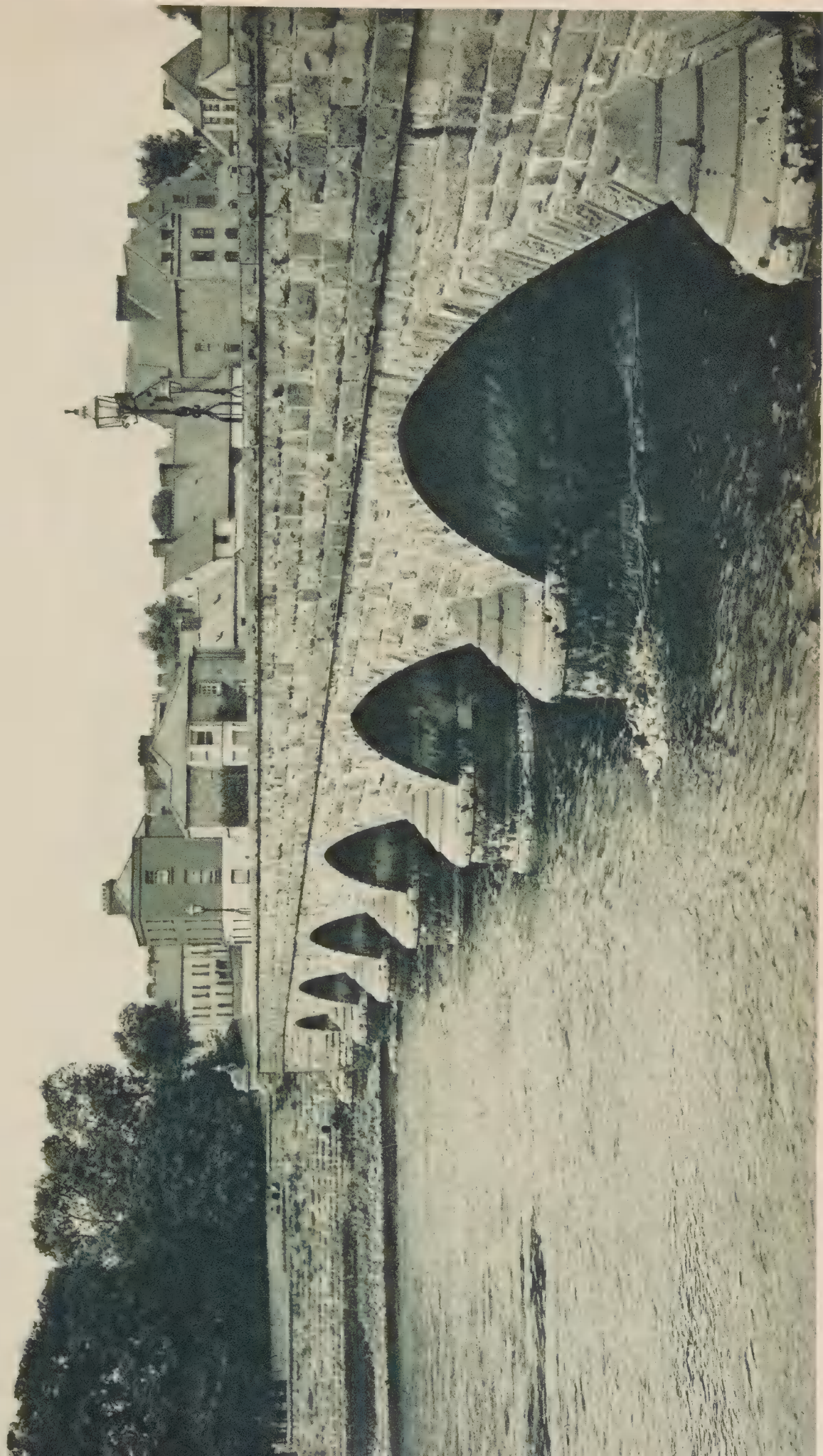
"All these things I know."



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, IRELAND



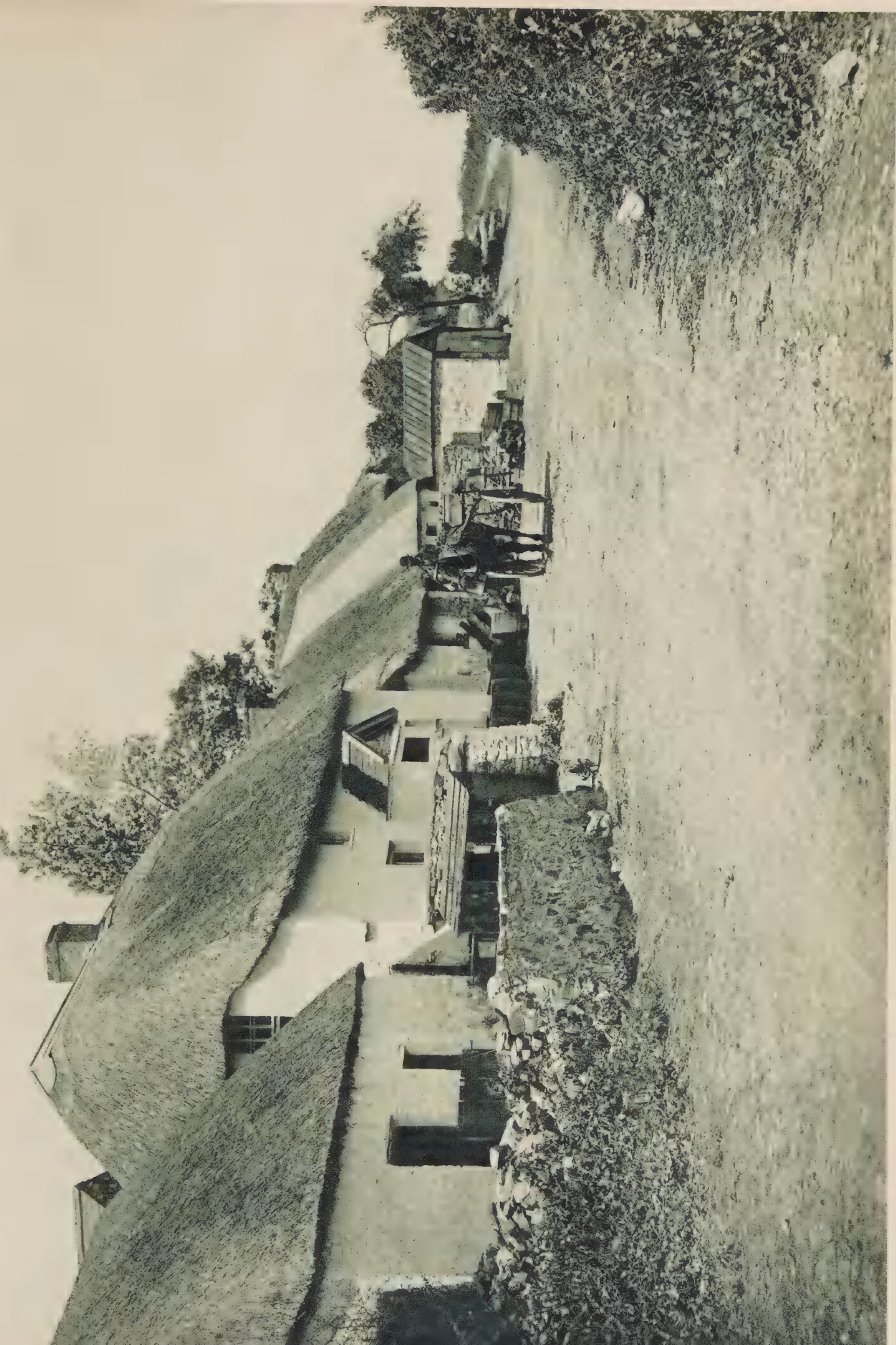
BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND



THOMOND BRIDGE—LIMERICK, IRELAND



LAKES OF KILLARNEY, IRELAND



A TYPICAL VILLAGE STREET, IRELAND





HILL OF TARA AND STATUE OF SAINT PATRICK, IRELAND

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I

MARCH 17, 1913

No. 5

R O M A N T I C I R E L A N D

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Lecturer and Traveler

GIANTS CAUSEWAY

BLARNEY CASTLE

THOMOND BRIDGE—LIMERICK

HILL OF TARA AND STATUE OF ST. PATRICK

LAKES OF KILLARNEY

A TYPICAL VILLAGE

IRISH character is more widely known than Irish scenery. They are equally attractive, however, as all travelers in Ireland know. Ireland is a land of legend, richly colored and unsurpassed in beauty and dignity. And through all its myths and stories there run mingled threads of pathos and of humor. Ireland's treasured traditions tell in varied form a story of Irish nature, with its laughter and its tears. Her lighter songs are timed to the sprightliest measures; but these are not in the majority. Most of Ireland's national music is set in a pathetic minor key.

Irish literature and Irish songs are the natural expression of the character of the Irish people; and this national character has been shaped

by a history full of bitter struggle from the beginning, and has been colored and sweetened by the poetic influence of a land filled with scenes of endearing and romantic beauty.

The minor note in Irish life seems to strike many travelers first. One has called Ireland "the strange, sorrowful Island of the Sea." Beaconsfield ascribed the vein of pathos in the Irish nature to the fact that Ireland was surrounded by a melancholy ocean. And yet had it not been for the long, hard years of national conflict, the geographical situation of Ireland and her scenic beauties, her stretches of rich soil and fair climate, would no doubt in the natural order of things have produced a somewhat different national character, and no one would have found the surrounding ocean "melancholy."

As a matter of fact the combination of ocean and cliff to be found along miles of the Irish coast offers scenes of surpassing beauty, and some of extraordinary geological interest. Among the most amazing of Nature's large experiments is the Giants Causeway.

A MARVEL OF NATURAL BEAUTY

This freak of nature presents an aspect so strange that it is difficult



LOOKING DOWN ON THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY

From this point the Causeway looks like a great floor paved with hexagonal stones. The so-called "Giants Organ" may be seen in the lower part of this picture at the right.

to find words to describe it. A great stretch of columns, fully 40,000 in number and all about twenty inches in diameter, thrust themselves up from the earth for acres before you. For nearly one hundred yards they run out into the ocean. The columns are the result of a curiously uniform cleavage, each one being five or six sided, and the sides being cut as evenly as if the Creator had carved them with a knife. The columns are not, as some suppose, all monolithic, *i. e.*, each one a vast single piece of stone. Many of them are jointed like a bamboo cane, the

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joints resting one on top of the other, with ends fitted perfectly together by concave and convex surfaces.

How long this freak of nature has existed, who can tell? The stone is basalt, which is volcanic in origin, and geologists state that the cleavage has been caused by the cracking of the stones during a process of cooling, far back in some early geological age.

The legendary story of the origin of the Giants Causeway is known to most of us. It gives credit for its construction to the sturdy giant chieftain, Fin MacCoul. The legend tells us that Fin, having received a challenge from a Scottish giant, and wanting to make it easy for them to meet, built this Causeway across the sea and won a victory over his Scottish rival that effectually quelled the latter's ambition and reduced him to submission.

Many tourists visit the Causeway every year. There are spots of great beauty there. Near the Causeway are the ruins of Dunluce Castle, a picturesque pile of towers with a most romantic history. Up along the cliffs at one point the columns of the Causeway rise far above the floor and present an appearance of organ pipes. Still above that are a number of tall, slender rocks called the "chimney tops." For those who will climb the heights, there is a view of great beauty. Far off in the ocean, but plain to sight, lies the Isle of Staffa, with its strange natural formation called "Fingals Cave." All about is the solemn splendor of the sea, and below lies the Causeway, looking from that point like a huge floor paved with hexagonal stones.



THE WISHING CHAIR—GIANTS CAUSEWAY

Here is shown plainly the peculiar hexagonal formation of the columns which make up the Causeway. The stone on which the cap has been placed is called the Wishing Chair.

THE SHRINE OF IRISH WIT

Everybody knows what "blarney" means, and that it comes from kissing the Blarney Stone. Blarney Castle is the shrine of Irish wit.

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It has been so from the time of its building in 1446. Tradition tells us that Cormac MacCarthy, the great chieftain who built the castle, happened one day to save an old woman from drowning, in return for which she promised him a golden tongue that could persuade everyone with its eloquence, and could influence friends and enemies alike. This gift he could obtain, however, only by ascending to the keep of his castle and by kissing a stone in the wall. Cormac MacCarthy died; but his gift of eloquence apparently became "set" in the stone. There, within about five feet from the top of the castle, is the famous Blarney Stone, and it is kissed by thousands every year in the hope—together a harmless one—that Cormac MacCarthy's gift of golden speech may be extracted, at least in part.

Besides the interest in the Blarney Stone, a trip to Blarney is well worth while. The drive of a few miles from Cork to the village of Blarney is one of the most beautiful in all Ireland. The land is rolling, green, and fertile, and filled with interesting landmarks. Old Blarney Castle is an impressive structure of gray stone. From whatever point of view we look at it, we are impressed with its dignity and romantic beauty. To reach the Blarney Stone you enter the castle and climb the dark, damp stone stairway until you arrive at the top of the castle. It is not convenient nor easy to reach the stone. In former times it was the custom to let the visitor down by the heels; but a row of iron spikes prevents this now, and the pilgrim seeking the golden tongue must get down on his knees and stick his head through a square opening. The process requires a clear head and some courage.

The property of Blarney Castle remained in possession of the descendants of Cormac MacCarthy until 1689. It was then confiscated, and in 1702 Sir Richard Pyne bought the entire 1,400 acres for about \$15,000. Today, however, descendants of Cormac MacCarthy are still living as day laborers around the castle, and the old ruin is surrounded by traditions and legends. It is said that the Earl of Clancarty, who lost Blarney Castle at the time of the Revolution, threw all the plate into a certain part of Blarney Lake. Three of the MacCarthys know the hiding-place. When one dies he hands down the secret to another one of the family. Never, until a MacCarthy is again Lord of Blarney, will the secret be revealed—so the saying goes.

"WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS"

Limerick, the "City of the Violated Treaty," lies just beyond the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary in County Limerick, Ireland. Here the River Shannon flows; for the city occupies both its banks and an

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island in the stream. Limerick is said to have been visited by Saint Patrick sometime in the fifth century; but it first came into prominence after the Danes plundered it in 812. They made it their principal town in the kingdom of Limerick from then until they were driven out near the close of the tenth century.

The original part of the city, called Irish Town, was founded first on one bank of the Shannon. Then William de Burgo, to whose care Limerick was committed, founded the so-named English Town on Kings Island. Here he built a strong fort. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the city was attacked time and again, and during the next three hundred years it grew to be one of the strongest forts in the kingdom. General Ireton captured the city in 1651.

William III. besieged Limerick in 1690, but without success, and the siege was ended by the Treaty of Limerick on October 3, 1691. The treaty was signed on Thomond Bridge. On the west end of this famous bridge is still preserved the Treaty Stone, placed there to commemorate the signing of the treaty.

TARA, THE HOME OF KINGS

The village of Tara is in County Meath, Ireland, and near it is the famous Hill of Tara, on which the statue of Saint Patrick stands. For many centuries the Hill of Tara was the home of Irish kings. There the great assemblies of the people were held, and there stands the Lia Fail, or "Stone of Destiny," on which the kings of Ireland were crowned. Irish history tells that Ireland, like England, was invaded a number of times. One of these invasions was from Greece, and it is said that this stone was brought from Greece by what was called the "tribes of the god Dana," and set up at Tara. They brought with them also the caldron of the Dagda, and the sword and spear of Lugaid Lamfada.

The Hill of Tara, rising 510 feet in the air, stands isolated, and upon it converge five highroads from different parts of Ireland. Six



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY

Situated on Ross Island in the Lower Lake, this castle was for many years the fortress of the famous O'Donoghues. Its early history was bloody; but today, peaceful in its ivy-covered solitude, it presents anything but a warlike appearance.

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circular earthworks were built on its summit and sides, and inclosed by the largest of these is a flat-topped mound, which was the king's own. It is on this mound that the Stone of Destiny stands.

Tara has seen many historic events. Schools for military training, law, and literature were established at Tara about the middle of the third century by King Cormac Mac Art. In 980 the Danish power of Meath was overthrown in a battle there. The insurgents were defeated severely at Tara on May 26, 1798. Daniel O'Connell held one of his mass meetings in support of the repeal of the legislative union there on August 15, 1843.

But now:

“The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!”



MUCKROSS ABBEY

Muckross Abbey stands between the Lower Lake and the Middle or Torc Lake in Killarney. It was founded by the Franciscan Monks in 1400. The surrounding country is entrancingly beautiful.

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THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Most romantic spot of of all in Ireland—Killarney. The Lakes of Killarney, Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey, Macgillicuddys Reeks, Mount Mangerton with the Devils Punchbowl, the Gap of Dunloe, the Ogham Cave of Dunloe, and Sweet Innisfallen—the breath of romance and beauty clings about the very names of these historic places.

It is in Killarney that the enthusiastic tourist falls naturally into poetry.

The very countryside exhales poetry, while Nature's gifts in beauty are bountiful. Historic ruins, serene lakes, fair islands, and precipitous mountains, castles, and monasteries, vine-clad and yew-shaded, a riotous growth of holly and arbutus in forests of beech and oak and fir and elm—all these make the region of Killarney the most entrancing spot in the British Isles.

Muckross Abbey, beautiful beyond description, stands on the eastern shore of Lough Leane. Away to the west of the lakes lies the famous Gap of Dunloe, and farther still the tallest mountains in Ireland, the Macgillicuddy Reeks.

From the palatial mansion of the Earl of Kenmare, whose estate adjoins the town of Killarney, a beautiful view of the Lower Lake may be had. On an island in this lake are the ruins of old Ross Castle, built many centuries ago by one of the famous O'Donoghues. This historic ivy-covered pile was the last stronghold in Munster to surrender to Cromwell's forces in 1652.



THE LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY

Lough Leane, or the Lower Lake, is studded with finely wooded islands, of which the largest is Ross Island, where stand the ruins of Ross Castle. On the island of "Sweet Innisfallen" are the ruins of an old abbey founded in 650 A. D., by Saint Finian, the leper. Here were written the Annals of Innisfallen.

IRISH VILLAGE LIFE

We have told so far only of the country of Ireland; and so beautiful is it that the mind of the traveler loves to dwell on it, for he is enticed from one natural beauty to another in this fair land. Whether it be in the high mountain region of Killarney, or in the Golden Vale of Tipper-

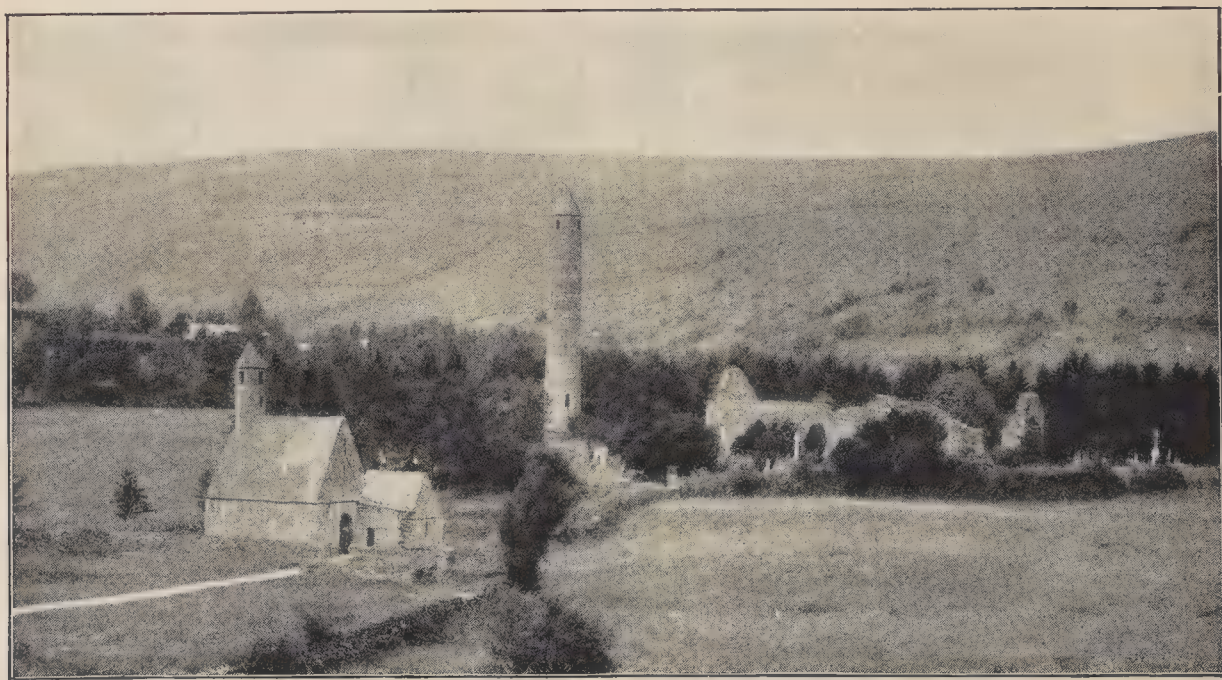
R O M A N T I C I R E L A N D

ary,—that most fertile tract, which is to Ireland what the Blue Grass region is to Kentucky,—there is always some allurements in Nature to attract the eye and invite the soul.

But Irish village life has its attractions too; for there we meet with the lovable Irish people. Warm in heart, genial in disposition, sincere in hospitality, it is in the village life that the simple types of people are to be met in whom the traveler will find greatest enjoyment. He should mingle with them, and let them show their homes and home life to him, which they will do with a friendly candor that will win his heart.

There is much that is picturesque in the villages. The humbler the conditions are, the more picturesque in some cases, and through the country in the smaller towns are to be found many interesting old houses and historic landmarks.

Much has been said and written about the towers of Ireland. There are about 118 of these altogether, twenty of them in a good state of preservation. These towers have been the subject of much discussion. They are the work of religious architects, and were built for sacred purposes. These towers are in the vicinity of churches or monasteries,



CHURCH AND ROUND TOWER, GLENDALOUGH

The Vale of Glendalough is in County Wicklow, Ireland. Scattered there are the ruins of a former monastic settlement, now called the "Seven Churches." The church is called Saint Kevin's Kitchen. The Round Tower is one of the finest in Ireland, is 110 feet high and 52 feet in circumference.

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and were used as strongholds in time of need. Some were bell towers after bells came in.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

It is well worth the traveler's while to visit a number of typical villages of Ireland, and no one should leave the country without having seen the "Deserted Village," made famous by the poet, Oliver Goldsmith. Many to whom the name of Goldsmith is a household word are unaware that the "Deserted Village," of which he tells in his gentle poem, actually existed and exists today.

Oliver Goldsmith's father was a Protestant curate in Ireland, and the family lived near Lissoy—now called Auburn. After Goldsmith grew up and had made his home in London, the old village fell into decay, and it was in ruins at the time he wrote his poem, though he did not actually



RUINS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S HOME IN "THE DESERTED VILLAGE" OF AUBURN

*"There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."*

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revisit the spot. It was in busy London, far away from his childhood's home, that his mind turned lovingly to the scenes of his boyhood, and he sang of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

Auburn has been called the "very heart of Ireland," and it has come to be a pilgrimage place for those that have learned to love Goldsmith. Apart from an interest in the poet, there is enough to invite a traveler to the spot; for there is a bit of village, not "deserted," that affords entertainment sufficient to while away an afternoon.

These are but selections from the many beautiful spots of Ireland. Many books could be written without exhausting the subject. Perhaps the most eloquent expression of appreciation of the "Emerald Isle" is to be found in the utterance of one traveler:

"We began our tour of Ireland in a spirit of curiosity. We ended it in a glow of enthusiasm and love."



RUINS OF THE MILL, "DESERTED VILLAGE"

This, the "busy mill" beside the "never-failing brook" of Goldsmith's immortal poem, is now but a small pile of ruins. Its millstone, once so industrious, now lies buried forever in the ground at the door of the inn of "The Three Jolly Pigeons."

R O M A N T I C I R E L A N D

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Shamrock Land	<i>Plummer F. Jones</i>
The History of Ireland	<i>Keating</i>
Literary History of Ireland	<i>Douglas Hyde</i>
Text Book of Irish Literature	<i>Eleanor Hall</i>
Social History of Ireland	<i>P. W. Joyce</i>
The History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern	<i>Martin Haverty</i>
Heroic Romances of Ireland, translated by	<i>A. H. Leahy</i>
Ireland, Its Story	<i>S. C. Hall</i>
Ireland and Her Story	<i>Justin McCarthy</i>
Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times	<i>Justin Huntly McCarthy</i>
Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English, collected from oral traditions by	<i>James Macdougall</i>

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NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

"MASTERS OF MUSIC"

Six beautiful gravure portraits of Richard Wagner, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Handel and Bach, with interesting and informing comment by

W. J. HENDERSON, *Critic and Author*

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In the fourth issue of "The Mentor" you have a delightful article on "Beautiful Women in Art," by J. T. Willing. You get from Mr. Willing's text and from the exquisite gravure pictures a vivid and pleasing impression of the beauty and charm of the Duchess of Devonshire, Queen Louisa, Countess Potocka, Madame Le Brun, Madame Recamier and Mrs. Siddons.

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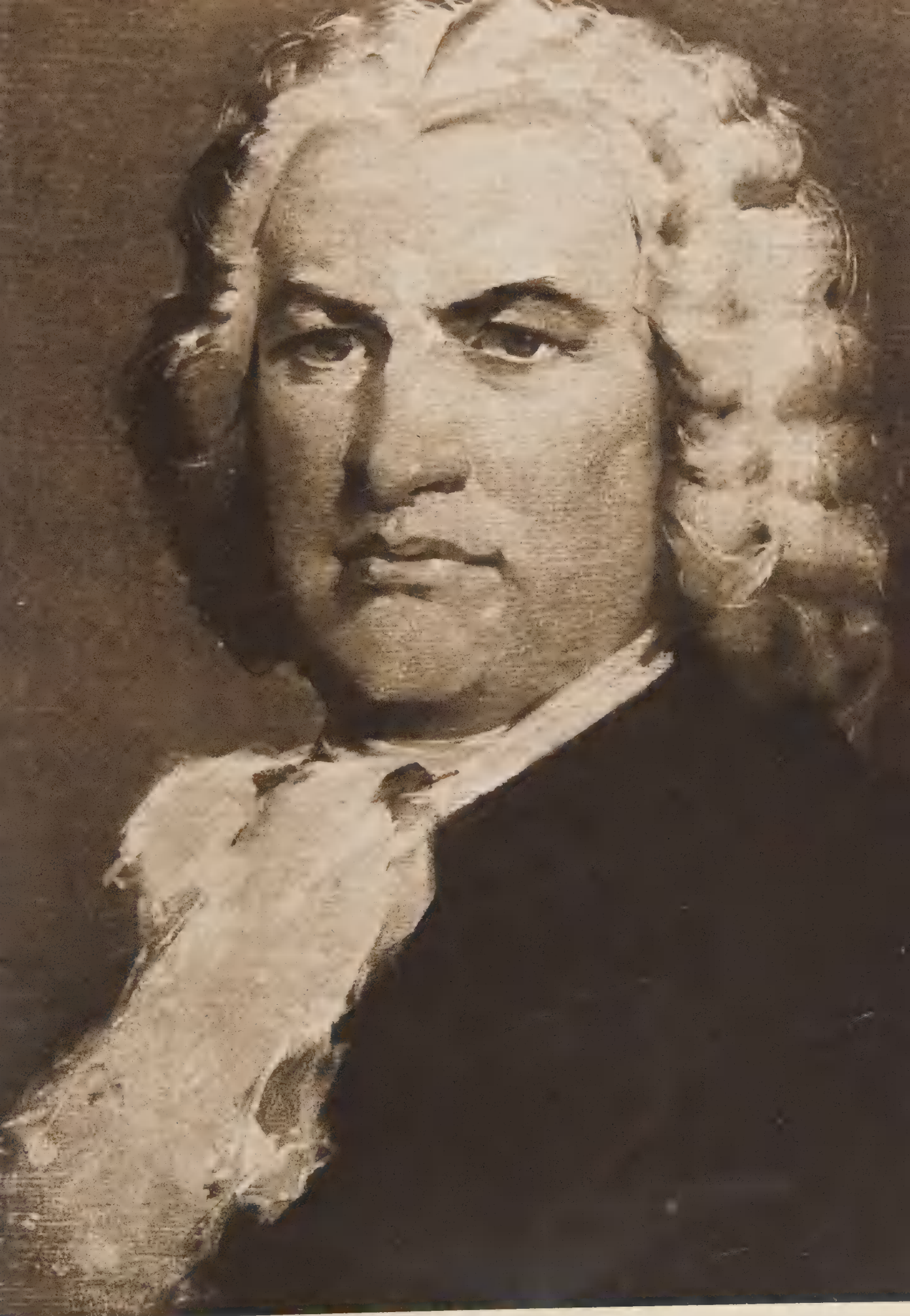
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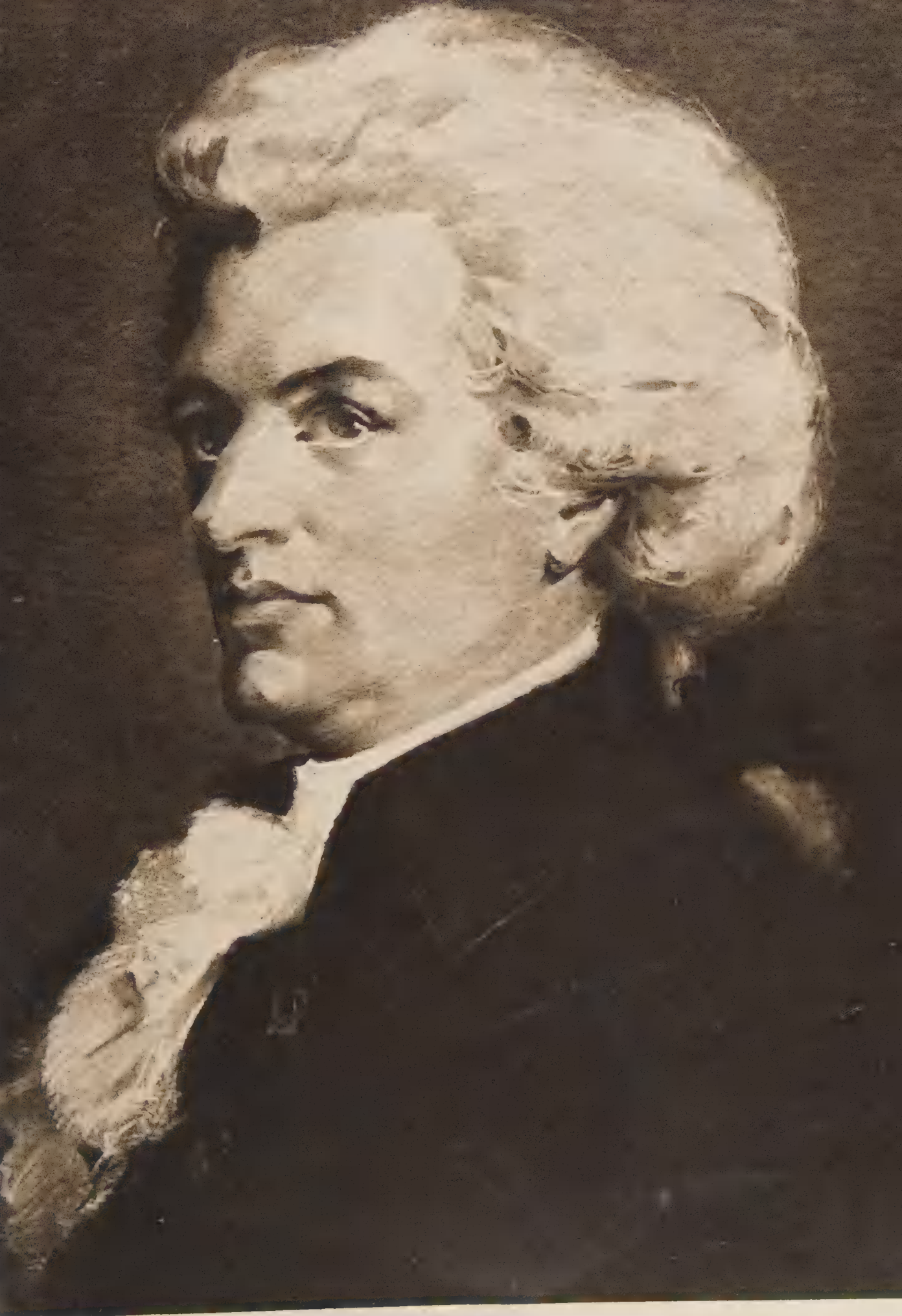
J. S. BACH



HAYDN



HANDEL



MOZART



BEETHOVEN



WAGNER

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

Vol. I

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1913

No. 6

M A S T E R S O F M U S I C

By W. J. HENDERSON,

Author of "What Is Good Music," "How Music Developed," "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759

JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, 1756-1791

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827

RICHARD WAGNER, 1813-1883

IF any student, historian, or critic of the art of music were asked to select the names of the six greatest masters, he would indeed find himself confronted with a formidable task. Music has developed so many forms and found so many avenues of expression for the varied moods, emotions, and even aspirations of humanity, that no one master has been able to be supreme in them all. Some have led in the domain of instrumental composition, but have had to yield the palm to others in the treatment of vocal forms, and even within the field of vocal music some have been superior in the simple song, while others have achieved their distinction in writing for great choruses, or for the favored singers of the operatic stage.

But no student or historian would quarrel with the choice of the six names set forth as those of leading masters of musical art. These six men

are Johann Sebastian Bach, George Frederick Handel, Josef Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, and Richard Wagner. Each of these had his special distinction, his particular field; though all of them, except Wagner, made important contributions to other departments. Wagner alone will go down to posterity as a composer whose productiveness was confined almost exclusively to one kind of



BACH AT HOME

music, and whose fame rests entirely upon it. This restriction of activity was not wholly the outcome of the composer's particular bent, but of artistic conditions naturally brought about by the process of evolution in intellectual labor. Specializing is the tendency of later years, and no composer of today would think of undertaking to rival Bach in the amazing diversity of his creations. Perhaps the note here suggested may help us to bring our thoughts into harmony with the entire subject.

BACH THE GENIUS OF THE ORGAN

All musicians have expressed the profoundest admiration for the marvelous fecundity of Bach's genius. He is the musician of musicians, the master of masters. But we must not forget, as has been noted, that generalization was more facile in his day than in ours. Furthermore, in examining his compositions, although they range from the

simplest song through practically every form of instrumental and vocal composition except opera, we find that as far as these forms were developed in his day, they are all in general construction founded on the language of the organ. Bach was a mighty master of the organ, and his method of composition for groups of instruments and voices was closely allied to that followed in his day in writing for organ and voice.

In building up his system, Bach sounded all the depths of musical science, and originated an amazing number of technical laws upon which the art of all subsequent musicians has had to rest. In doing this he was nevertheless able to compose music which for intimacy of expressiveness and lofty melodic beauty has never been surpassed. The supreme product of his genius is an oratorio called "The Passion According to St. Matthew," a musical setting of the story of the Savior's last days and the Crucifixion. In other settings of the same history he also wrote noble music; and again in his "Christmas Oratorio" Bach's music is characterized by its complete want of elements of brilliant effectiveness. It was born in the organ loft, and it belongs to the atmosphere of the church. It shrinks from the glow and glitter of the concert stage; but it has to be performed there in order that we may hear it at all.

HANDEL THE MASTER OF THE ORATORIO

Handel, who was a contemporary of Bach, born in the same year, 1685, and dying nine years later, in 1759, spent most of his life in composing Italian operas for theaters in Germany and London. After meeting with many failures he finally turned away from the theater and devoted his genius to the oratorio. It was then that he composed the great work by which he is known to all the world, namely, "The Messiah," produced in Dublin, Ireland, in 1742. Handel's opera airs are often heard in the concert room; though the works as a whole have disappeared from the stage. These airs are distinguished by melodic beauty and elegance of style, and by exquisite suitability to the singing voice.

But in his oratorios, especially his masterpiece, "The Messiah," the airs have all the best qualities of his opera music, together with a noble and tender embodiment of religious emotion. The choruses are colossal in the effects produced by the treatment of voices in masses. Here Handel rivals Bach in his application of the speech of the organ to a new instrument. But there is this radical difference between the two, that while Bach never thought of the public, Handel never forgot it. Trained in writing for the stage, Handel always considered how a musical number would influence an audience, and in "The Messiah" his skill in pre-



THE CHILD HANDEL

paring grandiose effects for his hearers is such that we are lost in admiration. In this one exercise of his art Handel stands alone and supreme.

HAYDN THE FATHER OF THE SYMPHONY

Haydn's claim to a place among the immortals rests on his symphonies and quartets. He wrote two lovely oratorios, "The Creation" and "The Seasons," and also operas, now buried; but none of these works would place him in the forefront. Nor are his symphonies comparable in depth and breadth with those of later masters; but they were the first in which the principles of symphonic construction were clearly set forth. It was in these compositions also that the fundamental laws of writing for the orchestra independent of voices were demonstrated. Haydn's symphonies were made for a small orchestra, and in the beginning were really chamber music compositions; but later he wrote works designed for public concert performance. His string quartets were the earliest which have retained their place in the concert room, and from them all subsequent composers have deduced their first principles.



HAYDN CROSSING THE NORTH SEA

Haydn thus laid the foundations of both orchestral and chamber music. In his compositions the differentiation between the methods of construction demanded by works on the organ idioms and those intended for delivery by bodies of orchestral instruments, whether large or small, is first unmistakably set forth. In this respect Haydn was a creator. But it must be added that his music is beautiful and lovable in itself, or otherwise it might have to be classed merely as the illustration of a method. Many of the symphonies and string quartets are still played, and they give delight to all unjailed ears.

MOZART THE GLORIOUS BOY IN MUSIC

Mozart was born and died within the life of Haydn. In his brief life (1756-1791) he advanced the methods of writing symphonies and string quartets so much that Haydn, who was at first his master, in the end came to learn from him, and he also revolutionized the opera. Mozart's fame today rests upon his last three symphonies, his more important string quartets, and most of all upon his principal operas, "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Magic Flute." His greatest work is undoubtedly "Don Giovanni," which is the noblest

M A S T E R S O F M U S I C

opera written in the form and style antecedent to those introduced by Wagner.

Mozart was the first opera composer to achieve clear and convincing characterization in music. His *Don Giovanni*, *Leporello*, *Donna Anna*, and *Zerlina* are perfect portraits in dramatic music. So again are his



A CONCERT BY MOZART

Figaro, *Cherubino*, and *Susanna* in "The Marriage of Figaro." Earlier composers of Italian opera made all their personages sound very much alike. After Mozart musical characterization was always attempted; for he had shown the way.

In the treatment of concerted numbers, notably the finales of acts, Mozart again set up methods original and influential upon the whole subsequent development of operatic art. Wagner's finale in the second act of "Die Meistersinger" rests heavily upon the lessons taught in the great ballroom finale of "Don Giovanni." With all his other qualities, Mozart had a marvelous gift of melody. His music flows as easily as a great river, and always possesses the clarity and brilliance of sunlight. This spontaneity of invention was born in him. He was a composer at six, and had an opera produced at thirteen. "The Glorious

Boy," Rubinstein well called him.

BEETHOVEN THE SUPREME MASTER

Beethoven's place in music is established by his nine great symphonies, his string quartets, his piano sonatas, and his one opera. All these proclaim a supreme master and teach new lessons. It was Beethoven who found in instrumental music a vehicle for the communication of great ideas and even doctrines. Earlier composers had been content to treat the symphony as a succession of movements with broad general contrasts in melodic content and in sentiments; but Beethoven did not hesitate to dedicate this form to the publication of the profoundest of human emotions. He made the symphony the medium for the expression of those more overwhelming feelings which are best understood as the common joys, sorrows, and hopes of mankind.

His fifth symphony, for example, delineates the struggle of man against opposing fate, and the ultimate triumph of the human will and intellect. The only hint given to us of the composer's intent was contained in his own remark about the tremendous opening of the first four notes. "Thus," he said, "Fate knocks at the portals." The ninth symphony, which calls in the aid of text and vocal song in its last movement, is a stupendous musical version of the fight of man for happiness and his victory in the end. The seventh symphony was called by Wagner "The Apotheosis of the Dance"; while the third, known as the "Eroica," was originally designed to be a celebration of the glory of Napoleon. But Beethoven, who was a democrat to the core, could not tolerate Napoleon's assumption of the purple, and therefore changed the title page of his work.

It will be understood from these statements that the significant, indeed revolutionary, achievement of Beethoven was the transformation of instrumental composition from the state of music for the sake of pure



MOZART AT THE ORGAN



BEETHOVEN COMPOSING

musical beauty to that of music with a message and a mission. He was the connecting link between what are known as the classic and romantic schools of musical art. The classic masters strove for perfect beauty, and regarded the formal construction of their works as a paramount issue. The romantic writers demanded the right to alter established forms according to the needs of the idea present at the instant.

Their doctrine was that the content was the vital element, and that it should dictate the form. Beethoven stood at the end of the classic school and the beginning of the romantic. He composed his mighty symphonies, his piano sonatas, and his string quartets in the old classic form developed by the searchers for perfect musical beauty; but he demonstrated that this form could be

made the medium for the communication of the profoundest thoughts fitted for musical expression.

WAGNER THE CREATOR OF MUSIC DRAMA

Richard Wagner's special claim to a place among the Titans of music rests upon his adaptation of some of the methods of the Greek dramatists to the modern opera. What had been a mere amusement in the hands of the Italians of the early part of the last century was elevated by Wagner to the condition of a universal artwork founded upon thoughts common to mankind as preserved in the mythologies of great races. Wagner built his musical dramas on the legends of the Norse and Teutonic peoples. He developed the ethical doctrines far beyond their original state, and in some of his works preached in matchless accents the saving grace of woman. He treated in one series of operas the Christian legends modified and developed in the stories of his "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal," and in another series the splendid Pagan fables were utilized in his "Flying Dutchman," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Ring of the Nibelung." He also wrote a superb musical comedy, "Die Meistersinger," in which, while depicting the manners of a period of German history, he satirized the tendency of classicists to reject new and beautiful ideas conveyed in unfamiliar forms.

M A S T E R S O F M U S I C

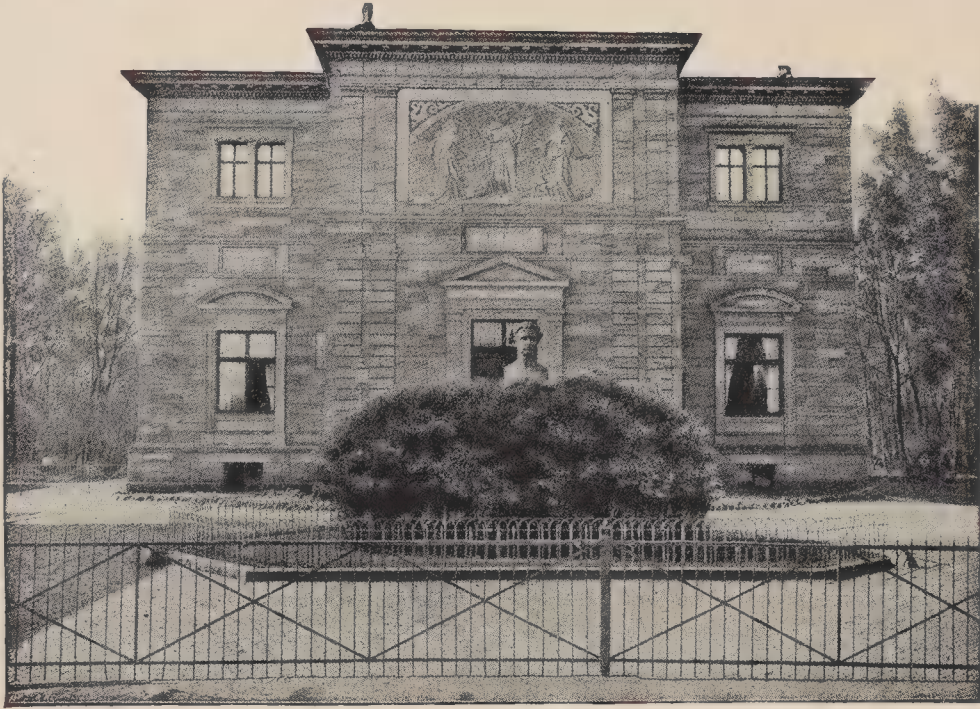
In creating the musical medium for these extraordinary lyric dramas, Wagner overset most of the evil practices which had twined themselves about the operatic art. He delivered it from a lamentable slavery, and, by wedding it to the poetic soul of the text, raised it to the blessed estate of a truly artistic wedlock. One does not hear in the Wagner drama music devised merely to tickle the ear, but rather a ceaseless flow of melody and harmony. Wagner insisted upon the organic coöperation of all the arts of the stage, poetry, scenic illusion, action, and music. His aim was the creation of the most potent and convincing dramatic realization of the splendid ideals found in the poetic bases of his dramas. He therefore originated a new vocal style, a new magnificence of orchestral utterance, a new tradition of operatic action.

His works were so stupendous in thought and execution that at first they antagonized the slothful operatic public; but in time they conquered the world, and for at least twenty-five years no one has composed an opera—as if Wagner had not existed. He was without question the greatest master of the lyric drama that ever lived, and his methods have revolutionized the whole domain of music, just as did those of Beethoven.

It will be seen from the foregoing review of the principal achievements of these six masters of music, that each of them was an originator of a method of creating beauty. Bach showed how to scale the loftiest



WAGNER'S OPERA HOUSE AT BAYREUTH



WAHNFRIED, THE HOME OF WAGNER AT BAYREUTH

heights of expression attained by music conceived in the style of utterance developed by centuries of ecclesiastic thought.

Handel led this land of music beyond the limits placed upon it by the sanctuary, and imparted to it the more liberal, if less sacred, accents of public eloquence.

Haydn showed men how to write instrumental music that should give delight not only by the fluent sweetness of its melodies, but by the ingenuity of its formal construction.

Mozart taught composers for the stage how to give their mimic personages character, and to find in the tone art an unerring delineator of the emotions of the drama.

Beethoven set instrumental music on a new footing, and made possible a method of mood communication undreamed by Haydn.

Wagner seized upon the opera, which had been little more than a public amusement, and made of it a splendid art creation, whose eloquence appeals to all classes, all races, and all nations. It is not difficult to see how these six men have enriched human life, and what a debt of gratitude the world owes them.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

BOOKS ON MUSIC

Johann Sebastian Bach	<i>C. H. H. Perry</i>
Handel	<i>R. A. Streatfeild</i>
Haydn	<i>J. C. Hadden</i>
Mozart	<i>F. Gehring</i>
Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies .	<i>Sir George Grove</i>
Richard Wagner, His Life and His Dramas	<i>W. J. Henderson</i>
The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner .	<i>Albert Lavignac</i>
How to Listen to Music	<i>H. E. Krehbiel</i>

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A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

with Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler

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"Romantic Ireland" is the subject of the fifth number of "The Mentor." It is the second of Dwight L. Elmendorf's illustrated descriptive talks in his Trip Around the World with Mentor readers.

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NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado

ONE

THE human mind cannot grasp the magnitude and magic beauty of the Grand Canyon. Those who have not been there either don't understand or don't believe half they hear of it; those who have been there cannot describe it. One man who saw it was actually doubtful of its existence. When brought suddenly to the rim

of what has been called the "Divine Abyss," he turned his head away, covered his eyes, and exclaimed, "I don't believe it is real!"

The Canyon has been cut out by the Colorado River in the course of a little matter of time like twenty million years. The cutting has been done through horizontal layers of rock of various sorts and colors, one above the other. It is now from 6,000 to 7,000 feet deep, from 13 to 15 miles across, and about 200 miles long. It was known to the Indians, of course, from time immemorial. The Spaniards saw it, and rumors floated east concerning it early in the last century. Major Powell, heading a government exploration party, came through the Canyon in '69. He found it hard to make people understand the character of the Canyon—and why not? The Indians who had known it so long viewed it with awe, stood on its brink prayerfully, and explored it with worshipful reverence. They made a trail down to the depths, by the Colorado River, and spent their winters on the lowest plateau. It was warmer there. The old Indian gardens are rich and fertile. Sometime along in the '70's, a wanderer from farther north, John Hance by name, went to the Canyon. Coming from Missouri, he was curious and "wanted to know." He never left the Canyon; and now, an old man, he lives at the rim of it in summer and in the lower levels in winter.

Some think that Hance, living for so many years in what is called "the awful hush of the Canyon," should be dumb. But he is not—far from it! He can tell you how the Canyon came to be, and he

can point out the great architectural structures carved out by the river, and tell you the names that have been given them. Hance lived there during the years in which a visit to the Canyon was like pioneering. In 1897 twenty-three people went there. They had to ride in wagons 75 miles over rough roads, from the lumber town of Flagstaff. There is now a luxurious hotel, "El Tovar," on the brink of the Canyon, and last year there were nearly forty thousand visitors.

The oldtimers say that the real spirit of the Canyon cannot be absorbed from a hotel piazza: that one must earn his right to see it by roughing it through the woods. They discourage any attempt to picture the Canyon in words. They say that no painter or writer has got the "Suddenness of it, the Size of it, and the Hush of it."

Many artists have tried to picture the Canyon. The most notable paintings of it are those by Thomas Moran. Mr. Moran accompanied Major Powell in one of his explorations, and he paints with full observation and scientific knowledge. In 1910 a group of artists, including Mr. Moran, visited the Canyon. The newcomers caught the "Canyon fever," and they are painting it in one way or another today. But the Canyon is still at large. It will not be confined to canvas. It will not even be photographed. The air is so clear that the camera mixes the foreground and the far ground, and loses the distance.

There is no way to compass the wonder of it. Against Painter, Poet, Photographer and Traveler it opposes a calm, sublime, inscrutable, eternal Silence.



BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

The Big Trees of California

TWO



TREE several thousand years old ought to be pretty big. Scientists tell us that some of the larger trees in California are older than eight thousand years, and their size bears out the statement. They are probably the oldest living things on earth. The age of a tree, as you know, is estimated from the number of circles that can

be counted after it has been sawed across the trunk. Each year a new circle is added round the center, so that by counting the number of circles the age can be easily determined.

The height of these trees is so great that the tallest church spire of the city would come under their lowest branches. The tallest Sequoia, for that is their name, is 405 feet high, and at the base it is 110 feet round. They are forty feet across at their widest part. Some of these trees are so large that a road has been tunneled through their base, and a stage coach can be driven through the opening.

The trees are almost imperishable; fire and the woodman's ax are their worst enemies. They grow only in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between the heights of 3,500 feet and 7,500 feet above sea level.

The bark of the Sequoia is a brilliant cinnamon, and the sturdy branches high up the trunk are thatched with masses of evergreen leaves. The bark on some of the older trees is over three feet thick, and the furrows give the tree the appearance of a fluted column.

There are many groves and forests of these big trees. The Calveras is the best

known Northern grove, and contains about one hundred of the giants, one being 325 feet high. Many other groves have thousands of trees over 300 feet high. The Giant Forest is, however, the greatest forest in the world. Here we find three thousand trees whose height is over 300 feet, and whose girth is over 50 feet. Many of the trees are named, and their dimensions have been carefully measured. "Old Methuselah" is the largest of all the trees, having a base circumference of over 110 feet.

The big trees were discovered in 1853, when Mr. A. T. Dowd, when pursuing a wounded bear, came upon the Calveras Grove. To get some idea of the size of these great trees, let us take some imaginary cases. If one of these trees were laid across a stream, 30,000 men could march over it in three-quarters of an hour. If one of the big trees were cut up into lumber, it would contain 750,000 feet, and this would supply a telegraph line from Kansas City to Chicago with the necessary poles. If the limbs of the "Grizzly Giant" were cut and placed in the ground, with room according to their size, they would make a large forest in themselves.



GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

The Giant Geyser of Yellowstone Park

THREE

THE spectacular spouting of a geyser is so different from any other of Nature's freaks that it has always been a wonder to everyone. Old Mother Earth seems so solid to the average person that the idea that the center is a soft, fiery mass has always been difficult to believe; but when you go to Yellowstone Park and see the

"Giant Geyser" spouting hot water and mud to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, it will make you believe that not very far down in the earth there must be a very hot fire.

The hole that the Giant Geyser comes from is surrounded by a cone, the crater of which is almost constantly boiling or splashing. Once every six days the Geyser boils more violently than usual, and lifts the center a few inches above the general level and then subsides. Again and again it seems to struggle to escape, until finally the whole mass of water, wrapped in a mantle of steam, shoots skyward and falls to earth again, a glittering mass of spray. The height of the column gradually decreases until the close of the eruption, which is preceded by a rumbling sound similar to a distant train of cars. It usually takes from one to two days to quiet down. By day the display is daz-

zingly brilliant; by night the scene in the soft, silvery moonlight is even more impressive in its solemn majesty.

The difference between a geyser and a hot spring is that a geyser erupts periodically. The cause of these irregular spoutings is probably due to the irregularity of the tube descending to some interior source of heat. By the gradual heating of subterranean water to the boiling point, the pressure in the tube becomes so great, that when it is sufficiently strong to force an opening, the water in the crater at the top instantly changes into steam and throws out practically the entire contents of the crater with terrific violence.

Geysers are found all over the world; but are more highly developed in Iceland, New Zealand, and Yellowstone Park. There are about one hundred geysers in the Park, and they are situated near the Firehole River.



NIAGARA FALLS



WHEN the water of Lake Erie wants to get into Lake Ontario, it takes a step down. And that step is Niagara Falls. The total fall from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is 327 feet, and Niagara, with a fall of 160 feet, is a big part of that. Seven thousand tons of water falling every second over a step like this is likely to be a rather impressive sight. Most people who visit Niagara do

not realize that at one time the Falls were at the Whirlpool. But this is so. The whole Niagara Gorge was cut out by the water itself, and the Falls are still receding at the rate of about 450 feet every hundred years. Figure this out, and you will find that just about 2,962 years ago the Falls were at the Whirlpool. This would be about 300 years before the founding of Rome.

The reason that the Falls recede in this way is that they go over hard Niagara limestone, beneath which are layers of soft shale. This soft stone is cut away by the water, and the limestone is cracked and broken off by frost and its own weight. The Niagara Gorge is at present about six and one-half miles long.

The Rock of Ages, which was once a part of the shelf and stood for many centuries looking down upon the waters below, now lies ignominiously at the foot of the Falls. Worn away by the water, it too finally broke off.

The age of Niagara Falls has been variously estimated at from 23,000 to 36,000 years. Brulé, a Frenchman, the interpreter of Champlain, the explorer, was probably the first white man to see them. This was in 1615. Father Hennepin, a French priest, visited the Falls in 1678, and later wrote a brief but vivid description of them. He also drew the first sketch ever made of the cataract. The drawing was fairly accurate.

Niagara played a prominent part in the wars between the British and the French and Indians. On September 14, 1763, the Seneca Indians massacred a whole wagon train of British at Devils Hole by driving

them, teams and all, over the precipice. Of the entire company only three escaped. They were crossing a small stream when they were attacked, and from the sanguinary conflict upon its banks the little stream received the name of Bloody Run.

During the years 1859-61 Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, performed marvelous feats of tight-rope walking over the Niagara Gorge. Among some of his feats were walking across the rope chained hand and foot; walking the passage at night; crossing with his feet in butter tubs; crossing without a balancing pole; carrying a cooking stove to the middle of the rope, where he stopped and cooked an omelet; and many other daring acts. Other rope-walkers have imitated Blondin's feats; but he was the leader and superior of them all.

In 1861 the *Mail of the Mist* successfully navigated the Niagara Rapids. In 1883 Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, was killed trying to swim the rapids. Since then many others have attempted to gain notoriety by going through them, and several lives have been lost. On October 24, 1901, Mrs. Annie E. Taylor went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel and survived—a feat never before accomplished by anyone. Except for a cut upon the head and a few bruises, Mrs. Taylor was uninjured.

Thundering and glittering and foaming, the great cataract will plunge on for centuries to come; and winter after winter the cold will transform the Falls into a veritable fairyland of ice. Men will be born, live, achieve greatness or ignominy, and die, but still Niagara will go on forever.



YELLOWSTONE FALLS

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA *Yellowstone Falls*

FIVE



HE Upper Falls of Yellowstone Park differ in some respects from almost any other. The ledge over which the cataract falls is perpendicular; yet the flow at the crest of the Falls is so fast that the water pours over as if on the surface of a rapidly revolving mill wheel. The water strikes the shelving rock formation at the

bottom of the abyss, shoots out rocket-like columns into the air, then with added velocity rushes rapidly along, so remarkably clear that its apparently smooth, rocky bottom can be seen along the entire distance. Above the Falls the current is very rapid, tumbling and rushing round masses of rock which dot the surface of the river.

A quarter of a mile below the Upper Falls the river takes another leap of three hundred and ten feet, called the Lower Falls. This plunge taken, the river goes through one of the unparalleled wonders of the world, the Canyon of the Yellowstone. No other canyon so unites the qualities of majesty and beauty. It is vast. A cross section in the largest part measures 2,000 feet at the top, 200 feet at the bottom, and is 1,200 feet deep, giving an area of over three acres. It is the volcanic rock through which the river has cut its way, however, that gives the Canyon its distinctive character. It is above everything a canyon of color. Color riots in rock, river, and verdure.

"And," writes Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, "almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of color. Those are not simply gray and

hoary depths, and reaches and domes and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The undying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of color. It is impossible that even the pencil of an artist can tell it. What you would call, accustomed to the softer tints of nature, a great exaggeration, would be the utmost tameness compared with the reality. It is as if the most glorious sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent, awful gorge."

Yellowstone Falls, while it carries less than one-twentieth the water that goes over Niagara, is infinitely more beautiful. Niagara lacks the splendid scenic surroundings and is just one tremendous mass of falling water. Yellowstone Falls is set in a scenic picture unapproached by any other falls in the world.



NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

The Garden of the Gods

SIX



NATURE was in a whimsical mood when she created the Garden of the Gods. Those who study the queer formations of the earth tell us that the creation of such remarkable pinnacles, spires, and ragged groups was the result of many years of erosion. It is a wonder spot, visited by thousands of tourists every year. Located on

the outskirts of Colorado Springs, and at the base of Pikes Peak, its setting is one of the most beautiful in the country.

A natural gateway, leading into the Garden, is formed by two immense slabs of red sandstone, which rise to the height of more than three hundred feet. Between the two large pillars stands a smaller stone, which could properly be termed the "sentinel."

It was a bit of writing on the back of an old envelop that gave this beautiful Garden to the public. It was the property of Charles E. Perkins. When he died an envelop was found on which the following words were written: "It is my wish that my children give the Garden of the Gods to the city of Colorado Springs for park purposes."

Under the bright blue sky of Colorado

—a sky such as we see nowhere else in the United States—the brilliance of the red coloring and the strange rock formation strike impressively into the mind and heart of the beholder. This Garden is wonderfully well named. It seems, in truth, a playground of the gods. It covers an area of about five hundred acres, within which are strangely sculptured sandstone rocks, red and white. Grotesque in form, the giant figures sometimes appear almost as if made in human lines. To many of these figures names have been given, suggested by their various shapes. In the distance rises the imposing mass of Pikes Peak.

It is perhaps from the color of these rocks, which are characteristic of the State, and line the Colorado River, that the Spaniards called it "red-color" or Colorado.

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No. 7

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
Lecturer and Traveler

NIAGARA FALLS

GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

GIANT GEYSER

YELLOWSTONE FALLS

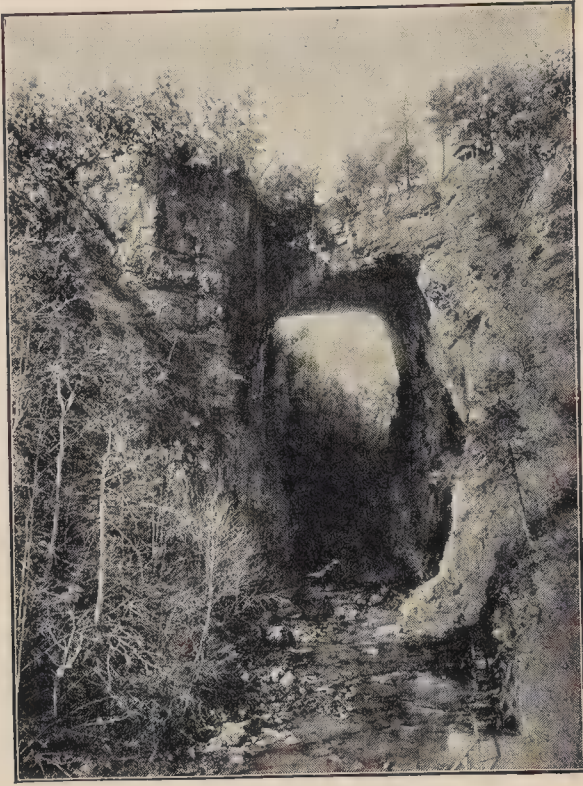
GARDEN OF THE GODS

BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA

THE native American can with justice and with literal meaning say, "There's no place like home"; for, while each country contains much of peculiar interest, and scenery of great beauty, there is no country on the globe which comprises within its own borders so much of varied interest, so many astounding examples of Nature's handiwork, as America.

It was a new world of wonders that Columbus opened up in 1492. One by one these wonders have been disclosed in the course of four hundred years of development and exploration. The greatest of all, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, was not made known until 1869.

The first landing of Columbus was the key that opened a continent on which Nature had set her richest display of marvels. Even a partial statement of them is impressive. Cortés revealed the wonders of an ancient civilization in Mexico. Cartier discovered the splendors of the St. Lawrence River. De Soto disclosed the vast stretch of the Mississippi. Darby Field tempted the wrath of the Great Spirit that brooded on the summit of Mount Washington, when, in 1642, he led a



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

band of Indians on a trip of exploration through the White Mountains.

A LAND OF MANY WONDERS

Father Hennepin came upon the Falls of Niagara in 1678, and from a position now known as Hennepins Point he first viewed the majesty of the "Thundering Waters." He described them as "a vast and prodigious Cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astounding manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford a Parellel. . . . The Waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the Wind blows out of the South, their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off."

The Yosemite Valley was first seen by white men in 1851, when a small company of soldiers, when pursuing Indians, came upon it suddenly. What is now the Yellowstone National Park was opened up by the Washburne expedition in 1870, although the trappers and traders had taken East stories of that wondrous region since 1830. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, reckoned now by many as Nature's most stupendous work, was made known in 1869 by Major Powell, an officer in charge of a government exploration party.

And this brief statement takes no account of America's vast mountain ranges, which include some of the loftiest peaks of the world, the great fresh water lakes, the Shoshone Falls, the Mammoth Cave, the Caves of Luray, the Natural Bridge, the Palisades, and the countless mineral springs with their varied healing properties.

NIAGARA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FALLS

Of all these wonders, the most widely known is Niagara. The Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, and the Yellowstone display their beauties on a far greater scale and paint them in a richer palette of colors; but Niagara adds to its beauty an impression of gigantic power, conveyed by

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

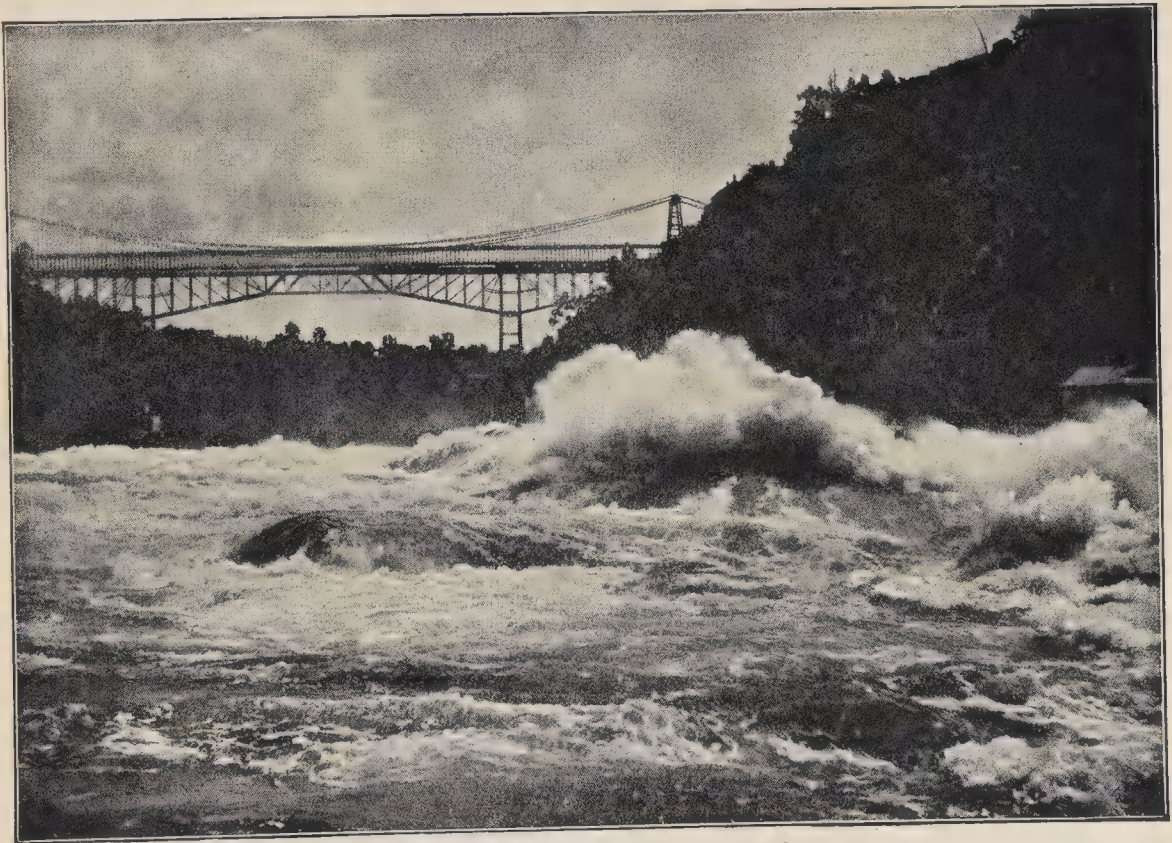
the great volume and deep thunder of its falling waters. Who can describe Niagara? Many have tried it. Sir Edwin Arnold has done it in words that linger in the mind almost as vividly as the memory of Niagara itself:

“Before my balcony the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, ‘The Broad,’ steps proudly down to Ontario, ‘The Beautiful.’

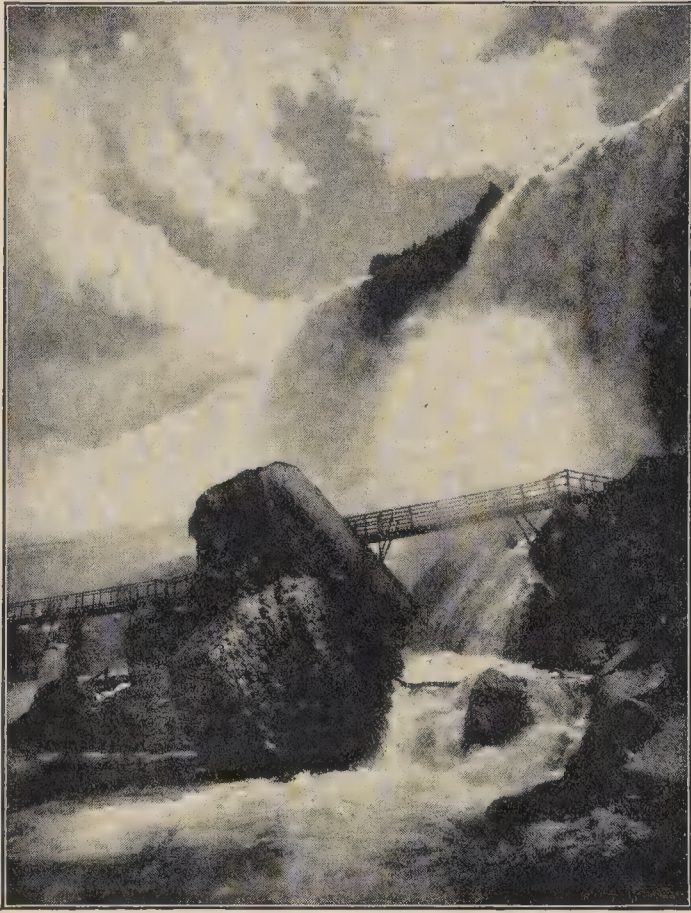
“The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

“The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke, which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

“Far away Niagara River is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels



LOWER RAPIDS, NIAGARA RIVER



ROCK OF AGES AND CAVE OF THE WINDS
Niagara Falls

the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

“Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious, and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leading ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters, reaching the great leap, are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf

of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

“There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

“From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely,—a specimen of the splendor of

water at its finest,—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought: by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.”

NATURE'S GREATEST GORGE

Although the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been known for only about forty years, the accounts of it have stirred the imagination to such an extent that the visitor goes there with his eyes and mind open and prepared for striking and unusual things. But he cannot be fully prepared for what he actually does see, no matter how familiar he may be with it in its picture form, or how many glowing descriptions of it he may have heard. The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers, and flows southward till it is joined by the Little Colorado of Arizona. From this point the river bends westward, and for more than two hundred miles flows through the Grand Canyon. The cliffs on each side attain a height of from four thousand to six thousand feet above the stream, the northern rim higher than the southern. The width of the Canyon varies from fifteen to eighteen miles, and in this vast space, sculptured by the wear of the Colorado River through countless centuries, an astounding monumental work has been wrought.

“THE DIVINE ABYSS”

“It is beautiful—oh, how beautiful!” exclaims John Burroughs, in describing the Grand Canyon. “But it is a beauty that awakens a feeling of solemnity and awe. We called it the ‘divine abyss.’ It seems as much of heaven as of earth. Go out to O’Neils or



COLORADO RIVER GRAND CANYON



BRANCH OF THE GRAND CANYON

Hopi Point, and as you emerge from the woods you get glimpses of a blue or rose-purple gulf opening before you. The solid ground ceases suddenly, and an ærial perspective, vast and alluring, takes its place; another heaven, countersunk in the earth, transfixes you on the brink. ‘Great God!’ I can fancy the first beholder of it saying, ‘What is this? Do I behold the transfiguration of the earth? Has the solid ground melted into thin air? Is there a firmament below as well as above? Has the earth’s veil at last been torn aside, and the red heart of the globe been laid bare?’ If this first witness was not at once overcome by the beauty of the earthly revelation before him, or ter-

rified by its strangeness and power, he must have stood long, awed, spellbound, speechless with astonishment, and thrilled with delight. He may have seen vast and glorious prospects from mountaintops, he may have looked down upon the earth and seen it unroll like a map before him; but he had never before looked *into* the earth as through a mighty window or open door, and beheld depths and gulfs of space, with their atmospheric veils and illusions and vast perspectives, such as he had seen from mountain summits, but with a wealth of color and a suggestion of architectural and monumental remains, and a strange, almost unearthly beauty, such as no mountain view could ever have afforded him.

“Three features of the Canyon strike one at once,—its unparalleled magnitude, its architectural forms and suggestions, and its opulence of color effects,—a chasm nearly a mile deep and from ten to twenty miles wide, in which Niagara would be only as a picture upon your walls, in which the pyramids, seen from the rim, would appear only like large tents, and in which the largest building upon the earth would dwindle to insignificant proportions. There are amphitheatres and mighty aisles

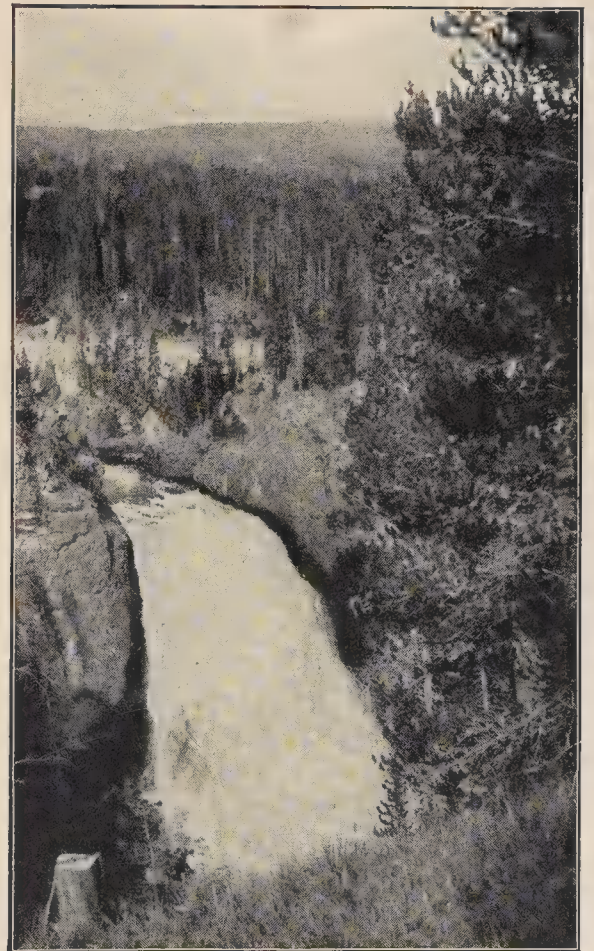
eight miles long, three or four miles wide, and three or four thousand feet deep; there are roomlike spaces eight hundred feet high; there are well defined alcoves with openings a mile wide; there are niches six hundred feet high, overhung by arched lintels; there are pinnacles and rude statues from one hundred to two hundred feet high."

YELLOWSTONE PARK, NATURE'S MUSEUM

The Grand Canyon and Niagara are wonders of the superb monumental type that Nature sets in places apart, as if in pride of her own achievement. In the Yellowstone National Park she has gathered together, as in a great museum, a vast number of varying marvels, the smallest of which are curious, and the largest, such as the Yellowstone Canyon and Falls, rival in beauty and magnitude the greatest of her works.

YELLOWSTONE FALLS AND THEIR CANYON

In many ways the most marvelous, and without doubt the most beautiful, of the wonders of the Park, is the Canyon. It is much smaller than the Grand Canyon; but it has a beauty of its own that gives it a unique place in the traveler's mind. It extends northward from the Falls of the Yellowstone for a distance of twenty miles, although the deepest and at the same time the most picturesque part lies between the Falls and Inspiration Point. Here, in a short space of three miles, Nature has expended all her art in a display of colors unapproached by anything of the kind in the world. Brilliant tints of yellow, orange, vermilion, green, and purple color the pinnacles and cliffs, while, in the depths, a thousand feet below, flows the Yellowstone River, sparkling like an emerald. And from In-



UPPER YELLOWSTONE FALLS

spiration Point, as we look up the Canyon, we are held fascinated by the gleaming beauty of the Falls, which seems to hang like a magically moving, white jabot from the neck of the Canyon. There are falls greater in size; but the remarkable setting of the Yellowstone Falls gives it its particular distinction. The river contracts at the brink from a width of two hundred and fifty feet to seventy-five feet, and then plunges in a stream of glittering lace into the abyss beneath.

On one side the rocks are of a reddish brown color, while on the other a brilliant yellow, tinted with the delicate green of the mossy growth produced by the continuous clouds of spray that rise from the tumbling waters as they fall on the rocks below.

THE EARTH'S GREATEST GEYSER

This great tract of land was set apart by act of Congress in 1872 as a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. Many visitors go through the Park each year, coming out in wonder and amaze,

and with impressions of Nature's constructive genius that they find it difficult to describe. Perhaps the most vivid of the impressions brought home are those of the Geyser Basin, a section of the Park that has not yet found an eloquent interpreter. There are many geysers—about one hundred fully entitled to the name—and more than four thousand "hot springs." These geysers vary in size, in character, and in eruptive energy. The grandest of them all is the "Giant Geyser," the beauty and power of which are not known to all visitors; for the eruptions are very irregular, occurring from seven to nine days apart. The hurried tourist is apt to miss the display, which is one of the finest sights in the Park. Vast quantities of super-



THE BALANCED ROCK
Garden of the Gods

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

heated water are thrown to the height of over two hundred feet, while the clouds of steam rise still higher. At each effort of the Giant the earth trembles and quakes as if some monster were endeavoring to escape confinement.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, NATURE'S EXPERIMENT

Colorado is a state richly endowed in canyons, in varied plains, and in mineral springs. Colorado Springs is at the very threshold of a theater of natural wonders. About one mile distant is the "Garden of the Gods," rich in sights for the curious. Its very gateway is promising. Nature has placed there two enormous blocks of brilliant red rock, three hundred and thirty feet high and side by side like rude posts, with just space enough between for the roadway that leads within.

The whole extent of the Garden of the Gods is about five hundred acres, and it is grotesquely studded with strange rock formations. To some it appeals not so much as a garden, but rather as a workshop in which Nature has been making experiments, and, in doing so, has strewn her floor with odd fragments and eccentric examples of her handiwork.

NATURE'S OLDEST LIVING REPRESENTATIVE

The state of California is the home of great natural products. All things there are cast in heroic mold, whether they be vegetables, fruit, or trees. There we find the Sequoia National Park in the high Sierras, known as the "Giant Forest." Here trees several thousand years old grow to heights of over four hundred feet, stretching their lowest limbs one hundred feet above the ground. There are many groves of such trees—huge forest "Sons of Anak"—of a stature that dwarfs by comparison the great elms and oaks of the East to the inconsiderable dimensions of a shrub! These mammoth plants of Nature make a strong appeal to our imagination. We like to see how many paces we need to circle round the trunk. We cut a tunnel through them, wide enough to drive a coach and team. We measure the number of houses that could be built from one of them. We mentally lay them end on end to see how few would be needed to stretch a mile. These imaginings are diverting. They give a vivid impression of these forest giants. But, after all, there is nothing the lover of Nature can do or say in their presence that can mean more than the simple expression of the wayfarer, years ago, who came suddenly upon the brink of the Grand Canyon, and caught his hat hastily from his head, humbled in the

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

presence of a miracle, and exclaimed, "Oh, God! Help me to feel the majesty of Thy handiwork! It is beyond the human mind to grasp!"



WAWONA TUNNEL TREE

AMERICA, THE LAND OF GREATEST WONDERS

It has been said that Americans "talk big" of their country. It is most natural for us to acquire that habit; for we live in the midst of Big Things. Our continent is big. The United Kingdom would go twice inside the state of Texas, and still leave plenty of room. And our country is full of Big Sights. The distinguishing characteristic of the wonders of the land is their magnitude. Nature has, in America, found expression in her largest forms, and wherever the traveler goes in this country to see the sights he finds them the greatest of their kind. Niagara is the "Great Thunderer"—"greatest" of cataracts in its volume of water. The fresh water lakes are the "greatest" in the world. The Mammoth Cave is the "greatest" cave; the Sequoia Grove contains the "greatest" trees; the Yellowstone Park contains "great" waterfalls and the Giant Geyser; and the Colorado River has hewn out the Canyon whose magnitude demands a stronger term than "Great," and claims the title "Grand."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



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SISTINE MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL

Pictures We Love to Live With

THE SISTINE MADONNA

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



IN the throne room of the royal palace at Dresden in the year 1754 stood a great crowd of people. They talked in whispers. On the throne itself sat Augustus III, King of Poland. Suddenly there was a stir, the crowd opened, and a large painting was borne before the King. Augustus sprang up, pushed the throne aside, and cried:

"Room for the great Raphael!"

And well might even a king make room for that picture; for it was the "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael Sanzio.

Augustus bought this painting, which is considered by some critics to be the greatest in the world, from the monks of Saint Sixtus for a sum equaling about twenty thousand dollars. One hundred times that sum would not buy it now.

The "Sistine Madonna" was painted by Raphael sometime between 1508 and 1520 for the Benedictine Monks of St. Sixtus. It hung for two hundred and thirty-six years in the Church of San Sisto at Piacenza, and divine service was held before the picture every day during this time. It is now in the royal gallery at Dresden, which is visited every year by thousands of people who go to see Raphael's marvelous painting.

Correggio, great artist himself, one day stopped before this picture, and looking at it in wonder and awe, cried, "And I also, I am a painter!"

In the picture the Madonna and Child are flanked by the kneeling figures of Saint Barbara and Pope Sixtus. At the base are the two famous cherubs, and above all is a sweeping, divided curtain, drawn back at the sides. It has been said that this curtain represents the curtain of the artist's bed, through which he saw the vision from which he painted the picture.

The city of Urbino, one of the centers of art and intellect in Italy at that period, saw the birth of Raphael Sanzio on March 28, 1483. At the age of nineteen he began to make paintings. He soon sprang into popularity. He had advantages of birth, charm of appearance and disposition, receptivity, adaptability, application, and an early and easy mastery of technic. He was a favorite wherever he went. Very different was the courtier Raphael from Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, those sad and lonely men of genius.

There is a story that Michelangelo, meeting Raphael and his dependents on their way to the papal court one day, said to him bitterly: "You walk like a sheriff with his posse." "And you," quickly answered Raphael, "like an executioner going to the scaffold."

Raphael died on Good Friday, April 6, 1520, at thirty-seven years of age, after an attack of fever which lasted only ten days.



MONA LISA, BY DA VINCI

Pictures We Love to Live With

MONA LISA

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



IN these days of rush and hurry it would seem strange for a man to put all his time and efforts into doing one small thing. But for anyone to work at a little picture for four years and then leave it unfinished would be considered almost a crime. Yet that is what Leonardo da Vinci did with "Mona Lisa," one of the best known portraits in the world.

Leonardo painted the picture for Francesco del Giocondo, the husband of Mona Lisa. Francis I of France secured it soon afterward by paying a large price for it. Thus it passed to the Louvre in Paris, from which it disappeared in 1911. The picture was recovered sometime later, however.

The keynote of the "Mona Lisa" is mystery. The light is uncertain. It is plain that the artist tried, so far as possible, to give the transient expression of his sitter; it is this that gives to the face its haunting look.

The time of the picture is probably just before dawn. Mona Lisa faces toward the west. This was part of the symbolism that Da Vinci loved. The lady is young—the midday of her life is still to come, yet she faces westward. Why?

The landscape in the background is weird and would suggest that Mona Lisa is sitting on an elevation. In the distance at the left a road or walk winds across a red-earth plain and is lost among crags. A greenish blue sea stretches away beyond these crags to an unknown shore. A river flows beneath two bridges at the left into a blue-green country of wooded hills to distant mountains half hidden by veils of morning mist.

But it is the face itself which is the greatest mystery about the "Mona Lisa." The expression of the face is almost unearthly in its mysteriousness. If the right side of Mona Lisa's face is covered, her smile will disappear. It will return if the left side is covered, and the right side exposed. Her eyes are sad if the lower part of her face to the wing of her nose is covered. She will appear thoughtful if the face be covered to the lower lids, but cover the upper part of her face to include the pupils of her eyes, and she seems sound asleep.

When we first glance at the "Mona Lisa," the lady seems to be looking directly at us; but studying the eyes, we find that they look past us at something beyond. Perhaps those mysterious eyes in reality see nothing at all with their dreamy gaze.

Mona Lisa does not strike the casual observer as being beautiful. She has no eyebrows, because it was the fashion of the time for women to shave them off. But her features are regular and finely modeled, and her hands are marvelous. It is the face, however, with its haunting appeal, or perhaps mocking smile, that holds our eye in the end—that face inscrutable!

Could it be that the artist has put into Mona Lisa's face a mirror for all who gaze upon it? Do we all not interpret that smile according to our own understanding? Can we not see there, each differently, derision or love, deceit or a certain shrewd wisdom?

Considered purely as a work of art the "Mona Lisa" is a picture that strikes amazement and admiration in the mind of the beholder,—amazement that human hand could have done such a marvelous piece of work; admiration for the artist who has caught the very mystery of all women. Womankind incarnate—Mona Lisa!



THE LAST SUPPER, BY DA VINCI

Pictures We Love to Live With

THE LAST SUPPER

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course



HIS world famous work shows Christ at His last meal with His disciples. The supper is finished. The time for farewell has come. "One of you will betray Me!" The disciples start up in consternation. And it is just at this instant that Leonardo da Vinci has portrayed them in his great picture of "The Last Supper." It is a masterstroke of genius. The disciples are in groups or clusters along the table, some standing, some still remaining seated. There are four groups of three disciples each, and each group is interlinked by some connective action with the next. Christ sits alone, looking sadly down at the table.

"The Last Supper" was painted on the wall of the refectory in the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. The artist started the painting in 1494, when he was forty-two years old, and it took him about four years to complete it.

Until a few years ago this great masterpiece was gradually becoming lost to the world. The colors, which contained no oil, were flaking and scaling from the picture, and no process seemed able to stop this. But sometime ago Cavaliere Cavenaghi found it possible to secure to the wall the blistered and half-detached flakes and scales of the original work that yet remained.

There is a significant and astonishing fact about the model from whom Leonardo painted the figures of Christ and Judas. When he first began "The Last Supper" he found a young man in a church choir who was in every way a perfect model for the Christ. His life had been sweet and pure, and his face reflected the purity of his heart. Four years later the artist was searching the dives and jails of Milan for a face evil enough to be a model for Judas. In the filthiest cell of one of the prisons he came across the very man he wanted, a man whose countenance was marked and scarred with evil living. When Leonardo brought him to the church, and they stood before the unfinished painting, the man cried:

"It is I! It is I!"

Leonardo looked at him in wonder, and finally recognized the man who had posed for the Christ. Four short years had been enough to alter his looks so greatly.

Not everyone knows that Leonardo da Vinci was left handed. It can be readily seen that this was no hindrance to him in his painting.

He was born in 1452. As a boy he became famous as a clay modeler, mathematician, musician, and for his ability in drawing. Verocchi, the artist, was his first teacher. Da Vinci progressed rapidly and soon became the greatest painter of his day. His last years were spent at Castle Cloux, which King Francis I of France assigned to him. He spent most of his time in the study of geology, botany, anatomy, alchemy, and philosophy. Although the modern development of the aeroplane does not owe much to Leonardo, the artist experimented with flying machines in his spare time. He died in 1519.

Leonardo da Vinci was the first painter to make a careful study of anatomy. He sought for real atmosphere, correctness of drawing, and general breadth of treatment. He united, in the highest degree, truth and imagination.



Pictures We Love to Live With

THE SYNDICS

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



UNFORTUNE can be borne with ease by many men to whom success is disaster. It was so with Rembrandt, the greatest artist that Holland has produced, who today ranks with the foremost masters of painting. When this famous painter of the "Syndics" and the "Night-Watch" was but a struggling young man he worked hard and led a blameless life; but when money and success poured in upon him the reaction was such that at his death only his faults were remembered, and the great works that he had done were forgotten. To-day, fortunately, we can judge the man by his art, and not by a few alleged weaknesses of character.

Rembrandt Hermanzoon van Rijn born at Leyden, near Amsterdam, in 1607. His famous "Lesson in Anatomy" was painted when he was only twenty-six years old. From then on fortune smiled upon the young artist. He married Saskia van Ulenburg, the wealthy cousin of his best friend. With her he seems to have been deeply in love. But when she died (1642) the romance of his life came to an end.

His life after this is clouded in obscurity. He lost his place in popular esteem. He married again about 1654. On Tuesday, October 8, 1669, he died, reviled by those who were too blind to see the true greatness of his peculiar but everlasting genius.

Rembrandt painted "De Staal-meesters" ("The Syndics"), in 1661. It is a dignified and realistic portrait. Each face is a triumph in the revelation of character. Each figure stands out. Each man lives and breathes. "They are almost vulgarly healthy," says one critic. And "It" (the picture of the "Syndics") "fairly smells of beef and beer," asserts Timothy Cole.

Truth of characterization is the great thing about Rembrandt. He studied not only the face of a subject, but he sought to find what lay behind that face. And not only did he study his sitters, but he examined himself. The many portraits that he painted of himself were not done out of mere vanity, but to enable him to study expression and character from within.

His peculiar method of throwing spots of light here and there was a disadvantage to his group pictures. He never distributed his light equally. He emphasized certain features by it. Full illumination would be thrown on a nose or chin, while one side of the face would be left wholly dark. This method was very successful in a single figure or portrait.

In thought and feeling lies Rembrandt's greatness. There he stands by himself in Dutch art, and high among the great masters.



THE MAGNIFICAT, BY BOTTICELLI

Pictures We Love to Live With

THE MAGNIFICAT

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



REAMER, poet, mystic, visionary—such was the painter of the “Magnificat,” Alessandro di Mariano dei Filipepi, usually known as Sandro Botticelli.

The “Magnificat” gets its name from the text written in the open choir book. This is the most popular and most often copied work of Botticelli. It is in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, Italy. This round picture of the Madonna with the singing angels was painted sometime between 1480 and 1485.

Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447. He was the son of a poor tanner. He was put in charge of his elder brother, Giovanni, who had the nick-name *Botticello*, which means “Little Barrel,” and from which Sandro got his name, Botticelli. Showing great promise in painting, the boy was apprenticed to Fra Filippo Lippi, one of the famous artists of the time.

Botticelli progressed rapidly as a painter. His work shows most strongly the varied influences of the Renaissance—the renewed study of classics, naturalism, and the revived pagan delight in bodily form and movement.

He possessed a strong vein of poetical fantasy and mystical imagination; but he combined with this a strong sense of humor and a love of rough, practical jokes. His studio is said to have been the gathering place not only for students and admirers of his art, but also for idlers and jolly companions. He died in May, 1510.

Botticelli had all the passionate longing of the late Middle Ages for the new day that was to break over the world with the Renaissance. A great critic caught the true spirit of Botticelli when he said: “There is a strain of sadness in all his pictures; they have the note of infinite but ineffectual desire. So, when we understand this, we forget the homeliness of many of his faces, and find in them a spiritual significance which, we learn to feel, is a touching and beautiful expression of the artist’s own mind, of his particular way of looking at the world of his own time.

“He looked at it as a poet, moved alike by the love of beauty and by the beauty of love; and out of the world’s realities he fashioned himself dreams, and these he pictured. So his pictures are not records of fact, but visions, the beauty of which is spiritual rather than material; He tried, as it were, to paint not only the flower, but also its fragrance. and it was the fragrance that to him seemed the more precious quality.”



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. BY MURILLO

Pictures We Love to Live With

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



IN the southwestern part of Spain, in the midst of the fertile plains of Andalusia, lies the quaint city of Seville, the city of the Moors, the city of Carmen, the home of the famous musical "Barber." It was here Murillo was born.

When he was eleven years old Murillo was left an orphan. A surgeon who was the second husband of his aunt became his guardian. Shortly afterward he was apprenticed to another uncle who was an artist, and there he applied himself so well that he secured a good training for his lifework. When this uncle moved to Cadiz some years later Murillo had a severe struggle for a living. As conditions did not improve, the wonderful accounts of an artist friend made him decide to undertake a journey to Madrid, for the purpose of studying the royal art treasures. He made himself known to Velasquez, his fellow townsman, at that time high in the king's favor. By him he was hospitably received, and for three years he studied paintings in the collections of the king. But he wanted to go back to Seville.

When he returned home he found that the Franciscan monks wanted their cloister decorated. It was a large amount of work, and they had but a small amount of money. But to Murillo it seemed an opportunity. When it was completed the praise with which his work was greeted showed him that his reputation was made. From this time on he did not lack work from churches and convents. He married a lady of noble birth, and it is most probable that from this time on it is her face we see in Murillo's pictures, whether of the Madonna or of the saints. Murillo was overjoyed at the arrival of the first of his two sons. He never tired painting the baby face, now as the Christ Child, now as Saint John, or as in the "Immaculate Conception," the little cherub. He died at the age of 64, after a quiet, happy, uneventful life.

The scattering of Murillo's work through Europe is largely due to the thievery of Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's Generals. He robbed the nobility of the southern part of Spain of such art treasures as they were unable to conceal. The thoroughness with which he carried out his scheme is admirable. Spies, disguised as travelers and equipped with a list of the important pictures in the country, were sent ahead. They were thus able to see many pictures before the news of Soult's approach made their owners conceal them. Then the Marshal would appear, and very clearly state what he wanted, accompanying his demand with hints as to what would happen if he didn't get it. The hasty retreat of the French from Seville made them leave behind several hundred pictures which had thus been gathered for forwarding to France.

"The Immaculate Conception," in the Louvre at Paris, and some of the other Spanish pictures, now there, were formerly in the possession of this General. At the sale of his collection in 1852 the "Immaculate Conception" was sold to the French government for more than \$117,000, which at that time was a higher price than had ever before been given for a picture.

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I

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No. 8

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH

THE SISTINE MADONNA BY RAPHAEL

MONA LISA BY DA VINCI

THE LAST SUPPER BY DA VINCI

THE SYNDICS BY REMBRANDT

THE MAGNIFICAT BY BOTTICELLI

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

BY MURILLO

By JAMES HUNEKER

Author and Critic

IN each one of the arts there is a group of masterpieces that has come to be accepted by universal assent as the best and most beloved of that particular art. No need here to dilate upon the eternal beauty of the Venus of Milo, or of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Shakespeare's Hamlet, Milton's Paradise Lost: these supreme works are fit companions for the particular pictures herein discussed. But one thing they all have in common,—their sublime imagination and their universal appeal to the emotions of mankind. They literally strike the chords of human feeling. A child is impressed by the humanity of the Sistine Madonna without comprehending its marvelous symbol of divinity. We have seen little brown men from the Far East stand in admiration before the Mona Lisa and the Last Supper of Da Vinci. Rembrandt's Syndics at Amsterdam, while it does not attract the throngs that seek the same painter's Night Watch, has its own worshipers; and as for Botticelli, though he has been rightfully called "a painter for painters," his Magnificat in the

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH

Uffizi Gallery at Florence is in reality one of the most sought pictures in Italy. Murillo, too, is not only the delight of strangers, but is a bright, particular target for the admiring gaze of the Parisian working people. There's a reason for this.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GREAT ART

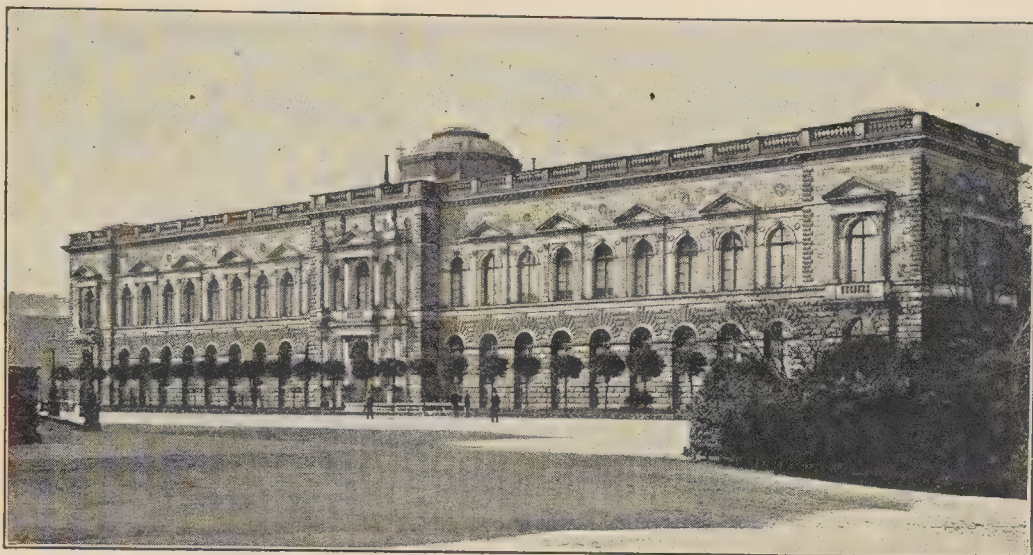
In spite of the common notion that a work of art to be great must be beyond the understanding of the average man and woman, the truth lies at the other extreme,—all truly great works of art are essentially simple in their message. The scholar, of course, sees profounder things in Hamlet than does the man in the street, and for the art critic there are other, perhaps superior, qualities in the Sistine Madonna than are apparent at first blush to the casual tourist; nevertheless, Raphael, as well as Rembrandt, Da Vinci (Dah-Vin'-chee), Botticelli (Bot-tee-chel'-lee), and Murillo (Mu-ril'-o), may be as keenly enjoyed by all the world for their humanity, their interpretation of life, as well as their sheer beauty of composition, line and color. The purpose of the following brief summaries is to make clear just why the Sistine Madonna, the Mona Lisa (Leé-sa) and the Last Supper, the Syndics, the Magnificat, and the Immaculate Con-



THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, MILAN

Built by the Dominican monks about 1460. Leading from the cloisters is the former refectory or dining room, on the walls of which Leonardo painted "The Last Supper." Used as a stable by Napoleon's troops.

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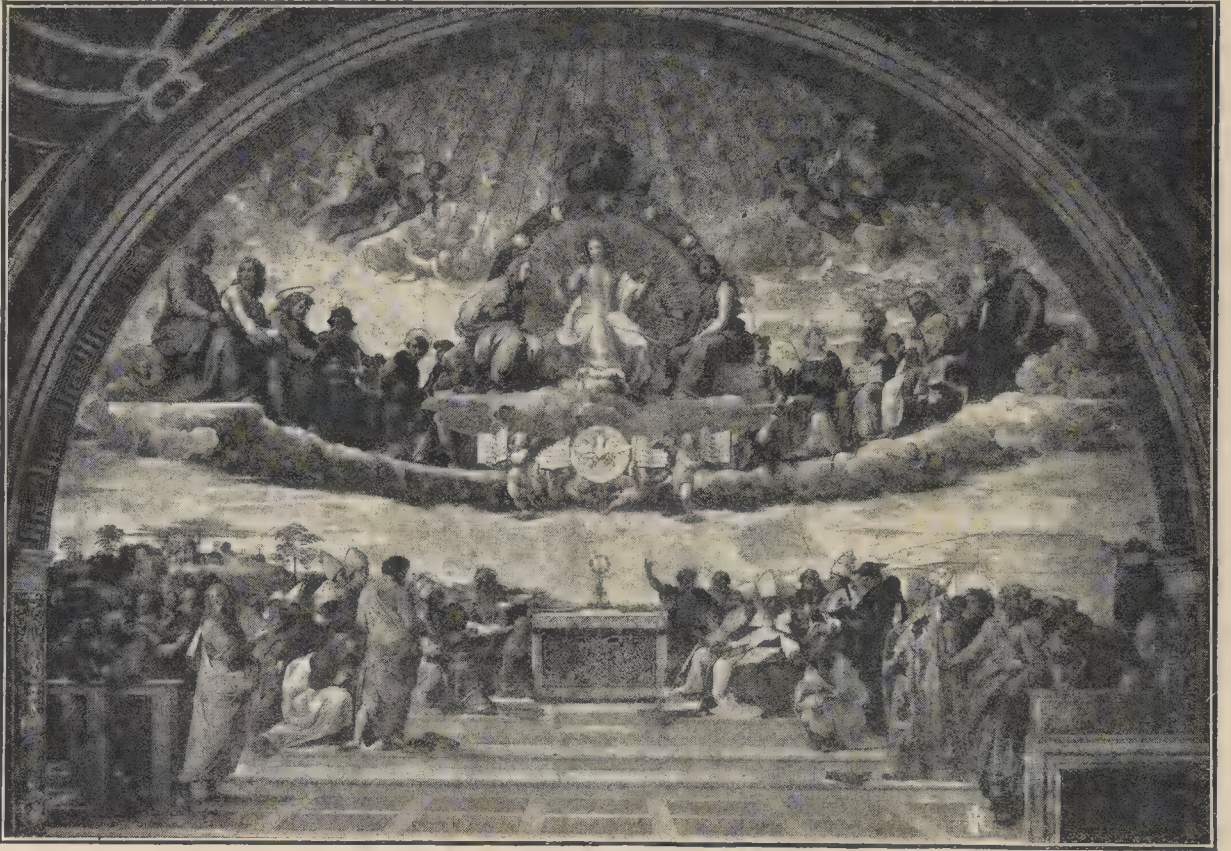
THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY, DRESDEN

Founded by Augustus I. and enlarged by his successors at great expense. The gem of its great collection is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," which occupies a room by itself. Visitors come from all the world to view this sublime painting.

ception have become the best known pictures in the field of art. They tell an intelligible story. They tell this story with unapproachable eloquence, and in the terms of painting they tell it with unsurpassed technical skill. And that is why they are called masterpieces. But do not lose sight of the fact that their human quality counts most.

CALLED "THE GREATEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD"

In the Royal Picture Gallery at Dresden there is a large canvas which is the focus of admiration for visitors the world over. It is the Sistine Madonna by Raphael—so called from the Church of the Benedictines at Piacenza, for which order the picture was painted. This work has been called "the greatest picture in the world"—and it is not because there is no such thing as the "greatest" picture. That fact would presuppose the rich color, faultless drawing, perfect design, and sublimity of conception—an impossible combination of Titian, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Velasquez (Va-las-kath), and, of course, Raphael. But this picture is not notable for its color, which is rather dry and hard, the texture or surface not winning the eye as does the color of Titian, for example. Raphael has produced finer flesh and fabric textures in his portraits of the Popes Leo X. and Julius II. As for sheer drawing, his Stanze (Stan-zeh) in the Vatican is superior. Rembrandt can suggest mystery better; Velasquez is a greater designer. What then has made, and still makes, this picture a mighty magnet for art lovers, students,



RAPHAEL'S STANZE DECORATION IN THE VATICAN

The Stanze, or room in the Vatican, decorated by Raphael, depicts the glory of the Church in Heaven. The cherubs carrying the gospels in the center are among the most beautiful figures Raphael ever painted. Christ and the apostles are shown in the upper tier.

critics, and the most jaded tourists? The answer is the sublimity of its conception. There are many authorities who, while they do not subscribe to the opinion that Raphael was the "perfect" artist, nevertheless admit that in him the Renaissance found its most serene, beauty-evoking painter. You are acquainted with the chief facts in his extraordinary career, and his unfailing faith. Well, the Sistine Madonna sums up the man as well as the artist, and that is why it is considered a representative composition of Raphael's.

This altar piece is eight feet high and six feet wide. The Virgin and Child are in the clouds, with Saint Sixtus on the right, Saint Barbara on the left, and two cherubs beneath. A curtain has been drawn, and the Virgin issues seemingly from the glories of Heaven. She is awe inspiring and serene; her large eyes appear to sweep the world in their wide gaze. The cherubs, evidently modeled after plump and lovely Italian peasant children, are one of the delights of the composition. They are very human



RAPHAEL, BY HIMSELF
(1483-1520)

Raphael is the world's most popular painter. In drawing, color, and composition he is unexcelled by any one artist. His wall frescos and paintings are among the most highly prized art treasures in the world.

in contrast with the Divine Child above them. The two saints are well contrasted in sex, movement, and expression; they admirably supplement each other. The general effect is harmonious. The figures are vital. The artist communicates to the spectator his emotion, arouses in his audience the feeling of awe and exaltation. It is all a glimpse of another world, yet tempered by exquisite humanity. Raphael's Madonna is the personification of the Eternal Womanly.

MONA LISA, A MYSTERY

ceremonies, astrologist and inventor,—he even planned a flying machine,—all these and more was this tremendous personality, Da Vinci. In painting, unlike his master, Verocchio (Va-rok-kee-o), Botticelli, and the great Florentines of the fifteenth century, he sought to express the transparency of atmosphere, and discarded the dry, angular manner. By the middle of the sixteenth century, the Mona Lisa, known as Lisa Gioconda (Jo-con-da), was accepted as the inimitable masterpiece of the art of portraiture, the greatest effort of a painter setting himself to compete with nature. It was said that Leonardo worked at it for four years, and that to call up the sweet and smiling expression on his sitter's face he caused her to be entertained with music and other diversions. It was not until modern times that a mysterious and romantic character was attributed to Mona Lisa, a sphinxlike

Today specialization in art, literature, science, commerce, is so general that we are astounded when confronted by the spectacle of such versatile genius as that of Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci (Lay-o-nar-do Dah-Vin'-chee). Architect, engineer, philosopher, and poet, sculptor, and painter, designer of royal masques and magnificent



DA VINCI, BY HIMSELF
(1452-1519)

Famous not only as one of the world's greatest painters, but as sculptor, architect, musician, inventor, engineer, and natural philosopher. One of the greatest all-round geniuses that ever lived.



THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

One of the finest art galleries in the world. Best known for its works by Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo, which make it the most popular, and with the Pitti Palace, to which it is joined, the largest, gallery in Europe.

gaze, a scornful irony, and a hundred other things undreamt of by Leonardo. If you wish to read the most poetic description of the Mona Lisa, it is to be found in Walter Pater's "The Renaissance"; but for the average mortal the lady will ever remain a riddle, for she is not beautiful, yet she rivets the eye; her smile is not on her lips, as everyone believes, but it lurks about her eyes. Her hands are indeed lovely, with long, tapering fingers and loosely crossed. Perhaps the strange landscape in which Leonardo has placed his figure—which you will note is pyramidal in design—increases the mysterious atmosphere of the work. The present writer first saw it in 1878, and was disappointed in the color and general preservation of the picture. The surface was blackened, and many tiny cracks were to be detected. A year before its disappearance from the Louvre he saw it for the last time, and was saddened by the marked deterioration. The tone of time was absent, and oxidation had continued its ravages. Leonardo's type of the Madonna, which he had impressed upon Mona Lisa, is akin to the favorite type of his master, Verocchio. Leonardo embellished and spiritualized it, eliminated its harshness and dryness, and endowed it with that smile which is both enigmatic and wistful.

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH

A SUPREME SACRED MASTERPIECE

The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, was painted on the wall of the refectory (dining hall) of the Convent Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie (Grats'-ee-eh) at Milan. Deplorable as is the condition of this composition, the chief work executed by Da Vinci during his stay at Milan, the original alone exhibits to the full extent the emotions which the master intended ever to express. The subject has been often treated before; yet he laid down a definite formula for it. Jesus has just said, "One of you shall betray me," and He bows His head as if to the blast of emotion He has evoked. It is not only a great work of art, but a profound study of character and feeling, translated at once by the expression of the faces, the gestures, and the attitudes.

A PAINTER OF LIGHT AND SHADOW

Rembrandt is all imagination, mystery, the poet of half lights, the shadowy mystic; but in the Syndics, hanging hard by the Night Watch in the Ryks (Rikes) Museum at Amsterdam, he is the painter of daylight. He actually makes shadows visible. This was his great achievement. Rembrandt plunged all nature into a bath of gold. In the course of his prolific career he essayed nearly every subject that would invite an artist's brush. His universal reach is equaled only by the originality of his vision, thanks to which he gave new life to the most commonplace subjects, and to themes that had been treated again and again by his predecessors. He preferred character to beauty, and sought to express the infinite by light rather than by line. His glory need not fear comparison with any other. Familiarity with his genius brings ever-increasing appreciation of its greatness; and one who can delight in it has studied in a good school. Rembrandt appealed not only to the rich, but to the poor. Commonplace events are transfigured by the magic of this painter into a significant moment arrested in eternity.

A TRIUMPH OF REALISM IN ART

His Syndics was painted in 1661. Its full title is "Syndics of the Guild of the Clothmakers" ("de Staalmeesters," literally stamp-masters). Four of the directors are sitting at a table covered with an oriental cloth, while a fifth appears to be rising impatiently from his seat. In the background is a servant of the guild. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the colors, the prevailing brown line of the picture, and the absence of strong light,

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH



REMBRANDT, BY HIMSELF
(1607-1662)

The most famous of all the Dutch painters. On account of his wide range and dramatic vigor he has been called "The Shakespeare of Holland."

the master has succeeded in producing what may be termed his usual poetry of color, combined with the most lifelike fidelity. The entire tone appears to be permeated by a golden-brown medium. Art has never produced so vigorous a picture of life. One figure always fascinates; it is that of the man, Volkert Janz by name, who stoops over, his hand poised on a book. Rembrandt has seldom painted with more sensitiveness such eyes, subtle corners of the mouth, and intimate expression. This particular syndic is intellectually superior to his companions, who are solid, sensible Dutch men of business.

The great attraction of the work lies in its truthfulness: not a photographic realism, but reality presented by a master imagination. Humanity again plays the principal part: not the spiritualized humanity we see in Raphael, but the flesh and blood humanity we encounter in daily life. Not poetical as is the Night Watch, the Syndics of Rembrandt is a powerful presentation of his contemporaries, men who helped to make and rule Holland.

A PAINTER FOR PAINTERS

With Botticelli we enter into another and more exalted sphere of art. He painted Madonnas; but they are not quite so spiritual as Raphael's. He painted Venus rising from the sea, and yet she was not altogether pagan. What is his chief claim on our attention as an artist? Apart from his technical supremacy we should say that it is his strangeness. Sandro Botticelli was the originator of the Tondi, or circular pictures, of the Madonna and Child with angels, the most beautiful of which is the Magnificat in the Uffizi, Florence. Botticelli was one of the most individual painters, a creative genius, but fantastic, restless, and vehement, an artist who in his passion for expressive line often overshot the mark, and became violent rather than suggestive. The very mixed pleasure caused by his work is a kind of nervous vibration. He has been called a painter for painters, not for the world at large. Without being a colorist, he succeeds in emphasizing his vibrating line by color. Botticelli's pictures are generally distinguished by a quaint grace of form mingled with

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH

a deep melancholy of sentiment. His most distinctive qualities as a painter lie in his unique power of conveying the sense of swift, light movement and in his genius for linear design. He was the first to understand the charm of silhouettes, the first to depict the joining of the arm and body, the roundness of the shoulders, the flexibility of the waist, the elegance of the limbs, the little shadow that marks the springing of the neck, and, above all, the curving of the hand. He understood, too, how to express the insolence of large, youthful eyes.

His color has been pronounced cold and dead; but for some critics he is the greatest master of linear design Europe ever had. This you will see when you study his *Magnificat*, with its lovely, virginal-looking Madonna, who so meekly bows her head for the coronation by her



BOTTICELLI, BY HIMSELF
(1447-1515)

Who painted in Florence many pictures of religious interest, of which "The Magnificat" is the most famous. He was poetical, and mystically imaginative.

angelic-appearing companions, as if to deprecate such glory, while she bears upon her lap the youthful King of Kings, whose expression is truly inspired. The composition, apart from its poetic, religious message, is highly decorative in design.



MURILLO
(1618-1682)

Lived most of his life at his birthplace, Seville, Spain. Murillo and Velasquez are ranked as Spain's greatest painters. His beautiful Madonnas are masterpieces.

MURILLO, A WORLD FAVORITE

Few great painters have suffered from such violent reversals of critical opinion as the Spaniard, Murillo. During the first half of the nineteenth century he was put in a precious niche apart, while Velasquez was seldom mentioned. Then his critical value began to decline, though not with the public at large. For the world he has ever remained a prime favorite. He had studied Rubens and Van Dyck at Madrid, and created a style of his own, sometimes devout and sentimental, as in his numerous pic-

PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH

tures of the Virgin; sometimes realistic, but tempered by a certain tenderness, as in his charming girls and boys of the people. Murillo is weak and wanting in distinction as a draftsman. His much admired Virgins are commonplace; but he was a master of vapor-like color, sometimes silvery, again golden, always gentle and caressing. This color is not merely spread upon his figures, but around them; it is like a cloud from which they emerge, embellished by its glamour.

The subject of the Immaculate Conception was one which Murillo painted many times. The picture in the Louvre (Loo-vr) is best known; and, apart from the brilliance of the coloring, the Louvre Immaculate Conception has won the vote of the majority because of its simple enthusiasm, and the almost contagious ecstasy expressed by the radiant countenance of the Virgin. But it thrills rather by its dramatic intensity than by its profound religious sentiment. Raphael always gives us that precise sentiment; Murillo seldom, if ever. As usual in the Spanish school, Murillo has drawn in his Immaculate Conception his inspiration from the "Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

This beautiful French palace, the south front of which extends along the Seine for about half a mile, is now used as a national art gallery. It contains many world famous works of art. Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," The "Venus de Milo," and the stolen "Mona Lisa" have attracted art lovers to it from all parts of the world.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



Raphael Masterpieces in Color
Paul G. Konody

Da Vinci Masterpieces in Color
M. W. Brockwell

Rembrandt Masterpieces in Color
Joseph Israels

Botticelli Masterpieces in Color
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MONT BLANC, ALPS



THE MATTERHORN, ALPS



MOUNT ST. ELIAS, ST. ELIAS RANGE



MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA MOUNTAINS



MOUNT RUWENZORI, AFRICA



BRIDE PEAK, HIMALAYAS

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I

APRIL 14, 1913

No. 9

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

MONT BLANC

RUWENZORI

THE MATTERHORN

BRIDE PEAK

MOUNT ST. ELIAS

MOUNT MCKINLEY

By CHARLES E. FAY, Litt. D.

First President of the American Alpine Club

TO most persons mountain climbing is but a sport. Our title suggests its more strenuous aspects; while the chosen list of illustrations emphasizes its relation to the exploration of "the uttermost parts of the earth." The adventurous alpinist is own brother to the seeker for the pole. The two are inspired by the same motives,—curiosity and the longing for achievement. Their fields are similar,—the lofty, snow-capped altitudes and the icy high latitudes,—and it is a significant fact that the latest and greatest accomplishments in mountaineering fall contemporaneously with the conquest of the poles.

Like other fields of exploration, "alpinism" has its early heroes. The Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, alpinist and scholar, recently published a monumental work of a full thousand pages, in which are recorded the most notable climbs previous to the year 1600. In it the names of Antoine de Ville, who scaled the seemingly inaccessible Mont Aiguille in Dauphiné in the very year that Columbus discovered America, of Simler and Gesner in the sixteenth century, energetic Swiss scientists, lovers of the Alps and of their natural history, are rescued from oblivion; while the words that

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



SNOW CLIMBING

One of the two departments of the science of mountaineering.

they penned centuries ago, expressive of their enthusiasm over the vast and splendid prospects, the invigorating exercise, and even the moral uplift of the pure and serene upperworld, strike a responsive chord in the souls of those who have only casually visited it. Even Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci are shown to have been of the number of those who attained to quite respectable altitudes; and no studious reader of Dante but real-

izes that he too must have known by actual experience the toils, if not the joys, of difficult crag-climbing.

FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC

But it was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that attention was more generally turned to mountaineering through the successful ascent of Mont Blanc. By whom and why was it undertaken?

While the actual accomplishment was the performance of two dwellers at its base, the credit has usually been given, and not wholly unjustly, to the Genevan scientist, Professor Horace B. de Saussure. Even as a boy he had conceived a passion for the mountains, and from his earliest manhood that remote summit in the far horizon had teased his scientific mind. At the age of twenty (1760) he made the trip "afoot and alone" to its base, and left behind him the promise of a reward to anyone who should discover a way to the summit; but for fifteen years no effort was made to secure the prize. The first, in 1775, failed at the initial difficulties of the upper glaciers. A second, in 1783, attained somewhat higher; but the party returned quite disheartened.

But Jacques Balmat, a peasant youth then scarcely out of his teens, eager to earn the reward offered by De Saussure, only the day before this second failure had quietly undertaken to search out a route by himself. Uninvited he attached himself to this party of his rivals. Remaining behind when they turned back, if not indeed abandoned purposely by them, he kept on past the very steepest of the glaciers, making steps

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

with the point of his staff, and reached the top of the Rochers Rouges, beyond which the way is principally a long plodding over easier snow slopes. Darkness overtook him in his descent, and he passed the night on the edge of a crevasse, cheered by the thought that he had found a feasible way. Yet he kept his own counsel until three years later, when he communicated it to Dr. Paccard, the young physician of the place, whom he induced to accompany him. On the late afternoon of August 6th they quietly left the village (separately, to divert suspicion), then met and made a bivouac some 5,500 feet higher up. Soon after sunrise they were under way, threading the crevasses all day long, battling with the wind, and suffering from the cold and rarity of the air. When near the summit Paccard temporarily gave out; but Balmat pushed ahead and stood alone the first victor over the dangers and difficulties of the great White Mountain. Returning to his companion, he encouraged him also to keep on. The mystery of Mont Blanc was solved. A year later Balmat conducted De Saussure to the summit, and the man who had inspired the enterprise and had taken part in one futile attempt was able to enter into the joy of the great success.

WHAT MOUNTAINEERING MEANS

The science of mountaineering embraces two widely different fields,—snow climbing and rock climbing. The former conquers the difficulties of the ice world,—the yawning crevasse, the steep, avalanching slope, the dangerous cornice; its perils oftentimes hidden and the more insidious. The latter confronts the beetling precipice, follows the crumbling knife-edge (*arête*), or traverses past the shattered towers rising upon it, the obstructing *gens d'armes*. Each has its votaries, according to temperament. The latter, appealing more to the trained athlete, naturally developed later than the former. Most of the earlier ascents were preeminently snow climbs. As regards technical difficulties, the ascent of Mont Blanc is far less strenuous than that of the shattered “aiguilles,”—the Charmoz, Dent de Requin, Dames Anglaises, Grépon, and others,—upon which it looks down so



ROCK CLIMBING

The department of mountaineering that requires great strength, courage, and a clear, steady head.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

proudly. Such climbs as these well might have seemed impossible until after the ascent which, hardly second to that of Mont Blanc, appealed to the imagination of men,—the conquest of the Matterhorn in 1865.

During the three-quarters of a century that had passed since that first great event, alpinism under its stimulus had gone on gradually extending its propaganda among individuals and nationalities. Priests, scholars, and even princes yielded to the allurements of the heights. Though the English were even then preëminently a nation of travelers, very few of Anglo-Saxon blood are numbered among the pioneers of alpinism. But of the hundred new peaks scaled between 1842 and 1860 twenty-three yielded to Anglo-Saxon prowess, including the highest summit of Monte Rosa (second in altitude only to Mont Blanc), the Dom, Eiger, Grivola, and Aletschhorn. Meanwhile, in 1857, the original Alpine Club was formed in London.

FORCING THE MATTERHORN TO TERMS

Between 1860 and 1865, out of eighty-five new peaks scaled, Anglo-Saxons vanquished forty-six, including the splendid galaxy of the Weisshorn, Lyskamm, Dent Blanche, Täschhorn, Dent d'Hérens, and Zinal Rothorn, among which the Matterhorn still rose virgin and seemingly inaccessible. Its splendid obelisk towered above Zermatt proudly and as a perpetual challenge. The eastern side in particular seemed



A CREVASSE

These great openings, where glaciers have ripped, are the most serious menace to the mountaineer crossing the ice fields.

almost vertical. The hardest of those who ventured to assail the peak accorded no second glance to that apparent precipice. The Italian side looked less impossible, and it was here that all attempts were made previous to 1865. The first ones, by native hunters, occurred in 1858 and 1859; three others, by Englishmen, in 1860.

In August, 1861, there appeared upon the scene the young engraver from London whose name is destined to live perhaps as long as those of the world's greatest explorers,—Edward Whymper. In his mountaineering classic,

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



MOUNT EVEREST

Believed to be one of the highest mountains in the world. 29,002 feet high.

“Scrambles Among the Alps,” he tells the story of his seven fruitless attempts to reach the summit previous to 1865, always by the southwest ridge. By this time he had grown familiar with the mountain, and had discovered that the seeming verticality of its eastern face was largely an optical illusion. He became convinced that here lay the pathway to success, and with the courage of his convictions arranged his plan of campaign. Disastrously, as it proved, he joined forces with a group of his fellow-countrymen. One of these was unfortunately a novice. The route, save at a single point near the summit, proved astonishingly easy, particularly as compared with the ridge hitherto attempted. Passing the night of August 13th in a camp at the base of the obelisk, they set out at dawn, and at 1:40 they had attained the longed-for goal. The Matterhorn was conquered. But it took a grim vengeance upon the bold victors. At that only difficult point young Hadow slipped in his tracks, fell upon the chief guide, who was assisting him, and four of the party of seven plunged to their death. Only the parting of a weak rope saved Mr. Whymper and his two guides.

By the beginning of the '80's few even of the lesser crags of the Alps had been left unclimbed; but a new “playground of Europe” had been discovered in the Caucasus, where a dozen summits surpass the altitude of Mont Blanc. Members of the Alpine Club had made a preliminary visit in 1869, and even climbed one summit of Elburz (18,600

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

feet—some say 19,400), the giant of the range. In 1884 the work began in earnest, and within a decade nearly every summit of importance had been conquered.

This diversion to a remoter field gave a new impulse to alpinism as an auxiliary to exploration. In 1880 Mr. Whymper, still in his prime, proceeded to the Andes and conquered Chimborazo and the volcano of Cotopaxi. The ascent of the primate, Aconcagua (23,910 feet), was accomplished by Vines in 1897.

CONQUERING MOUNT ST. ELIAS

Two widely separated fields now invited attention,—subarctic Alaska and equatorial Africa. Various attempts had been made to scale the majestic Mount St. Elias (18,100 feet), rising from the desolate, icy solitudes at that time far beyond the verge of frontier civilization. A bold American scientist, Professor I. C. Russell, had twice essayed it, and with a skill and persistence worthy of the highest admiration had on the second occasion pushed his way beyond all the principal difficulties almost to the very goal. The completion of this undertaking stirred the ambition of the young duke of the Abruzzi, who during the seasons of 1892 and 1894 had accomplished the most difficult climbs in the Alps, including that of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge. With four companions and five guides he reached the Alaskan coast on June 23, 1897; at noon of July 31st they raised the Italian flag on the summit of St. Elias, after nearly forty days of journeying over ice and snow. Their last camp on the way up was in the spot occupied by their bold predecessor, which they christened "Russell Col." Starting thence at midnight, they passed some five hours later the highest point reached by him. The remainder of the way offered no difficulty, beyond that caused by the rarity of the air. In ten days they covered the return to the coast.

An ascent that had been so nearly accomplished by an unskilled alpinist would scarcely be reckoned as a great achievement in mountain climbing; nor did the victors so rate it. Their principal hindrances were the numerous crevasses of the upper glacier and the bad weather. It savored more of arctic exploration than of mountaineering, and proved, indeed, a training school for the notable polar expedition undertaken two years later, in which the record for "farthest north" was won by Abruzzi and his able lieutenant, Cagni, one of his companions to Mount St. Elias.

A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY SOLVED

Almost upon the equator, far within the heart of Africa, rises one of the most interesting of all mountain ranges. Ptolemy, in the second century of our era, speaks of the "Mountains of the Moon" as the ultimate

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



MOUNT CHIMBORAZO

The famous beautiful mountain of Ecuador, 21,420 feet. Conquered in 1880 by Edward Whymper.

sources of the Nile; but in seventeen hundred years no civilized eye had seen them. Recent explorers had unconsciously been at their base; one had even looked upon their snows, but had disbelieved his senses. It was left for Stanley in 1888 really to rediscover and to christen Ruwenzori "the cloud-maker"—for it was the almost perpetual pall of mists that had obscured the heights from the sight of his predecessors. Several more or less successful expeditions had between 1900 and 1906 penetrated the misty wilderness that encompasses the range. To solve these mysteries, Abruzzi, after his usual careful preparations, set sail for Africa in the spring of 1906. The more arduous part of the expedition really began at Fort Portal, the last outpost of civilization, nine hundred miles from the coast. The trail through the Uganda forests, the crossing of swift streams, the reeking jungle and grotesque flora of the cold, rainy country at the immediate base of the peaks, and the comfortless camps, are told in detail in the printed account of the expedition. And then the story of

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

the victory, or rather series of victories; for Ruwenzori is really a group of six principal mountains, culminating in some twenty summits! Ten of these exceed Mont Blanc in height, the highest by seven hundred feet. Fourteen summits, including the highest, were reached by the leader of the expedition, the topography of the complex range was completely elucidated, the various peaks named, and a reliable map, as well as a large amount of scientific data, added to man's knowledge of the region. Here again it was the work of the explorer rather than the technical skill of the alpinist that we are called upon to admire.

But the next expedition, to try conclusions with the second highest peak on the globe, K2 or Godwin-Austen (28,250 feet) in Kashmir, was of a different nature. Other alpinists had visited the region, notably Sir Martin Conway, who in 1892 had attained success on Pioneer Peak (23,000 feet). In the early spring of 1909 Abruzzi and his companions set out for India, and two months later were at the foot of K2, at an altitude already 2,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. More than 10,000 feet higher yet rose the sheer, snow-draped sides, a height, even under favorable circumstances, impossible to cover in one day. Therefore, one or more camping spots must be found, from the highest of which it would be feasible to reach the summit and return. The vast mountain was reconnoitered from every possible side. Lofty cols (saddles), one above

20,000 feet, were attained, only to find the outlook hopeless. After more than a month of persistent effort the enterprise was abandoned. Considering the ability of the party, this long but fruitless endeavor may be regarded as demonstrating the absolute inaccessibility of K2.

THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR ALTITUDE

Foiled in the principal object, an effort was now made to secure the world's record for height. The existing one had been made on Kabru (24,000 feet) in the Sikhim Himalayas, nearly a thousand miles farther east. They turned to Bride Peak



MOUNT ST. ELIAS

Ascended in 1897 by the Duke of the Abruzzi.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



MOUNT RAINIER

From Mirror Lake; height, over 15,000 feet. The noblest peak of the Cascade Range, Washington.

near at hand, rising to 25,100 feet, or nearly a mile higher than the Chogolisa saddle, down to which its easterly ridge descends. Here was a fine location for a camp; but the difficult way to it lay over the icefall of a steeply descending glacier. When scaling this, a snow-storm caught the party and detained them for five days. Only at the end of the eighth day did they reach the saddle. The day following they carried their camp to 22,460 feet, from which an unsuccessful attempt was made to reach the summit. But the weather was in league with the peak and forced them back to the camp in the saddle, holding them prisoners for five days more. Conditions improving, they returned to the struggle and established a camp somewhat higher than before, at 22,500, the highest at which man has passed a night. At dawn of July 18th, with uncertain weather, they got under way. By eleven they had only ascended some 1,800 feet; but had already surpassed the record of Kabru. Physically in excellent condition, the abominable weather conditions were the sole obstacle to success,—hot, densely foggy, with the snow approaching avalanching conditions. Even thus they kept on, principally on rocks, until 2:30, when steep snow in a parlous state confronted them through the fog. Here, after waiting two hours for it to clear, they desisted; but they had carried the “man line” to 24,580 feet.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



MOUNT SINIOLCHAM

One of the most beautiful peaks of the Himalayas.

The victories of 1912 were notable, and redound wholly to the credit of American alpinists. Mr. Coolidge, already referred to, is an American by birth; Dr. and Mrs. Workman hold records in the Himalayas; Miss Peck pluckily captured her elusive Andean peak. To their select number must be added the names of Miss Dora Keen and Messrs. Parker and Browne. The field in both instances was Alaska. Miss Keen's ascent of Mount Blackburn (16,400 feet) at her second trial, after a journey on glaciers for five weeks, is one of the most remarkable achievements in

exploration by a woman, and ranks with the boldest by either sex. The attaining of the upper snows of Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the North American continent, by the Parker expedition was, if not completely successful, sufficiently so to render it hardly necessary for another party to encounter the great cost and hardship for the slight information that remains to be gathered. . Neither expedition employed professional guides. Their omission speaks for the confidence of these amateur climbers, perhaps also for the somewhat less difficult work.

The story of the conquest of the great snow peaks offers little variety in details. That of McKinley is no exception, save as regards the season. All the others were summer journeys: this might pass for a midwinter one, in view of the start in February and the approach in early spring by dog-sled traveling, through an unexplored region deeply buried in snow, to the base of a 20,464 foot peak, lying near the Arctic Circle. It was June 16th before the actual ascent was fairly begun, and July 1st before the sturdy party desisted. The better part of a month was spent in forcing the way upward to camps from 11,000 to 17,150 feet above sea, detained by frequent storms, compelled to return for supplies, enduring severe cold. The final rebuff, with the goal within so easy grasp, under fair conditions, repeats the experiences of Russell on St. Elias and Abruzzi on Bride Peak. Messrs. Parker and Browne attained the highest altitude in America.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

Called the "Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies." Height, 11,860 feet. From a photograph by George and Mary M. Vaux.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Scrambles Among the Alps, 1860-1869	<i>Edward Whymper</i>
The Annals of Mont Blanc	<i>C. E. Mathews</i>
The Playground of Europe	<i>Leslie Stephen</i>
The Matterhorn	<i>Guido Rey</i>
The Exploration of the Caucasus . .	<i>D. Freshfield and V. Sella</i>
The Ascent of Mount St. Elias . . .	<i>F. De Filippi</i>
Ruwenzori	"
The Karakoram and Western Himalayas	"

The account of the Ascent of Mount McKinley, by Prof. Herschel Parker and Belmore Browne, will be published in book form in the autumn of 1913.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue ten cents.

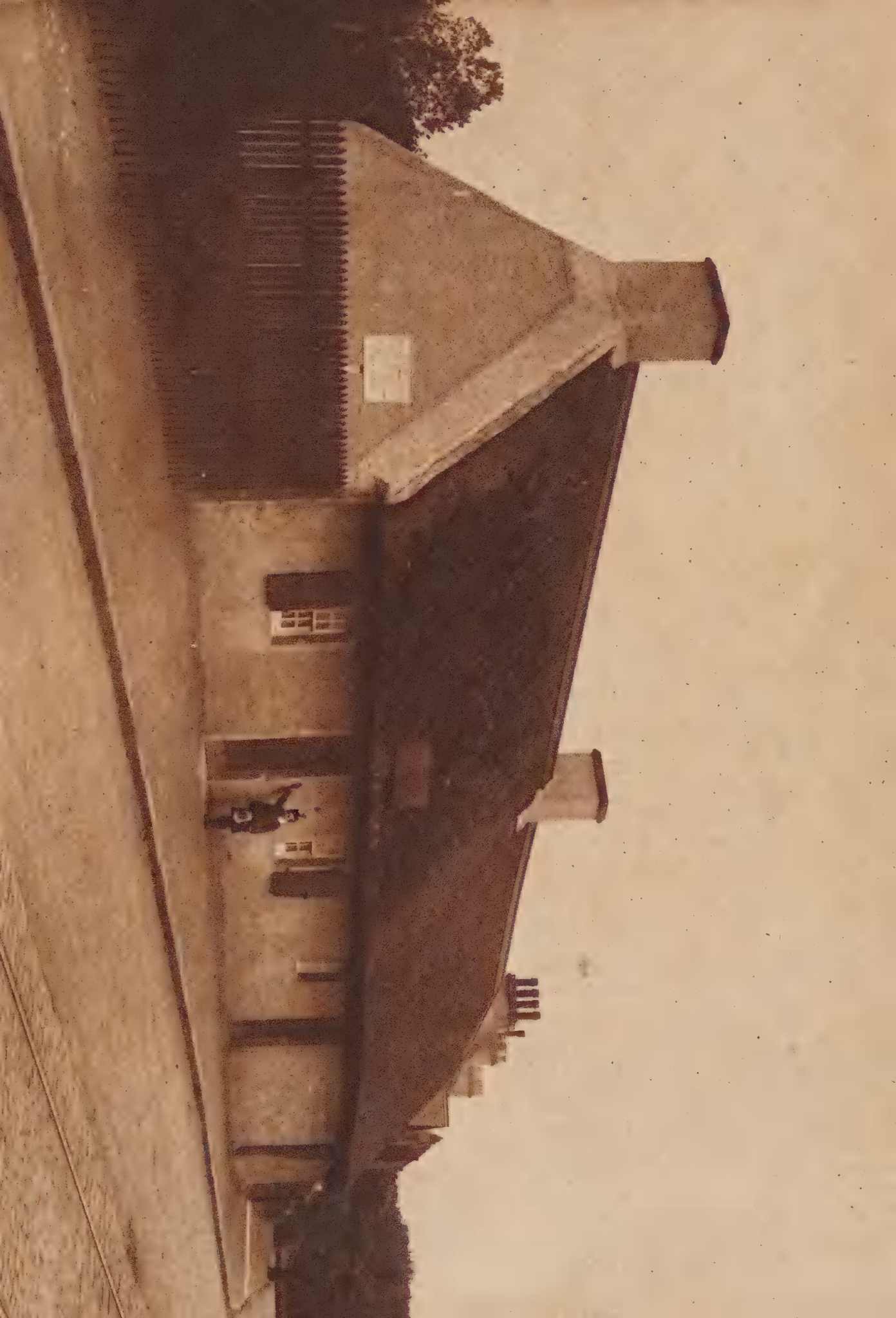
NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

SCOTLAND, THE LAND OF SONG AND SCENERY

Six beautiful gravure pictures of Fingals Cave, Ellens Isle, Burns' Cottage, Abbotsford, Melrose Abbey, Stirling Castle.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

with Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler





FEW poets singing in dialect become world famous. This is true for the simple reason that a dialect poet is likely to be local—to write of local things—to avoid the universal. But Robert Burns—"poor Burns," as we think of him—was the exception. Who does not know "Auld Lang Syne" and all that it means? Or who

has not said to himself in his own way, "A man's a man for a' that?"

Robert Burns could not help but be a poet of the people—the "peasant poet." He was born close to the soil of Scotland. On January 25, 1759, he opened his eyes in a small cottage about two miles from Ayr, in Scotland. His father was only a small farmer, and Robert got very little education, but lots of hard work.

However, he managed to learn to read, and used to carry his books into the fields with him to snatch a few moments' reading during the day. At meal times he sat with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. He liked best the ballads of Scotland—the old songs of the minstrels.

But in 1781 he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. And it was here that he indulged two habits that clung to him all the rest of his life—drinking and falling in love. For the poet was a boon companion at a feast and a great heartbreaker—but his own heart was broken also many times.

His fortunes fell very low in 1786, and

he intended to sail for the West Indies, there to try to better them. But his first volume of poetry proved to be such a great success that he did not go. His poems took the people by storm. Everyone read them. He was invited to Edinburgh, where he became the lion of the hour.

But all this did not bring him in much money. Finally, in 1789 he got a position as excise officer. But as the years went on, and he grew wilder and wilder in his dissipations, friends drew away from him. His only companions were those of the lowest classes.

At last, on July 4, 1796, he knew that he was dying. He wrote on the twelfth to his cousin for a loan of fifty dollars, to save him from passing his last days in jail. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796.

The Burns Cottage near Ayr is reverently preserved as a memorial to the poet. Here is the little room where he was born, and here are to be found many mementos associated with his life. This cot, built of clay by Burns' father, is a shrine for those who love the memory of the "peasant poet."





FIERCE looking man who had lost his way stood on a beach of snow-white pebbles near a beautiful little glassy lake and blew a loud blast on the bugle which he held in his left hand. And almost immediately he dodged into a nearby thicket of bushes and stood there peering forth at a little skiff that came gliding toward

the shore from underneath a gnarled oak tree overhanging the water. The only occupant of the boat was a beautiful young girl, who, after guiding it to a safe landing on the silvery strand, stepped gracefully out on the pebbles.

This was James Fitzjames' first sight of Ellen, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," which has immortalized for all time Loch Katrine in the Trossachs, Scotland. There in the lake sleeps Ellens Isle, the pretty little island on which the girl lived—and last secret fastness of her fierce clan.

In the poem Fitzjames has become separated from his companions, and his bugle call is to summon them to his side from the hunt on which they are engaged. But before they come Fitzjames makes the acquaintance of the girl and goes to Ellens Isle with her—and that's the beginning of the romance that has made Scott's poem famous.

All the country round about Loch

Katrine has been made famous by Scott. Almost every spot has been the scene of one or more incidents in his novels. High above Callander rise Uamh Var, where the stag was started at the beginning of "The Lady of the Lake," and Ben Crackie, with the wild Bracklin Fall, within the roar of whose waters the seer of Clan Alpine wrapped himself in the white bull's hide to dream his dream. Northward from Callander lies the beautiful Pass of Seny, up which Duncraggan's heir rushed with the Fiery Cross, to thrust it, at the door of the little kirk of St. Bride, into the hands of the new-wed Norman, heir of Armandave. And westward from Callander lie Coilantogle Ford, where James Fitzjames fought Roderick Dhu; Lanrick Mead, the fierce clan's muster-place; and Duncraggan, scene of the Highland funeral.

The popularity of "The Lady of the Lake" has brought many visitors to Loch Katrine. This beautiful region is visited by hundreds of tourists each year.





AMONG the ruins of Melrose Abbey, ivy covered and deserted, lies buried the heart of Scotland's greatest king—Robert Bruce. Why is it there, so far away from his grave at Dunfermline? Bannockburn was the greatest achievement of Bruce's life. This decisive battle was fought on June 24, 1314. Robert Bruce was born in 1274,

at a time when Scotland was struggling fiercely to throw off the yoke of England under Edward I. Bruce grew up with the love of freedom strongly implanted in his heart. He was a natural leader.

Finally, his chance came. On March 27, 1306, he had himself crowned king of Scotland; but he was as yet a king without a kingdom. He gathered his supporters together and overran Scotland until only Berwick, Stirling, and Bothwell remained to the English. Edward I had died, and Edward II, a weak and unstable man, was on the British throne.

But even this weakling now saw that unless a strong blow was struck Scotland would be lost. He assembled his army and advanced on Bruce. And then Bruce, by a wonderful exhibition of strategy, rapidity of movement, and personal bravery, so decisively defeated him that the complete rout of the English determined the independence of Scotland and confirmed the title of Bruce.

After peace had been made the new king of Scotland proved himself as able a lawmaker as he was a warrior. But he did not live many years to enjoy his triumph. On June 7, 1329, he died of leprosy, contracted in the hardships of earlier life, and was buried at Dunfermline.

Now comes the story of the "Heart of Bruce." During his life he made a vow to visit the Holy Sepulcher. But he could not do this; so he begged Douglas to carry his heart there after his death. But the brave Douglas, on the way to the Holy Land stopped off in Spain to help the Spaniards against the Moors and was killed. However, the box containing Bruce's heart was recovered by Sir William Keith, and at last was brought back to Scotland and found a resting place in Melrose Abbey.

Melrose Abbey is eight hundred years old, and, though battered both by time and the assaults of many hostile armies, is still famous for its architecture. It is situated on the River Tweed, near the little town of Melrose.

Sir Walter Scott has immortalized this famous old ruin forever, when in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" he describes the visit to Melrose Abbey of William of Deloraine, who had come to steal from the hand of the dead magician, Michael Scott, his book of magic.

How beautiful the abbey may have been we can only guess; but it is still picturesque, though the windows, once filled with wonderful stained glass, are now bare and desolate, and the only incense on its ruined altar is the breath of the wild rose.





MAN who at the age of fifty-five resolves to pay off a bankruptcy debt of six hundred thousand dollars must justly be regarded as a hero. Not many men, weakened in health and used to all the comforts, would attempt to do this—especially when the debt was incurred through no fault of their own, and when the law does

not force them to pay. Yet that is what Sir Walter Scott—the “Wizard of the North”—did, and so fiercely did he work at his writing—twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day—that at his death six years later every penny of that colossal and heartbreaking debt had been paid.

The story of Abbotsford, the home of the great poet and novelist, of which he dreamed for years, and which he planned and built himself, is a drama, a tragedy itself. No sooner was the great house finished and the dream of his life complete than the crash of tremendous ruin fell on Scott.

It was on a bleak winter morning in 1826 that a friend called at Abbotsford and found the novelist terribly agitated.

“My friend,” said Sir Walter to him, “give me your hand; mine is that of a beggar.”

The publishing house with which he had been connected had failed, and Scott took upon himself the terrible burden of satisfying its creditors. It was an apparently hopeless task for a writer, and one in such a frail state of health as Scott, to accomplish. But where others would have yielded to Fate, he stood up to fight it,


and though the effort cost him his life he succeeded, and may truly be called the most heroic literary figure in the world.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. His father wanted him to follow his own profession, that of a lawyer; but the boy wished to write. He wrote poetry at first; but according to the story turned to prose romance when he found that Lord Byron excelled him as a poet. It was in 1814 that a novel—“Waverley”—by an anonymous author, appeared. Its popularity swept like wild fire all over England. Book after book, all of the same excellence, was published. The secret of authorship was jealously kept by Scott—for what reason many guesses have been made—but at last his name was definitely connected with this great series—the “Waverley Novels.”

He prospered brilliantly for eleven years. And then came the crash of ruin. Scott put his shoulder to the wheel. His wife died soon after the struggle began; but, though sick at heart, he toiled on indomitably. Success was his in the end; but the struggle killed him.

It was on the twenty-first of September, 1832, that Sir Walter Scott died.



NE Sunday morning in 1543 a pretty, helpless little girl baby less than a year old was seated on a throne in the spacious chapel of Stirling Castle in Scotland, surrounded by fierce, mailed men. A cardinal held a crown over her head; the tiny fingers were clasped for a moment about a scepter; a huge, unwieldy sword was buckled

round the little waist; and a noble spoke the words that created Mary Stuart queen of Scotland. Forty-four years later the stroke of a sword in the headsman's hands ended the life of this queen—one of the most beautiful and tragic figures in all history.

Besides the coronation of Mary Queen of Scots, Stirling Castle has seen many historic events. This old stronghold is situated on the Firth of Forth, some thirty-five miles above Edinburgh. It stands on a hill high above the town of Stirling. No one knows exactly how long ago it was built; but it is very, very old.

Away back in the time of the Romans these invaders of Britain had a station in the town of Stirling. Alexander II, king of Scotland, gave the town its first charter in 1226, and he made Stirling Castle the royal residence. During the wars of Scottish Independence the castle was besieged many times. Edward I of England captured it in 1304. For ten years after that it was held by the English; but Robert Bruce besieged it fiercely in 1314. Edward II, who was king of England at that time, was a weak ruler, and he knew that if the Scots captured Stirling Castle they could probably win their freedom. So he

gathered an army and marched north. But he was so badly beaten by Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn that the Scots won their independence, and Bruce became their king. On the esplanade before Stirling Castle stands a statue of this great man.

The tragic story of the execution of Mary Stuart, who was crowned at Stirling, is one of the most pathetic episodes in history. Condemned on an "unjust charge, she was sentenced to death by Elizabeth, queen of England. The final scene in the life of the beautiful queen of Scotland took place in Fotheringay Castle in England. As Mary approached the block, the melancholy sweetness of her beauty touched every heart. Even her executioners knelt and begged her to forgive them for the sad duty that they were forced to perform.

"I forgive you with all my heart," sadly replied Mary.

She knelt down and laid her head upon the block amid a tense silence, broken only by an occasional sob. A moment later the chief executioner held up her head, exclaiming, "So perish all the enemies of Queen Elizabeth."





INGALS CAVE is a part of the Scotland end of the Giants Causeway, which was supposed to have once led from Ireland to the Isle of Staffa. They say that Fin MacCoul, or Fingal, as he is called, built the Giants Causeway. Fingal was an Irish giant—the champion hero of all the Emerald Isle. He wanted to fight Ben-

nandonner, another giant, so he built the great causeway from Scotland to Ireland. It is written that Fingal won. In tradition he is the hero of both Ireland and Scotland.

Fingals Cave is the most famous of the many natural caverns on the Isle of Staffa, one of the western islands of Scotland. This island is three-quarters of a mile long, and about one-third of a mile wide. No one lives there; but every weekday during the summer a steamer takes tourists over to see the famous cave.

There are other caverns on Staffa; but Fingals Cave is the best known. Its columns are of basalt, and are six sided in shape. These columns are so regular that it seems hardly possible that the force of the waves alone could have formed them. But that is the fact; although not many years ago some one rushed into print to say that the ancient inhabitants of Scotland and the islands nearby had dug out all these caverns themselves. He even gave a lecture in New York City (charging

a dollar a seat, the proceeds to go toward building a pedestal for the Statue of Liberty) to give his theories to the world. Unfortunately for him he did not know very much about geology, and could not prove his theories to be correct.

It was also stated by another theorist that the columns of the Giants Causeway were petrified growths of bamboo; but this idea too had only a short life.

Fingals Cave was discovered in 1772 by Sir Joseph Banks, who visited Staffa on his expedition to Iceland. The cave is on the southern face of the island. It is 66 feet high and at the entrance 42 feet broad. It runs back into the land a distance of 227 feet, and is only 2 feet wide at the end.

Seals and sea birds haunt the cave, and the murmur of the sea gave it the name in Gaelic of "The Cave of Music." But when the weather is stormy the cave roars in anger. This is due to the air within being compressed by the waves, and then rushing out.

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S C O T L A N D

THE LAND OF SONG AND SCENERY

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Lecturer and Traveler

ROBERT BURNS COTTAGE

ABBOTSFORD

ELLENS ISLE

STIRLING CASTLE

MELROSE ABBEY

FINGALS CAVE

IN its contour and in its varied natural features Scotland is unique. It seems, indeed, as if Nature had shaped the land in a spirit of coquetry with the sea.

Though limited in territory, Scotland has a shore line thousands of miles in extent. Her coast is a series of inlets, firths, and sounds, and she has added to the irregularity of her shores by setting out innumerable beautiful islands that rear their rocky heads in the western sea. No one knows the full beauty of Scotland who has not visited the islands. Their picturesque and varied attractions pronounce them the true and natural offspring of the parent land.



ROBERT BURNS

Scotland has long been called the land of scenery and of song. The two are intimately associated. The scenery of Scotland has inspired many of her songs, and the songs have paid tribute in return by celebrating the beauty of the scenery in affectionate and eloquent phrase. The songs of Scotland breathe the life of the people and of the nation in a way that has won the sympathetic interest of the world. The prevailing note in Scottish song and literature is romance. The very name of Scotland is fragrant with romance. Its scenery is rich in romantic beauty and romantic associations, and its songs give eloquent expression to both.

And so the traveler in Scotland finds the charm of her scenery happily voiced for him, and as he wanders from one spot to another he can recall the lines that enhance its beauty. It may be "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" or "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." Wherever he goes he may enjoy the scenery in companionship with the spirit of the poet who sang its praises.

To most of us Scotland means Wallace and Robert Bruce in heroic chivalry, and Walter Scott and Robert Burns in romance and in song. Most of the scenes and places that interest the traveler are associated with one or another of these four names.

THE HOME OF BURNS

The name of Robert Burns has a hold upon the people of Scotland and on those who visit there such as finds no parallel in any other country. This makes a visit to the small town of Ayr an incident of prime interest to the tourist. The Robert Burns Cottage is situated about two miles from the town, and it is kept with reverent care as a memorial. The building itself, low-roofed and humble, with its Burns mementos, is a veritable shrine for lovers of the poet.

The chief feature of the quaint old house is the little, low-ceilinged room in which Burns was born in 1759. You will be glad to linger there awhile. The impressions of the room will remain in your memory for all

time. As you note the humble simplicity of the scene you will get close to Burns, and you will feel the full meaning and appeal of his lines:

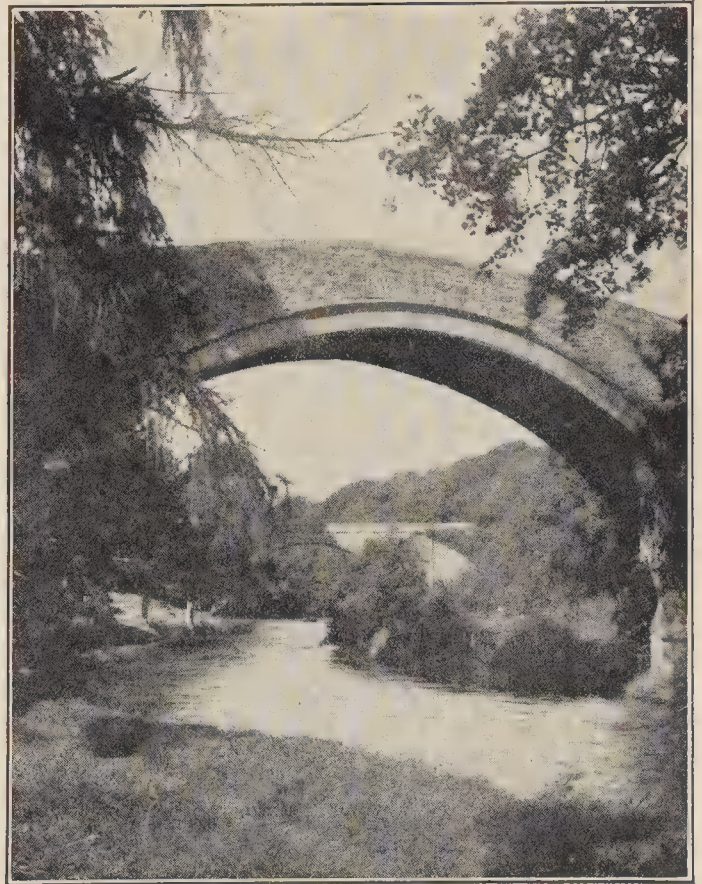
“Gie me a spark of Nature’s fire!
That’s a’ the learning I desire.
Then, tho’ I drudge thro’ dub an’ mire
At plow or cart,
My muse—tho’ hamely in attire—
May touch the heart!”

The whole country roundabout is full of Burns associations. A short distance off is Auld Alloway Kirk, where Burns’ father is buried, and where Tam o’ Shanter, overcome by the spirits that he imbibed too freely, was assailed and pursued by spirits ghostly. A short distance beyond the church are two bridges over the Doon, the old bridge being celebrated as the one over which Tam o’ Shanter made his escape from the evil spirits. In the garden near the bridges stands the formal but impressive Burns Monument.

Between that humble cottagedown the road toward Ayr, and the Greek monument in the garden, is told the story of a simple, sweet, singing bard, whose lines so completely filled the hearts of his fellowmen that the very scenes of which he sang have become endeared to all humanity.

THE WALTER SCOTT COUNTRY

Between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine lies the Trossachs, beautiful in winding wooded roads and lake and mountain views—and famed chiefly for being Walter Scott’s own land of romance. It has often been said that one who has read Scott’s novels needs no guidebook in the Trossachs. Drive through this charming valley to Loch Katrine, a beau-



AULD BRIG O' DOON

The old bridge at Ayr, celebrated in Burns' lines.



THE BURNS MEMORIAL

Standing on a hillside park near the town of Ayr. In a room within the monument are a number of Burns relics, together with his bust and portrait.

tiful lake nearly ten miles long. From the east end steep cliffs ascend from the water's edge, and there, looking through the brilliant foliage on the bank, you can see the pretty little *Ellens Isle*, made immortal in Walter Scott's poem, "Lady of the Lake." This is one of the most "pictured" spots in Scotland. You will find it in any illustrated volume of Scott's poems. You will find it in color and in gravure, in large prints and on postcards, wherever you turn. It is the very heart of the Trossachs, and one of the most inviting spots in the British Isles—as attractive in its natural beauty as in the romantic associations that cast their spell about it.

MELROSE ABBEY

Hallowed by eight hundred years of history and immortalized by Walter Scott, Melrose Abbey stands today the most interesting, as well as the most beautiful, ruin in Scotland. It is the drawing attraction of the

little town of Melrose, situated on the Tweed. Enticed by the magic of Scott's lines, thousands visit the Abbey every year.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

So firmly have these verses stamped themselves on the hearts of readers all over the world that tourists feel that their visit is not complete unless they have seen the Abbey "by pale moonlight." In response to this desire the Abbey is opened on moonlight nights for special visits.

Melrose Abbey was founded by David the First, in the twelfth century. After being destroyed by Edward the Second, it was rebuilt by Robert Bruce in the fourteenth century. It was again destroyed and rebuilt in the following century. During the many years of its history it suffered dreadfully from the ravages of war. Armies of invasion from England ruthlessly assaulted its sacred precincts and destroyed its beautiful features. In spite of that, after being reconstructed several times, it holds its place as a beautiful example of architecture and a most picturesque ruin.



SIR WALTER SCOTT



BRIG O' TURK, IN THE TROSSACHS

THE HOME OF SCOTT

About three miles from Melrose, on the right bank of the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, a name most dear to readers of the Waverley novels. There the "Wizard of the North," as he was called, wrote his way into fame and fortune; there he lived when his fortune was

swept away with that of his publisher; and there in his old age he settled himself grimly to repay debts amounting to six hundred thousand dollars—all by the work of his pen. He finished this stupendous task in about six years. He discharged his debts honorably; but he gave his lifeblood to the task. Scarcely had he come clear of his debts when his pen fell from his hand, and, in the bright, sunny dining room of Abbotsford, he dropped wearily to sleep, with the waters of his beloved Tweed murmuring musically in his ears. He had kept faith with his creditors; he had paid the last penny; he had secured his home for his children—and his work was done.

Attended by a funeral procession more than a mile in length, including the great that came from distant parts to do him honor, and the humble peasant neighbors that knew and loved him, Sir Walter Scott's body was borne reverently to Dryburgh Abbey, and in that beautiful ruin, a most appropriate spot, he now lies at rest.



DRYBURGH ABBEY

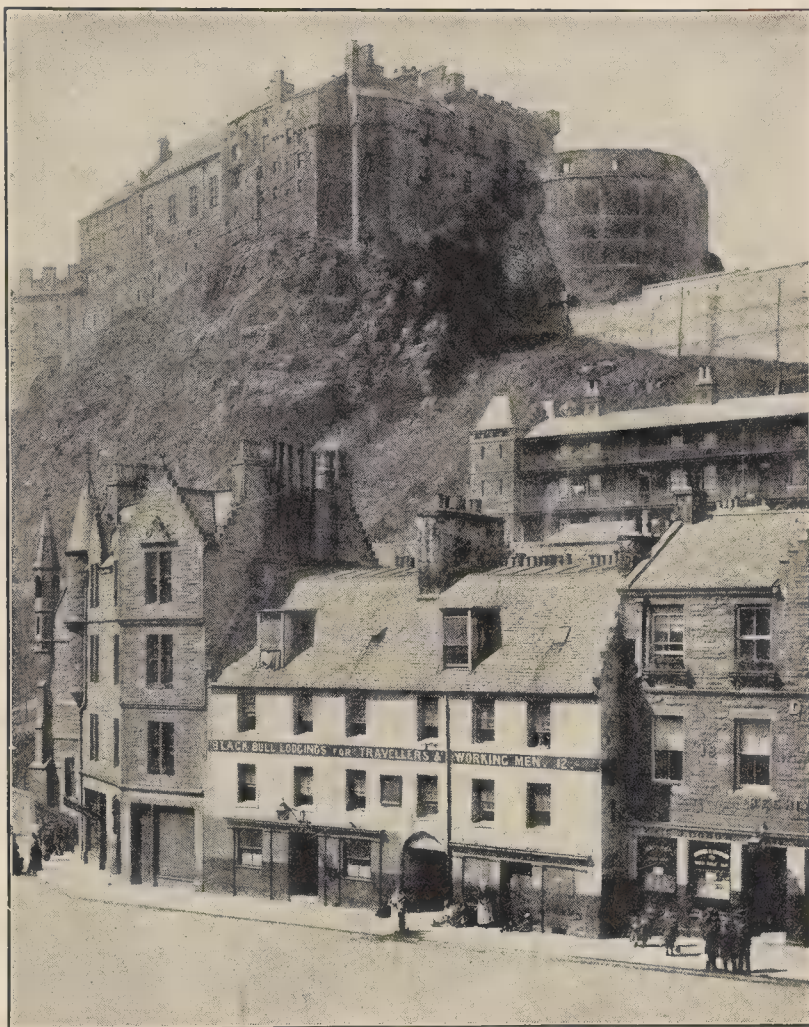
Showing the location of Sir Walter Scott's tomb.

THE CASTLES OF SCOTLAND

Two of the most impressive and picturesque castles of the world are in Scotland,—Stirling Castle and Edinburgh Castle.

Stirling Castle is situated on the Firth of Forth about thirty-five miles above Edinburgh, and it was for years the favorite residence of Scottish sovereigns. It played a prominent part in the history of Scotland, and is intimately associated with the name of Robert Bruce, who recaptured the castle from Edward the Second of England, in the fourteenth century, after the battle of Bannockburn.

The castle, like that of Edinburgh, is situated on a lofty height. On the esplanade before it stands a statue



EDINBURGH CASTLE

One of the most beautiful and impressive castles in Great Britain.

of Robert Bruce. The view from all sides is beautiful, and commands, on the west, a fair range of mountains, including Ben Lomond and Ben Venue, while on the south the battlefield of Bannockburn stretches away before the eye.

Edinburgh Castle, an ancient seat of Scottish kings, has a most magnificent situation on a rocky height above the city. On three sides the mountain on which it stands drops almost sheer. On the east it slopes gradually off toward Holyrood.

THE HOME OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

There at Holyrood we find the scene of one of Scotland's most affecting dramas,—the tragedy of Mary, Queen of Scots. Holyrood Castle,



HOLYROOD CASTLE

Associated with the most dramatic years in the life of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

which was the unfortunate queen's home for many years, is part ruin and part in good repair and occupied. It is there that the visitor can see the bedroom of the fair young Scottish queen, and there also the spot where her unfortunate minstrel and counselor, Rizzio, was murdered. Holyrood is intimately associated with the memories of Mary, Queen of Scots, and all who have followed with interest her sad story and want to feel an impression of her actual presence should spend a day in and about the castle.

The modern Scottish home of British royalty is Balmoral, situated on an estate of ten thousand acres about fifty miles from Aberdeen. This beautiful palace was purchased by the Crown in 1852 from the Earl of Fife for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was for years the favorite country home of Queen Victoria, and is now said to be the most cherished residence of British royalty.

THE SCOTTISH ISLES

Months could be profitably spent in touring through the Isles of Scotland, and they would be months of unalloyed delight. Two small islands should be visited even in the course of the briefest Scottish tour, the Island of Iona, where Saint Columba, the missionary, landed from Ireland in 563, to begin his missionary work in Scotland, and on which are to be found the tombs of ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings.

For over a thousand years the Island of Iona was the chosen "God's Acre" for the great chieftains. The land was held sacred on

account of Columba, and it was regarded as the securest spot on earth for mortal remains to rest in. Therefore the bodies of kings were taken there even from distant points in Ireland and in Norway, and for centuries Iona was the Mecca of religious pilgrims who went there to pray and to pay reverent tribute to the tombs of the great.

FINGALS CAVE

Historic interest will draw you to Iona; the interest of wild nature will attract you to Staffa. On the Isle of Staffa is Fingals Cave, one of Nature's curiosities, extraordinary in its formation and offering features of a wonder-compelling kind. The island is a rounded tableland which has been thrust up through the sea by volcanic action. It is about two miles in circumference, and rises nearly 150 feet above the surface of the ocean. The cave, which is crowned by a high arch of land, rises sixty feet above the sea, and through its interior length it varies from twenty to forty feet in width. Staffa has many caves; but the extraordi-

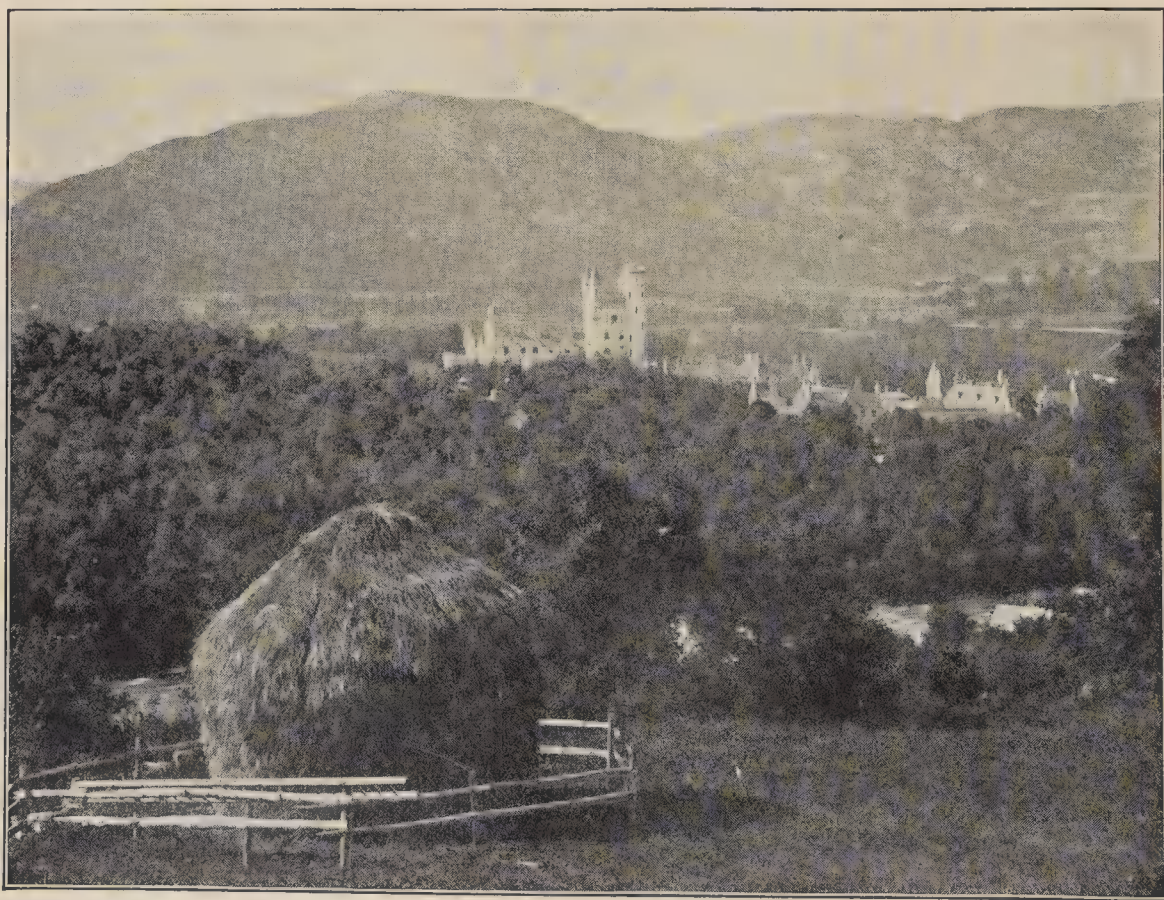


BEDROOM OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Visited by many every year, this is the most interesting spot in Holyrood Castle.

nary size and character of Fingals Cave centers the interest of all visitors there. It is impossible in rough weather to enter the cave by boat. The method of visiting is to land some distance away and enter by a protected footpath. Once inside, the effect of surging, roaring waves overarched by echoing walls of basalt is most impressive. The basaltic columns—similar in formation to those of the Giants Causeway, across the sea on the coast of Ireland—rear themselves in parallel lines like a formidable palisade constructed for the support and protection of the cave.

We have visited but a few of the many places renowned for beauty and romance in the land of the heather. We have not seen Ben Nevis and the ruins of Inverlochy Castle; nor Swan Island in Loch Lomond; nor yet Lochleven Castle with its thrilling tradition of Queen Mary's escape.



BALMORAL CASTLE

The highland home of British royalty—Queen Victoria's favorite summer residence. Purchased by the Crown from the Duke of Fife.



TOMBS OF THE KINGS

A part of the historic old graveyard on Iona Isle. Among forty kings of Scotland buried here are King Duncan and Macbeth, made famous by Shakespeare.

"No warden's fire shall e'er again
 Illume Lochleven's bosom fair;
 No clarion shrill of armed men
 The breeze across the lake shall bear;
 But while remains a stone of thine,
 It shall be linked to royal fame,—
 For here the Rose of Stuart's line
 Hath left the fragrance of her name."

And while we have pointed out the unique attractions of the Scottish Isles, we have said nothing of the wild, romantic beauty of the Highlands. The picturesque old ruin of Linlithgow Castle, Bothwell Castle, Loch Ness, the noble Northern peaks and their surroundings—all have been celebrated in glowing prose and verse, and around them clusters history and romance enough to make many volumes.

It is not easy to sum up the beauties of Scotland within the space of a few pages. It is a land where Nature and Romance go hand in hand, Nature affording a background of rare beauty, while Romance invests it with vital human interest. Picture an ideal tour in which each day is filled with profit and pleasure, and all Nature's resources in land, sea, and sky combine to delight you and draw you on—then call that tour a "Summer in Scotland."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



The Land of Heather	<i>Clifton Johnson</i>
Scotland of Today	<i>T. F. Henderson and F. Watt</i>
Tales of a Grandfather	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>
Scotland, Historic and Romantic	<i>M. H. Lansdale</i>
History of Scotland	<i>P. Hume Brown</i>
A Literary History of Scotland	<i>J. H. Miller</i>



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning this subject
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CHERUBS FROM THE SISTINE MADONNA BY RAPHAEL



ANGEL, BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO



CHERUB OF SASSOFERRATO



THE TARGET BY BOUCHER



HOLY CHERUBS BY RUSSENS



ANGEL HEADS BY REYNOLDS

THE MENTOR

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C H E R U B S I N A R T

CHERUBS FROM THE SISTINE MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL

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CHERUB, BY SASSOFERRATO

HOLY CHERUBS, BY RUBENS

THE TARGET, BY BOUCHER

ANGEL HEADS, BY REYNOLDS

By GUSTAV KOBBE

Author and Critic

THE word cherub as used in defining the angelic order to which the term is strictly applied has a limited meaning. But on the very human principle that all beautiful children are angels—until it is discovered that they are not—the meaning of the word has been extended. In consequence, it embraces not only baby angels, but even those chubby little rascals known as cupids, who dart about with bows and arrows and use the susceptible human heart for a target. That is why pictures illustrating the cherub in art may be of such wide range, and include works like the two famous cherubs of Raphael, the cherub of Sassoferrato, the young angel playing on a lute by Fra Bartolommeo, Reynolds' angel heads, Boucher's "Cible d'Amour" (Cupid's Target), and even Rubens' "Holy Cherubs," a group in which, strictly speaking, there is no cherub at all.

The most famous cherubs ever painted are those of Raphael. When "Raphael's Madonna" is spoken of only one of his many Madonnas is



REPOSE IN EGYPT

From a painting by Van Dyck in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

meant,—the “Sistine Madonna” in the Dresden gallery. Other Madonnas by him also are famous; but this so far outdoes them all in fame that it is known simply as his Madonna.

THE WORLD’S MOST FAMOUS PICTURE

There can be but little doubt that the “Sistine Madonna” is the most famous picture in the world. It is enormously popular throughout the Christian world, and likely represents to the majority of people not a great work of art nor even a great Madonna, but rather a pictorial interpretation of sacred motherhood. In Dresden it is in a gallery by itself, as in a shrine; and the copying of it is now forbidden. Of course there already exist numerous reproductions of it, and in the Dresden shops it appears in all kinds of souvenirs. Dresden may be said to be under the spell of the “Sistine Madonna.”

Quite as famous as Raphael's Madonna are Raphael's Cherubs, which are a detail taken from this Madonna; and, as the "Sistine Madonna" is the most widely known picture of the Virgin, so no cherub or group of cherubs is so famous as the two that lean on the altar top indicated at the very bottom of the picture. These cherubs, however, are not just pretty cherubs: they have both artistic and allegorical meaning in the composition. If you examine a reproduction of the entire picture, you will discover one reason for its being a great work of art, and also why, in spite of Raphael's having been temporarily obscured of late years by artists of more vigorous and realistic tendencies, he is rapidly regaining his former importance.

The composition of this picture is not only in three planes of perspective, but also in three planes of elevation. Of the large figures the one farthest in perspective but also the most elevated, and therefore the most conspicuous, is the Madonna with the Child. These are the most sacred personalities in the painting. Hence they rise conspicuously above the others. The figures of Saint Barbara and Saint Sixtus are lower in elevation and nearer in perspective. The cherubs are at the bottom and very front of the picture. Despite their wings, they are intensely human little creatures, and may be said to represent humanity. Thus, on Raphael's canvas we have in gradually deepening perspective, but at the same time in rising elevation, the world, as represented by the two little human cherubs; the church, as represented by two of its saints; and the Godhead, as represented by the Son in the arms of His mother. If the interpretation I have essayed is correct, these two cherubs in art play a larger part in the allegory of the painting than is usually assigned to them.

One senses rather than actually sees the depth and elevation in this picture; for its three horizons are viewed in one. Raphael further enhanced the feeling of depth in the work by painting a frame within the frame, the painted frame being



ANGEL

A detail from a painting in the Vatican, by Raphael.



ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

From painting by Rubens, in the Hof Museum, Vienna.

formed by the altar top below, on which the cherubs lean, the curtain rod above, and the curtains on the sides. First one looks into a scene; and then deeper and deeper into it, while at the same time the eye travels upward from cherubs to saints, from saints to Madonna. It may be, as some people think, that the two charming infants with wings were afterthoughts. Even so, however, they are not superfluous, but, exquisite in themselves, add to the harmonious beauty of the composition.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO'S ANGEL

Fra Bartolommeo painted in 1509 the young angel seated at the foot of a pedestal and playing a lute. Although more than four hundred years have elapsed since it left the hands of the master who produced it, it is still to be seen in the very spot where it was placed so long ago. The same contemporary authority to whom we owe the reference to the "Sistine Madonna" has left information regarding this picture by Fra Bartolommeo. "For the church of San Martino, in Lucca," writes Vasari, "this master painted a picture of the Madonna with an angel playing on a lute at her feet; San Stefano (Saint Stephen) stands on one side of the Virgin, and San Giovanni (Saint John) on the other; the work is a good one, whether as regards design or coloring, and affords full proof of the master's ability." From the point of view of the present, the calm, reserved contemporary praise bestowed upon pictures now considered among the great masterpieces of the world is both interesting and amusing.

In this picture are two other angels that cannot, like the angel of the lute, be detached from the composition and reproduced separately, yet are wonderfully graceful. They are lightly poised over the Virgin, and hold above her head a jeweled crown from which floats a saffron-colored veil in two streamers that add to the airiness of the design. The delicate color of their wings is seen against the lighter tones of the sky. The Ma-

donna, holding the Child in her lap, is on the pedestal at the foot of which sits the angel with the lute, clad in diaphanous drapery and with wings outspread, while he plays upon the instrument and sings. The vigorously modeled figures of the saints stand like two pillars holding the composition together. This picture, now priceless, was, according to an inventory of the time, valued at sixty ducats (about \$150).

Shortly before painting this picture Fra Bartolommeo had been drawn to Rome to see the work of the famous Raphael. It so filled him with admiration that he despaired of equaling it; and in consequence he cut short his stay, even leaving a picture he had begun for Raphael to finish. These facts are interesting, because there is what might be called a family resemblance between this angel with the lute of Fra Bartolommeo and the Raphael cherubs.

Gruyer, a French writer, speaks of the singular charm that Fra Bartolommeo understood how to impart to his pictures, by the angels with variegated wings which he frequently introduced, now flying lightly through the air and again seated tranquilly, playing on the mandolin or lute or lifting their voices in song. This passage, while general in its application to Fra Bartolommeo's work, fits almost exactly the angels in the Madonna from which is taken the delightful angel with the lute.

THE FLYING CHERUB OF SASSOFERRATO

The Cherub of Sassoferrato, the beautiful little angel flying gently and slowly as if about to alight, was kidnapped in 1901; for in that year the picture of which this plump morsel of winged babyhood is a part was stolen from the church of Santa Sabina in Rome. Fortunately it was recovered. The painting is "The



ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
From painting by Titian, in the Academy, Venice.

Madonna of the Rosary," and was executed as an altar piece for the church. It is considered Sassoferrato's masterpiece. The Virgin holds the child in her lap; to the right of the chair or throne kneels Saint Dominic, to the left Saint Catharine. The cherub with folded arms that, well up in the picture, floats so gently toward the Madonna is balanced by another on the other side of the throne. This latter cherub's little hands are folded and raised in prayer. And there are still other cherubs' heads with wings arranged in a semicircle. This picture shows the care and finish that distinguished Sassoferrato's work, and his smoothness and beauty of expression; yet it avoids the exaggerated sweetness that in some of his work becomes insipid. The Cherub of Sassoferrato is distinctly lovely.

A GROUP OF RUBENS' CHERUBS

Rubens' "Holy Cherubs," to give the picture its usual English title, is a misnomer, unless we stretch the meaning of cherub to embrace not only the saints but even the Christ Child. The picture contains the infant Jesus, the infant Saint John, an angel, and a little girl. The popular title wholly ignores its religious significance and simply regards it as an attractive picture of children, one of the children, for reasons the average picture gazer is too indolent to trouble about, having wings. Even the title, "The Little Jesus, Saint John, and Two Angels" sometimes given to it—and in works on Rubens—is incorrect. There is only one angel,—the boy with wings. The little girl is not an angel, for the simple reason that in the angelic orders there are neither girl nor woman angels, strange as that phase of what is called angelology may seem to us of the modern world, in which woman plays so conspicuous and helpful a part.

A description of the picture will explain its significance. The Christ Child, shown in profile, is sitting on a cushion under a tree. With His right hand He is reaching out and patting the infant Saint John on the cheek. The baby saint, his back turned toward the spectator, is engaged in lively conversation with the Christ Child, and the gesture of his right hand, with the index finger extended, appears to give emphasis to what he is saying. With the other arm he fondles the lamb that a little angel is bringing up from the left. Behind the Christ Child kneels a little girl. In the right hand she holds a bunch of grapes, and with the left is reaching toward a vine with the object, doubtless, of plucking another bunch. In the right foreground are fruits; on the tree-trunk is a climbing grapevine; there is a woody landscape. Thus we have in this picture the Christ Child, Saint John, the Lamb, an angel, and the Church or Holy Bride (represented by the little girl), a group the significance of which makes the title of "Holy



VISION OF EZEKIEL

From a painting by Raphael in the Pitti Gallery, Florence. It shows cherubs in a composition of extraordinary vigor.



WATER



AIR

Reproduced from a set of four paintings by Francesco Albani (1578-1660), representing the elements.

Cherubs" seem a far-fetched piece of sentimentality. With all it is a group of plump, healthy children with a lamb, and would readily pass as a secular canvas, were it not for the little angel.

The original of this picture is in Vienna. What is believed to be an atelier, or studio, copy of it is in Berlin. This is an example of the custom that prevailed with many old masters, of having much of their work executed by their young pupils, the master himself putting in the finishing touches. In Rubens' case, the farther away his customer lived the more work on the picture ordered by that customer was done by the pupils in Rubens' atelier. He had many of these. According to an eye-witness, they were usually to be found busily employed on various canvases on which the master had drawn in the subject with chalk and here and there indicated the color scheme that the pupils were to carry out. This done, Rubens went over the picture himself. The custom I have described accounts for the great number of pictures turned out by some of the old masters, and also for their uneven quality, since, not infrequently, the final touches of the master were insufficient to cover up the weaker work of the pupils.

CUPIDS IN AIRY PLAY

The French title of Boucher's "Target," "La Cible d'Amour," well expresses the scene. The little rogues of cupids are romping in air, wee aviators of two hundred years ago, created by the fancy of the French artist. The target of the cupids is a heart. They are keeping up their



FIRE



EARTH

Francesco Albani achieved great fame by his frescoes. His painting of cherubs and cupids is distinguished for its exquisite finish and natural charm.

marksmanship between campaigns. They are the bowmen of Venus, the archers of Love, and must not permit their skill to lapse for lack of adventure. This flight of cupids is a true flight of fancy.

Boucher was eminently a decorative painter. As was the case with Watteau and Fragonard, his popularity was for awhile obscured, because other styles of decoration succeeded the manner of their period. Now, however, there has been a revival of French eighteenth century decoration, and with it an appreciation of the harmonious blending of these pictures in the decorative scheme of that period, which is now frequently reproduced in so-called "period rooms" in private houses.

Boucher was a child of his day. His subjects are mostly of the so-called "galant" type,—shepherds and shepherdesses that look like disguised lords and ladies and are engaged in sentimental adventure, as it was understood at the time. He also painted Venuses and Dianas, and, as a portraitist, was a protégé of Mme. de Pompadour. Even the manner in which death came to him seemed to point a moral drawn from his own career as an artist. For one morning, in May, 1770, he was found dead before his easel, on which stood a picture of Venus.

But this artist's cupids are in a class by themselves. They are romping rogues, frolicsome creatures, happy at the mere thought of being alive and the wonder of it. The subtle delicacy of their rounded limbs, enchanting grace, their ease of gesture and charm of attitude, their cheerfulness and abandon, and, in general, their complete absorption in having

a good time,—these characteristics stamp them as Boucher's. And, above all, their airiness and grace! They are petals, carnations, whole festoons of blossoms, floating merrily through space.

REYNOLDS' WINGED HEADS

Reynolds' "Angel Heads" is a picture neither of angels, of cupids nor of any other imaginary beings. It represents five different views of the head of a child, whose name was Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, the "blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of Lord William Gordon, her sweet face seen in five different winged heads amongst the clouds."

This is possibly the best known of all Reynolds' pictures of children. He painted the cluster of little cherubs in 1786, a date near the close of his great career; so that the different expressions of the same charming face would seem to reveal his knowledge, gained from his long experience as an artist, of the subtleties of the child mind as reflected in the child face. Here are innocence, reflection, wonder, joy, and affection, according as one chooses which of the five heads of little Miss Gordon to contemplate. It has been remarked of this picture, that it has been cheapened by frequent copies, in which the delicate essence of the original has been allowed to



THE GARLAND OF FRUIT

From a painting by Rubens. An interesting example of the great Flemish master's art in depicting the cherub type.



DANCE OF CUPIDS

From a painting by Francesco Albani (1578-1660).

evaporate. "But a glance at the picture itself renews the spell of the master." It is England's contribution to the cherub in art.

One authority says that the face is as nearly angelic as a human portrait can be made. Certainly the heads are angelic in respect to beauty, grace, and innocence. Lord Gordon paid Reynolds a hundred guineas (\$500) for the work, which would now bring many times that sum. The charming little girl whose head the picture shows in five different poses grew up but remained unmarried, and died in 1831. After her death her mother presented the picture to the National Gallery.

From all that has been written herein, it is quite evident that the cherub in art is a distinguished little being. For has he not engaged the services of some of the most famous masters of their time and country? Moreover, it is true that pictures of which they form a part are to be found in the great collections of the world,—Raphael's "Madonna" in the Dresden gallery; Rubens' "Holy Cherubs" in the Imperial Museum, Vienna; Boucher's "Target" in the Louvre; Reynolds' "Angel Heads" in the National Gallery; while the cherubs of Bartolommeo and Sassoferrato have made the churches in which they still hang, after the lapse of the centuries since they were painted, points of pilgrimage for lovers of the beautiful in art.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Raphael	<i>Masterpieces in Color</i>	Paul G. Konody
Rubens	<i>Masterpieces in Color</i>	S. L. Bensusan
Reynolds	<i>Masterpieces in Color</i>	S. L. Bensusan
Boucher	<i>Les Grande Artistes</i>	G. Kahn
Fra Bartolommeo	<i>Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists</i>	Leader Scott
Outlines of the History of Art		Dr. Wilhelm Lübke

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue ten cents.

NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

MAKERS OF AMERICAN HUMOR

Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Joel Chandler Harris, Frank B. Stockton, and Mark Twain.

By BURGESS JOHNSON





O statue in the world has profoundly moved so many people as the "Laocoon." Millions gazed upon it during the centuries when the "Venus de Milo" was lying buried and unknown on the island whence the perfect marble woman takes her name. These sculptures, with the "Apollo Belvedere," are the most prized statues in

the world. But the difficulties of reproduction make the "Laocoon" less familiar than the two single figures.

While the "Venus de Milo" and the Apollo are works of sheer beauty, the "Laocoon" has the majesty of terror.

No one knows who modeled the group; but, out of the mists that clouded human activity before history began, has come the story it perpetuates. It belongs to the time when the Greek gods ruled the world in joyous nakedness, with occasional diversions in the form of bloody vengeance.

Laocoon played a part in about the best known incident in the Homeric epic, the drawing into Troy of the wooden horse. Laocoon was a priest of Apollo and an important man in Troy; but he didn't have influence enough to prevent his fellow citizens from bringing in that wooden horse, which was filled with soldiers, as you remember, and resulted in the downfall of Troy, after a siege of ten years.

The legends all seem to agree that Laocoon turned from Apollo to Neptune, even going so far as to offer a bullock in sacrifice to the sea god.

When he was preparing the sacrifice two fearful serpents were seen swimming toward the Trojan coast from Tenedos. The monstrous reptiles rushed straight toward Laocoon, and his two sons. The people took flight in terror; but the priest and the youths remained standing by the altar of their god.

The serpents first coiled round the two boys and then round their father. In the statue you will see the younger son, thinking only of himself, fighting for his life, while the head of the serpent is already fastened in his side. The older son shows in his face the emotions that rend his soul, the paralysis of fear and his awe at the awful fate of his father. The mighty old man is struggling with all his magnificent strength, splendidly, hopelessly.

Most of us associate Apollo with an ideal of manly beauty, with art, with music. He is known as the patron of art, of healing. He was the father of Æsculapius, who was the father of medicine. Indeed, about seven different activities were attributed to this son of Jupiter; but first of all he was known as the god who punishes. That is what his name really means.

Laocoon was undoubtedly a priest of Apollo, and it was the act of a traitor for him to turn to Neptune. One tale declares that Laocoon had defied the expressed will of Apollo by marrying and begetting children.

Other delvers into mythology maintain that Laocoon and his two sons were not victims of Apollo but of Neptune. They hold that Neptune, being bitterly opposed to the Trojans, wanted to show them, in the persons of Laocoon and his sons, the fate that all of them deserved. The fact that the serpents were under the control of Neptune and not of Apollo is cited to support this version of the tale.





BUTCHERED to make a Roman holiday," said the poet Byron of the statue of "The Dying Gaul." Everyone believed at that time that this statue was supposed to represent a gladiator dying from a wound received in a contest. But it does not.

About 240 B. C. the Gauls were overrunning all Asia

Minor. King Attalus of Pergamon was a great fighter, however, and he conquered them. To commemorate this successful campaign, he brought over some sculptors from Greece, who set up statues representing his victory.

Among these were many single figures, of which "The Dying Gaul" is one. "This is undoubtedly a Gaul," says Lübke, "who, seeing the foe approach in overwhelming force, has fallen on his own sword to escape a shameful slavery. Overcome by the faintness of approaching death, he has fallen upon his shield; his right arm with difficulty prevents his sinking to the ground; his life ebbs rapidly away with the blood streaming from the deep wound beneath his breast; his broad head droops heavily forward; the mists of death already cloud his eyes; his brows are knit with pain; his lips parted in a last sigh. There is perhaps no other statue in which the bitter necessity of death is expressed with such terrible truth—all the more terrible because this hardy body is so full of strength—because the impression conveyed

is so little softened by anything ideal, or by any harmonious beauty in the figure; for the character of the barbarian, as contrasted with the refined and cultured Greek, is worked out most carefully in the treatment of the body, in the rough and even callous texture of the skin, the rugged outlines of the frame, the bristling hair, and the distinct race-type indicated by the head."

The Gauls, or as they called themselves, Celts, were a fierce, fighting race. They lived in that part of Europe which is France now. They came from farther east, and were the earliest invaders of the country. They became very powerful, and spread out in various directions over Europe. In the third century B. C. a great host of Celts swarmed over most of Asia Minor until defeated by Attalus of Pergamon. "The Dying Gaul" was of this high-spirited and courageous race.

A huge army of Franks and Vandals burst over Gaul in 407 A. D. They captured the entire country, and settled down into the three kingdoms of the Visigoths, the Franks, and the Burgundians.





F the art treasures in the Vatican, "Old Father Nile" is one of the most striking figures. Master paintings of inspired Christians and the triumphs in sculpture of the pagans are gathered there, worshiped for their unmatched beauty. And among these is the group that is a tribute to the mighty river that

made possible the oldest civilization that history records. "Old Father Nile" was discovered about 1520 near the Church of Santa Maria when Pope Leo X ruled the Catholic world. It is believed to be a marvelous copy of a group described by the Roman historian Pliny.

The recumbent figure of Father Nile rests one arm on the Sphinx, the symbol of Egypt, and the sixteen little pygmies gracefully sporting about him and climbing over him are allegorical of the sixteen cubits' rise of the River Nile when it began to irrigate the land. The sixteenth pygmy seems to be coming to life out of a basket of fruit, showing perhaps that they are intended also to represent the fertility of the Nile.

The base represents the river, in which may be seen the Nile boats, the ibis, the stork, the hippopotamus, the ox, the lotus, the ichneumon, and the sacred crocodile.

"Egypt is the gift of the river," said Herodotus. The Nile is the vital artery of Egypt, fertilizing a region that it snatches from the desert, adorning it with plants and verdure, making it one of the most productive lands in the world.

In mythology, Father Nile was the son of Oceanus, the god of water, who was born of the union of Heaven and Earth. The early Greeks believed the earth to be a flat circle encompassed by a river perpetually flowing around it, and this river was Oceanus, the source of all rivers and waters in the world.

Through all the centuries, to the western world the Nile has been an absorbing problem: the Egyptians alone of all peoples, ancient or modern, have had no curiosity at all about the Nile. They con-

sidered it impious to try to fathom the deep mystery of their great river. They worshiped the Nile, not only as the providing father of their country, but also as the source of life. "The sacred liquid, the father of the gods," they called it.

The ancient Egyptians believed the Nile overflowed its banks as the result of the tears of the great goddess Isis weeping for her husband Osiris, who was murdered by his brother and his body thrown into the Nile.

While they built temples to all their other gods, the Egyptians never erected one to Father Nile. The Nile had, however, its college of priests. Herodotus says that when anyone was drowned in the river or killed by one of its crocodiles, the priests of the Nile took possession of the body and buried it with special rites, considering it something superhuman, sacred.

The mystery with which the Egyptians surrounded their river is shown by the fact that they never had a name for it. It was designated by a word probably pronounced "Hap," which meant concealed, mysterious. In Egypt the name of a person was the very quintessence of his being. Those skilled in magic were powerless to work their incantations unless they knew the name of the individual whom they wished to conjure. Hence the Nile alone had power over itself.

The intimacy with which the river entered into the familiar life of the people is shown by a very ancient saying discovered in one of the tombs, which reads like this:

"May the Nile pass into your dwelling. May it refresh you on your journey. May you sit beside the river in the land of rest and wash your face and hands in it."



IT does not seem too great, this sculptured punishment for a daughter's cruelty to her mother. The huge marble group known as the "Farnese Bull" has in it the majesty of the pagan gods, the terror and suffering of the human soul. It is one of the wondrous monuments of the Greek sculptors, whose unequalled art died

with them. It is believed to have been modeled in the third century before the Christian era; but no one knows its history, nor even how long it slept in the baths of Caracalla, where it was discovered in 1546. It was taken to Rome and housed in the Farnese Palace, on which Michelangelo worked, and from which the group, like many other art works placed there, takes its name.

There is the usual tangle of relationships in the story of the statue, and, as is usual in mythology, the story has many different versions. Really these tales are nothing more than folklore, handed down from generation to generation, each teller embroidering or even changing it, to suit his own fancy.

One tale is that Lycus, the king of Thebes, married Antiope. Antiope was very beautiful. Apparently all the ladies in the pagan world retained their beauty and attractiveness as long as they lived, unless the gods changed them into another form. But the blithe way in which the element of time is ignored in these tales may have something to do with it. Antiope had a daughter, Dirce, and in spite of her beauty the affections of Lycus turned from mother to daughter. He put Antiope aside and married Dirce. The cruelty with which Lycus and especially Dirce treated Antiope is one of the great scandals of Greek mythology.

Antiope, who could not stand the humiliation, fled to the mountains. There she had two sons by Jupiter—Amphion and Zethus. Apollo, the God of the Sun,

being attracted to Amphion, gave him a lyre, and he thenceforth practised song and music, while his brother spent his time in hunting and in tending flocks.

When they grew up the brothers learned of the wrong that Lycus and Dirce had done their mother Antiope, and they decided to punish the guilty pair. So "they marched against Thebes." It doesn't seem to be clear whether they had an army behind them or whether they took the city double-handed, so to speak. It must be remembered that they were the sons of Jupiter, and, if that all-powerful god was on their side, they were prepared to overcome any difficulty.

At any rate, all the authorities agree that Amphion and Zethus did capture Thebes. They put Lycus to death promptly; but Amphion thought that Dirce did not deserve a sudden, painless death. He tied her to a bull, who dragged her about until she perished. This terrible punishment for a daughter's ingratitude made a powerful appeal to the ancient artists and writers. The "Farnese Bull" shows the moment of the death of Dirce. It is an epic in marble on the punishment deserved by an ungrateful child.

After the death of Dirce, Amphion is credited with the most remarkable feat of music and engineering ever recorded. He and his brother decided to fortify Thebes, inasmuch as they concluded to rule it themselves. The narratives seem to agree that all he had to do was to walk around the city, play his lyre, and the stones moved of their own accord and formed a wall.





THE erection of monuments to her great men was forbidden by the Venetian republic. To such a length did the feeling of jealousy toward the great dead by the living go. The single exception was the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, by Andrea del Verocchio and Alessandro Leopardi. And this was not because Colleoni

was exceptionally great, but because he left his large fortune to Venice, on condition that a monument be erected to him in St. Mark's.

By this he meant, of course, in front of the great cathedral; but the republic got out of putting it in such a famous place by raising it opposite the hospital of St. Mark, a much less conspicuous position.

Bartolommeo Colleoni was an Italian soldier of fortune, who lived in the fifteenth century. He sold his services to the highest bidder. For a long time he was in the pay of the Venetian republic. But Milan offered him a better place, and he went over to that city. Venice found out, however, that it could not do without him, and in 1454 gave him the captain-generalship of the republic for life. Colleoni was one of the best of these Italian soldiers of fortune. Although he changed sides whenever he thought he could better his fortunes, he committed no acts of treachery. He died in 1475.

Andrea del Verocchio, who modeled the statue of Colleoni, was a famous goldsmith, painter and sculptor. Leonardo da Vinci, who painted the "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," was one of his pupils. Verocchio had only completed the model of the "Colleoni" when he died in 1488.

He requested that the casting of the

monument in bronze should be intrusted to his pupil Lorenzo di Credi; but the senate of Venice gave the work to Alessandro Leopardi. Leopardi had been exiled; but he was recalled to finish the statue. He also designed the tall pedestal on which the statue is mounted.

This monument, which was unveiled on March 21, 1496, is generally conceded to be the greatest equestrian statue in the world. One critic has said of it: "The Colleoni stands today for the most magnificent equestrian statue of all time. It fully deserves this reputation, since in no other monument are both horse and rider conceived and composed with such unity."

Both figures express nobility and dignity. The arched neck, the raised hoof, the champing mouth, of the charger are perfection. The poise of Colleoni himself, the pose of his head, the stern expression of his face, show courage and ability.

What is the one thing about this statue, however, that makes it seem so much alive? It is just this: When we look at the horse and rider, we feel that the very next moment, with the very next step, they are going to walk off their high pedestal into space.

The whole statue is full of energetic character and bold life, and powerful in its effect.





DOMINATING the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence is the splendid bronze of Perseus holding aloft the head of Medusa, with coiling serpents for hair. Even her blood, as she lies dead at the feet of Perseus, streams forth like serpents. Benvenuto Cellini, who modeled this monument, had a passion for art and homicide,

and was one of the vainest and most gifted of men. His life was one long adventure. Born in Florence in 1500, Cellini was expected to follow his father's profession of musician, and indeed he became an excellent flute-player; but at fifteen he turned to designing and metal work. He was one of the best goldsmiths of his time.

He began his fighting career as a youth, killed the Constable de Bourbon in the attack on Rome in 1527, and within two years he had slain Philibert, Prince of Orange, a man who had killed his brother, and also a certain goldsmith in Naples. There were several others he nearly killed. He lived to be seventy-one years old.

Cellini asked an enormous price for his "Perseus," on which he worked for years. When the Duke de' Medici, at whose suggestion it was modeled, complained that the price demanded would build churches and palaces, the sculptor replied that this was true; but any number of architects could do that, but nobody else could make such a statue.

Of all the wonderful folk in Greek mythology, Perseus was about the busiest. He was the son of Jupiter and Danaë. When Perseus was born, Danaë's father, Acrisius, placed both in a chest and threw them into the sea. Jupiter came to the rescue, of course, and brought them to a friendly

kingdom, whose ruler sent Perseus, grown to a man's estate, to fetch the head of Medusa, a feat that no mere human could hope to accomplish.

Medusa was one of the monsters in human form called Gorgons. Instead of hair, her head was covered with hissing serpents. She had golden wings, brazen claws, and enormous tusks for teeth. Her body was covered with scales. Her head was so fearful that anyone who looked at it immediately changed to stone. Indeed, to slay so terrible a creature seemed impossible.

Possessing himself of winged sandals, a magic wallet, and the helmet of Pluto, which made the wearer invisible, as well as a sickle from Mercury and a mirror from Minerva, Perseus was ready to meet the horrible Medusa with reasonable confidence in his victory. Using his winged sandals, he mounted into the air, and swiftly arrived at Medusa's dwelling place.

Now, if Perseus had looked directly at Medusa, he straightway would have been turned to stone. But looking at her through the mirror he was perfectly safe, and quickly cut off her head with the sickle. He placed it in the wallet, put on his Plutonic helmet, thus becoming invisible, and had no difficulty at all in escaping. The statue shows him at the triumphant moment of the tragedy.

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STATUES WITH A STORY

THE LAOCOON

THE DYING GAUL

OLD FATHER NILE

THE FARNESE BULL

COLLEONI

PERSEUS

By LORADO TAFT, Sculptor

Author "The History of American Sculpture"

SCULPTURE'S greatest asset is its hint of eternity"—a striking way of saying that the sculptor's art is permanent. From the first thought to the last stroke of his chisel, this is the sculptor's inspiration: "I am working for all time." As he faces the months, or years, of labor required to complete his task, he asks himself only if his subject is worth while. If it is, or appears so to him, nothing can dismay him nor diminish his ardor.

First, a great thought worthy of the awful permanency of sculpture; then a fitting expression of it in stone—such is the ideal combination.

A few rare men attain to this high standard. If their works survive the ages their fame is secure. Sometimes the name is lost and we have no record in classic literature of the artists, but the work remains, and we thank them under such phrases as "the author of the Fates," or "the sculptor who carved the Winged Victory."

STATUES WITH A STORY



PHIDIAS

In all the arts simplicity and economy of means and effort are fundamental virtues. In good sculpture, what is called "integrity of mass" is the first essential. This means that the sculptor must not "cut up" his work with many lines, but must preserve an effect of mass, so that his statuary shall be simple and substantial. This principle was known and felt by the Greeks, as it had been known and practised for thousands of years by the Egyptians. It was necessary in the case of the Egyptians. The sculptors of Egypt had no marble, and their achievements were hewn by the hardest effort from masses of unyielding granite and porphyry.

What began as a necessity with them in this art became in time a habit, and ultimately a sacred thing. The Greeks, while having greater freedom than the Egyptians, still kept constantly in mind the nature of the material with which they worked, and they took few liberties with it. The sculptures of the Parthenon have a marked simplicity of line and an impressive effect of mass. Their design could be made out as far as they could be seen at all, and as a result it was a true decoration at any distance. The "pattern" of these wonderful groups on the Parthenon was visible from the city below. The grouping of the figures is wonderfully planned for distant effect. Not an arm crosses a body. The lines are as simple as the letters of the alphabet. And even at such a distance that the lines are lost, the massing of light and shade is superbly effective.

Another thing we notice in these old-time sculptures: their authors did not disdain to tell a story. Every figure on the Parthenon had its meaning aside from its decorative value. Those great masters enjoyed "spinning yarns"—always, of course, according to the rules of the game—as much as did the mediæval artists who painted Bible history all over the church walls. The term "Art for Art's Sake" was not yet invented, and these old sculptors in a simple, natural way not only carved beautifully, but told beautiful stories in stone as well. Surely if Phidias and Praxiteles, the greatest of Greek sculptors, as well as Michael Angelo, delighted in a story telling art, we need not despise it today!



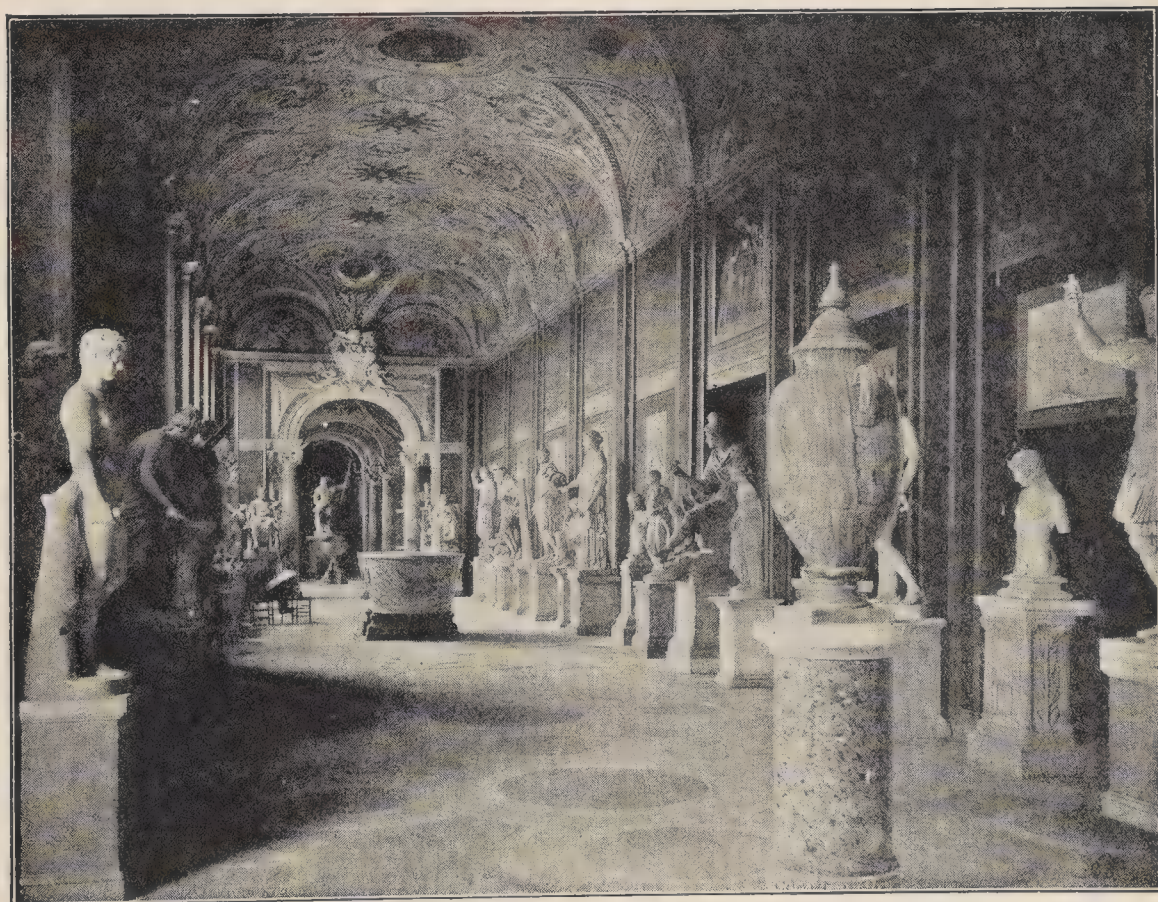
PRAXITELES

THE LAOCOON

This is truly a story in stone, the scene of which was laid in the island of Rhodes. This island seems to have possessed a decided taste for the extraordinary in art. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world, and appears to have "filled a long felt want." It so gratified the popular fancy that the people of Rhodes proceeded to make a specialty of colossal statues for a time. We are told that they had as many as one hundred of these monsters, although none of them attained to the 105 feet height of the Colossus.

About a hundred years before the Christian year there was a school of very able sculptors active in Rhodes. Their work showed a love of the sensational, and the subjects they delighted in were the kind that would have been very displeasing to the great masters of the fifth century B. C. But the skill of these men compels the admiration of the world.

Among them was a father and two sons, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, who were destined to attach their names immortally to a



THE VATICAN MUSEUM—ROME

STATUES WITH A STORY

work of sculpture representing another father and his two sons. The tragic group of the Laocoon (lay-ok'co-en) is a striking example of the art in sculpture of that time. A very eminent critic, Dr. Ernest Gardner, states the case as follows: "We cannot help feeling that the object of the sculptor was not so much to express in marble the story of Laocoon as to make use of the theme as a pretext for a group of figures struggling in the agony of a cruel death; and however much we may admire the skill with which he has rendered his repulsive subject, the choice of such a subject in itself suffices to show that he—or rather the age in which he lived—had lost the finer instinct for sculptural fitness. Death, in itself, when met with a fortitude like that of the dying Gaul, may reveal the character as nothing else can, and show a quiet dignity which affords an admirable subject for sculpture; but the case is different when such a subject leads to a mere pathological study of agony and contortion."

This expresses the general feeling of art students concerning this far-famed work. The statue is not perfect as we see it today. The restoration of Laocoon's right arm is entirely wrong. The hand should be brought



THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ROME

down behind the head, producing a much simpler and compact outline. The contrast of the young forms of the boys and the magnificent physique of the father makes a strong appeal even to the most careless observer. The conscience and knowledge of the sculptors on this work is simply overpowering. Who could equal it today?

THE DYING GAUL

Here is a more grateful and pleasing thing. It is a tribute of a brave people to a formidable foe. What a dance these Gauls ("future Frenchmen" they have been called) had led the Greeks for years. Primitive Rome had been sacked by them as far back as 390 B. C., and throughout distant Asia Minor they had spread like locusts. With their strange weapons and manner of fighting, their personal strength and stature, and their courage, they made themselves feared as no well-known enemy could have done. Attalus of Pergamum, in Asia Minor, celebrated his reign by a vigorous campaign against the Gauls, which crushed them almost, though not quite, into permanent submission. Among other records of this was a great group of sculpture erected in Pergamum by the conqueror. The work was done by a company of skillful men brought from Greece for that purpose. The descendants and pupils of these men formed the extraordinary school of Pergamum, whose works are the wonder of today. Among the products of the earlier period of this school was the noble "Dying Gaul," which used to be considered a "Dying Gladiator," "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and, as such, was immortalized by Byron in his well known poem. It is probable that this marble figure, which now rests in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, is a reproduction of one of the bronzes of the original triumphal group. It is a remarkable characterization—hair, features and even the skin are plainly different from the Greeks—while the moustache and the rope around the neck show his race. The great thing about this admirable statue—greater even than its fine modeling and accurate anatomy—is its pathetic dignity. The poet has caught it.



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES



THE RIVER NILE AT TEMPLE OF PHILAE

“He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one.”

OLD FATHER NILE

We do not know just when the Greeks began to personify rivers in sculpture, but the reclining figure was early recognized as a symbol of moving water. It is not strange, then, that in the larger world-power of Greece the mysterious and long nameless Nile should be honored with this sort of personification. The well-known figure of the Nile in the Vatican is a striking example of this. We do not know who made it, nor where it was made. Some are convinced that it was Egyptian in origin; others declare it has nothing in common with Egyptian work and that it was produced elsewhere, perhaps to adorn the garden or villa of

S T A T U E S W I T H A S T O R Y

some rich Roman who had returned from travels in Egypt and wanted a fitting memorial.

The statue has always been a great favorite. The sixteen babies which climb over the recumbent giant are delightful in their various attitudes and expressions. The one in the cornucopia is the best liked of all. It is the most complete and self sufficient. The great river god heeds them not, but reclines in serene contemplation. His face is quite impassive, the body is languid grace itself.

The grouping of the little people is very happy. It seems accidental, yet it would be difficult to move one of them to the advantage of the whole composition.

Of course, this is not the highest art, but there is room in this world, and need, for the playful as well. In this work the artist has let his fancy play like the elfish little creatures that climb unnoticed over the sleeping giant.

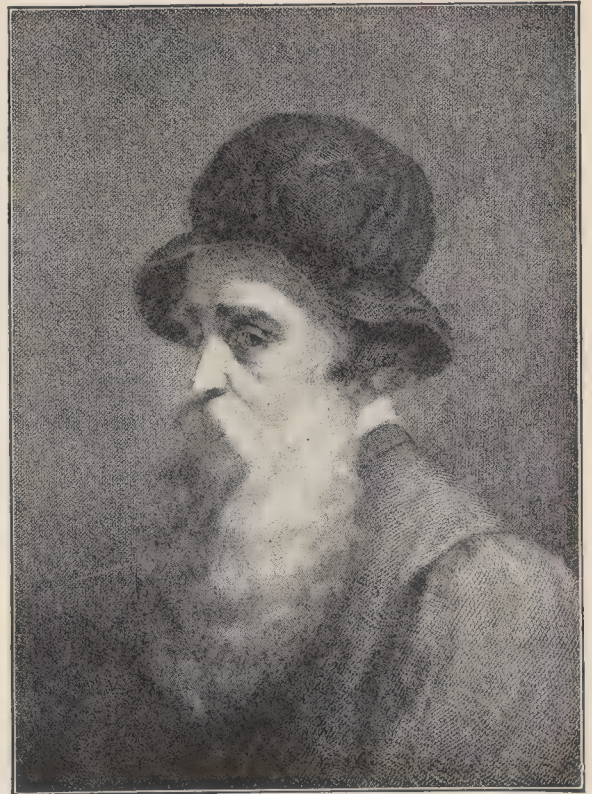
In this same mood one may be forgiven for recalling a complacent self-appointed young woman who acted as guide for an American party visiting the Museum of the Vatican. When one of her followers asked her what this statue was, she gave it one glance and replied: "Why, don't you know, 'Suffer little children to come unto me!'"

THE FARNESE BULL

This is one of the curiosities of Rhodes. We know it as "The Farnese Bull" because it was long in possession of the Farnese (far-nay'-zay) family at Naples, in the museum of which city it still remains.

That the thing was created to "make a sensation" there can be no doubt. It has not a theme that needed to have been put in everlasting marble!

Some wealthy patron of the arts must have recognized its showy possibilities and have given the commission in order to call attention to himself. The work is not inspiring in any way, and must have put its



BENVENUTO CELLINI



COLLEONI STATUE—VENICE

author to a good deal of irksome labor. It simply could not be made interesting all around, so a number of stage properties have been stuck in. As it is, great spaces remain most meagrely filled, while no heed at all has been paid to the old principle that a true sculptural group should be so compact and interwoven that the downward cut of a sword anywhere would cleave through at least two figures. The figures stand about casually with no special relation to each other, though it is true from some points of view the group does pile up into a harmonious structure.

Some reserve must be used in criticism of this work, however, for a good deal of it is restoration. A certain learned professor used to say

that the only thing left from the original group was the dog's hind legs. This is a grim, scholarly joke, but the fact remains that without the aid of certain Pompeian paintings it would have been impossible to put the few fragments together.

COLLEONI

A few years ago a sculptor who had an equestrian statue to make set out to obtain photographs of all the equestrian statues in the world. He announced that there were only about sixty of them in existence worthy of the name. Of these it is certain that the "Colleoni" (kol-lay-o'-nee) of Venice, made about 1490 by Andrea Verrochio (vay-rok'-key-o) and Alessandro Leopardi, (lay-o-par'-dee) leads the procession.

Partnerships in sculpture were rare. In this case the division of work was inevitable, for Verrochio died before its completion. Judging from his other sculptures, this was good fortune, but Leopardi brought something that Verrochio evidently lacked. John Addington Symonds tells us in his admirable work on the Renaissance (rén-nay-sanse) that, "The breath of life that animates both horse and rider, the richness of detail that enhances the massive grandeur of the group, and the fiery spirit of its style of execution, were due to the Venetian genius of Leopardi."

What an idea of relentless force this mighty bronze conveys! With what momentum it has been charged! Those of us who like to see a statue permanently planted on its pedestal will trouble a little over the disaster which must come with the next step. But we are carried away in the general enthusiasm, and we enjoy without reservation when we really have some right to criticise. Of course, if a horse must walk off his pedestal, then the pedestal should be low enough so that it would not hurt much. But we love the whole thing as it is; glorious charger, superbly threatening warrior, and admirable pedestal. It all constitutes one of Venice's chief jewels. Such things put eternal soul into a city.

PERSEUS

Benvenuto Cellini (ben'-ven-noo'-to chel-lee'-nee) born in 1500, was one of the most picturesque and vivid figures of the Renaissance. Few of his sculptured works remain, but his autobiography ranks among the most fascinating works of all the world's literature. Nothing more frank could be written. It opens a window for us into the very heart of that astonishing age. Benvenuto Cellini's life was a stormy one. He saw everything that was going on, and if we take his own word for it he did a large part of it himself. He was on intimate terms with the great, and he was either in great honor or in great trouble, according to his adventures. Cellini brags of his loves, his quarrels, his murders, and his sculptures with equal satisfaction. He tells us that some of the latter were the most beautiful ever made. He was recognized as the greatest goldsmith of his time, but the products of this exquisite art have always been exposed to dangers unknown to cheaper materials, and little remains of his skill in designing plate, armor, or jewelry.

His best known work, and the one he calls his greatest masterpiece, is his "Perseus" (pur'-seos) which he made in 1554, and which was at once honored with a position in the Loggia dei Lanzi, (lowj'-ja day-ee lahnd'-zee) in Florence, where it has stood for three and a half centuries. In its day it was loaded with compliments. It was a true product of its age, and just what the people desired. The elaborate pedestal seems to us unsuited to its purpose, but the skill of the goldsmith is nowhere more



VERROCHIO

STATUES WITH A STORY

apparent than in its decorations and in the statues which fill its niches. There is no doubt of the man's sincerity of conviction that he was "doing the most perfect thing ever seen."

In one of the museums of Florence is Cellini's first study for the Perseus, a perfectly delightful little figure. If the complacent sculptor had succeeded in giving to the larger figure the charm and distinction of his first sketch, it would have merited all of his eulogies. In its development the first inspiration was lost; Perseus grew heavy and "prosperous"—too faithful a copy mayhap of the model who posed for it. But it is still a notable work, and vastly interesting because of the story of its making and the scenes that it has looked down upon from its ornate pedestal in the Loggia, which contains the treasures of sculpture so prized by Florentines and admired by all visitors.



LOGGIA DEI LANZI—FLORENCE

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



BOOKS ON SCULPTURE

History of Sculpture *Marquand and Frothingham*

History of Sculpture *Lübke*

Schools and Masters of Sculpture *Radcliffe*

The Renaissance in Italy *Symonds*

Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini



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THE DISCOVERERS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



N a certain day in February, 1492, there rode along the narrow pass at the foot of Mount Elvira, a few miles from Granada in Spain, a man with his head bowed low over his breast. The little mule he was riding stumbled along wearily. Suddenly behind him he heard the noise of swiftly galloping hoofs. Still he did not raise his head. But when the single hurrying horseman drew alongside at last and slowed down, the rider of the mule looked up to see who it was. There followed a hurried conversation of few words, and then the man on the mule, his eyes beaming, his face alight with hope and pride, and his head erect, turned quickly his jaded beast, and, together with the man on horseback who had followed him, rode back the way he had come.

The man on the mule was Christopher Columbus, and the one who caught up to him was a messenger sent by King Ferdinand of Spain to tell him that at last, after seven long years of weary waiting and pleading of his cause, his requests were to be granted. He was to be made commander of an expedition that was to attempt to discover a new and shorter way to Asia, India, and the magic East. Only that very morning Columbus, tired of waiting around the Court of Spain, had set forth intending to present his cause to France, with the hope that he might get aid there to pursue the great enterprise he had in view.

This man, Columbus, or Colombo, as his name is spelled in Italian, was born at Genoa, Italy, somewhere about 1446 or 1451. It was probably about 1474 that he first conceived the idea of discovering a new route to Asia. For the next ten years he made proposals of discovery to many of the governments of Europe; but none would listen to him. Finally, after he had almost given up hope, Spain agreed to aid him.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus set sail in command of three little ships, the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña, the largest of which, the Santa Maria, was only ninety feet long. On the twelfth of October of the same year land was seen, and Columbus landed on one of the Bahama Islands, formally taking possession in the name of King Ferdinand of Spain. Columbus named the island San Salvador. This island is supposed to be the one now known as Watling Island.

Columbus returned to Spain in March, 1493, and his journey through the country to Barcelona was a triumphal march. In September of that year he sailed again, and discovered the Windward Islands, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. He founded a colony and returned to Spain. On his third voyage he discovered the Orinoco. Then he was accused on false charges by men who were envious and jealous of him, and he and his brother Bartholomew were taken back to Spain in chains. The captain of the ship on which he was brought back offered to remove the chains; but Columbus answered, "No, I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." On reaching Spain, however, he was quickly freed.

His fourth voyage was to explore the Gulf of Mexico; but he was taken sick at San Lucar and lay there for several months. Broken in body and spirit he returned to Spain and died at Valladolid on May 20, 1506. The house in which he died bears a small tablet which reads simply, "Here died Columbus."



The Story of America in Pictures

THE DISCOVERERS

THE CABOTS

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



ALTHOUGH it was Columbus who discovered the land of the western hemisphere, North America was really discovered by the Cabots, John and his son Sebastian. And it is interesting to note that, while all three of these men were Italians, their great discoveries were made under the flags of foreign countries. Columbus, who never knew that he had found a new land, but believed always that he had reached Asia, served the king of Spain. The Cabots were in the employ of English merchants.

Giovanni Caboto, or John Cabot as he is called, was a native of the same town as Columbus, being born in Genoa in 1450. Most people think that Columbus was the only man of his time to believe that the earth was round; but there were many others who had the same idea, among them being John Cabot. Full of this idea, he moved to London about 1484. He submitted his proposition to the leading merchants of Bristol, England, and met instant encouragement.

For many years Cabot tried to carry out his plans to reach Asia by sailing west; but all his attempts ended in failure. And then in 1493 the news reached England that a sailor named Columbus had reached the East Indies by sailing westward. Cabot and his backers immediately decided to accomplish the same thing, and on May 2, 1497, he set out with Sebastian, two other sons, of whom nothing is known, and eighteen men, in a little ship called the *Mathew*.

At last, after being fifty-two days at sea, at five o'clock on Saturday morning, June 24, 1497, they reached the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island. North America had been discovered; but John Cabot, finding the soil fertile and the climate pleasant, was firmly convinced that he had reached the northeastern coast of Asia, from where came the silks and precious stones that he had seen at Mecca. The royal banner was unfurled, and in solemn form he took possession of the country in the name of King Henry VII of England.

On his return to Bristol in August he hastened to court, where the king gave him \$50 for having "found the new isle."

The following year Cabot made a second voyage of discovery, hoping this time to secure some of the fabled riches of the East. But he sailed too far to the north, and was finally forced to return without having realized his dream. He died the same year, 1498.

His son Sebastian was born at Bristol, England, in 1477, and accompanied his father on his first voyage to North America. After the death of John Cabot, Sebastian made many voyages to both North and South America. He died in 1557.



BALBOA DISCOVERING THE PACIFIC

The Story of America in Pictures

THE DISCOVERERS

VASCO NUÑEZ BALBOA

Monograph Number Three ■ The Mentor Reading Course



ALL alone on a high peak in Panama a man stood gazing westward with glistening eyes. Spellbound he stood, thrilled by the wonderful sight spread out before him,—a wilderness of forest, cut through with silvery streams, and bounded by the watery horizon. There before him lay the ocean, since named the Pacific, for the sight of which he had labored and fought so many days and nights. Sparkling like a million precious stones beneath the glare of the sun, the vast, seemingly boundless sea spread out farther than the eye could reach.

“With eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

Balboa sank to his knees and gave thanks to God for the great blessing bestowed upon him of being the first civilized man to look upon this wonderful sight; then rising he called to his men, who at his command were waiting below on the mountainside, to come up where he was and gaze upon the glorious ocean which they had so long sought to behold. They rushed up, and when they were all gathered together on top of the mountain Balboa formally took possession of this ocean and all the adjacent lands in the name of his royal master, the king of Spain, and had a tree shaped in the form of a cross and placed on the spot from which he had first seen the sea. Around this tree was placed a heap of stones to hold it in place, and then the entire company knelt down while the priest offered devout thanks to the Almighty.

This was on September 25, 1513, when Vasco Nuñez Balboa was thirty-eight years old. He was born at Xeres de los Caballeros, Spain, in 1475. Being heavily in debt at Hispaniola, he escaped his creditors and joined an expedition under Martin Fernandez de Encisco by concealing himself in a barrel, in which he was taken aboard the ship. This expedition was bound to the colony of San Sebastian in Darien; but they were shipwrecked and met hostile natives. Then they learned of the destruction of the colony of San Sebastian, and decided to found one of their own, which they called Santa Maria de la Antigua de Darien. Balboa couldn't get along with Encisco, and he set out to explore the country, discovering the Pacific, which he called the “Mar del Sur,” meaning “Sea of the South.”

Later he was enticed back to the colony and tried on the charge of treason. After a short trial, which ended in his conviction, Balboa and four of his companions were executed. This was in 1517. Balboa protested his innocence and loyalty to the last; but in vain.



COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP, THE "SANTA MARIA"

The Story of America in Pictures

THE DISCOVERERS

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course

FERDINAND MAGELLAN



OUR little ships—battered, storm driven, their rigging coated with ice—struggled along a narrow, tortuous strait fringed by snow-clad mountains. Up and down on the deck of the foremost vessel, the *Trinidad*, strode a thin, haggard man, peering ahead through the mist with anxious eyes. Beside him walked another man, bearded, talking in short, sharp sentences. Louder and louder grew his words, fiercer and fiercer his gestures; but the haggard man said nothing, only shaking his head stubbornly.

This was Magellan, the first man with the courage to attempt to sail entirely around the world, pushing on, as he said, "even if we had to eat the leather of the rigging." That was the brave commander's last day of doubt, however, for on the next day, the twenty-eighth of November, 1520, his little fleet rounded the *Cabo Deseado*, the "desired" western end of the Strait of Magellan, and sailed into the peaceful ocean named "Pacific" by Magellan himself.

Ferdinand Magellan had an exciting life. He was born in Portugal about 1480. He was only twenty-four when he made his first voyage to India, where he was wounded in battle. A few years later he fought bravely against the Malays at Malacca, and received as a reward for his many services the rank of captain. He continued to distinguish himself on many subsequent voyages and campaigns.

But he was not content with the honors he had won. Like Columbus and most of the adventurers of that time, Magellan dreamed always of a shorter route to the East by sailing westward. His idea was that at the extreme south of South America there was a strait.

About this time he got into trouble with Manuel, king of Portugal, and renounced his nationality, going to Spain, there to offer his services to Charles V. Finally with the aid of several powerful friends at court he managed to persuade the Spanish king that his plan was possible. On August 10, 1519, the little fleet of five ships started on their hazardous voyage, which only one of them ever completed. To equip this expedition cost over \$250,000.

After many months of struggles and disappointments a western passage was at last discovered—now called the Strait of Magellan. But even when the little fleet had managed to get through this into the calm waters of the Pacific, their troubles were only beginning. For ninety-eight days they crossed this sea, only twice sighting land—two bare little islands, sterile and uninhabited. Sawdust and rats became coveted food. But at last, in March, 1521, the *Ladrones* were discovered, and a little while afterward the Philippines.

From these islands Magellan never came away. Fighting on the side of one of the native chiefs against a hostile tribe, he was killed on April 27, 1521.

The *Victoria* managed to round the Cape of Good Hope and reach Spain once more. But only thirty-one men returned to Seville in the first vessel that ever made the tour of the earth.



The Story of America in Pictures

THE DISCOVERERS

JACQUES CARTIER

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



It is a peculiar fact that so little is known about the early life of the discoverer of the St. Lawrence River, Jacques Cartier. He was born in 1491; but this great French navigator is first heard of in 1534, when on the twentieth of April he started from St. Malo in command of an expedition consisting of two ships and sixty-one men to look for a northwest passage to the East.

This was what most of the early discoverers and explorers were trying to find. They were not farseeing enough to know that this great, savage country that blocked their way to India was some day to be one of the richest and greatest lands in the world. So when the French trade to Brazil in South America was stopped, Cartier set out in 1534 to find a new way to the mystic East with its fabulous wealth.

He reached Newfoundland on May 10, and at once entered the strait of Belle Isle, then called the Bay of Castles by the fishermen. But the land was found to be barren and rocky. So Cartier sailed away from there on June 15, and cruised down the west coast of Newfoundland and up the coast of New Brunswick. He anchored for ten days in Gaspé Harbor, where he made friends with some Huron-Iroquois Indians from Quebec. Two of these he carried away with him. At last, however, he had to give up his search for a northwest passage that year, and sail back to France.

But he didn't give up this idea. In May, 1535, he set sail again, this time with three ships. On the ninth of August he dropped anchor in a great gulf, to which the next day he gave the name of St. Lawrence. About a month later he reached the mouth of the Saguenay. The two Indians whom he had taken to France were with him. They told Cartier that Saguenay was the name of a kingdom "rich and wealthy in precious stones."

This was great news to the navigator, and he resolved to find this kingdom. In longboats he set off up the St. Lawrence River. On October 2, he came upon the Huron-Iroquois village of Hochelaga. This village was situated exactly where the city of Montreal now stands.

Cartier found that he couldn't go up the river any farther because the swift Lachine Rapids were in his way. He climbed to the top of Mount Royal, which still bears the name he gave it, and saw the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa stretching away to the west. When he got back to where he had left his vessels he seized the chief and eleven of the head men of the village and carried them away with him, in order to give the King of France accurate information about this great, rich country of the north which he had not seen.

In 1541 Cartier made a persevering attempt to discover this land of dreams; but without success. He never reached the mythical Saguenay. On September 1, 1557, Jacques Cartier died.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

The Story of America in Pictures

THE DISCOVERERS

HENRY HUDSON

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



NE day many, many years ago, some Indians were out in a canoe fishing on what is now the Hudson River. Suddenly they saw a strange apparition coming toward them up the stream. It appeared to be either a big canoe or a wonderful wigwam. Quickly they paddled for shore, after seeing that there were people moving on this strange contrivance, and informed the rest of their tribe. Everyone thought that it must be a number of Manitous (gods) come to visit them. So they dressed themselves in their gayest skins and beads, and went down to the shore to greet the visitors.

When a number of their fair-skinned guests had landed, he who seemed to be the Chief Manitou of all poured something from a bottle into a bowl and passed it to the Indian chief. This one solemnly smelled it and then passed it to his neighbor. He also merely smelled this liquor with the pleasant odor. And thus it went around the circle of braves. Finally, when the bowl reached the last man, he resolved to taste the liquor. He thought that it would probably kill him; but he was not afraid to die for the honor of the tribe. He raised the bowl to his lips and emptied it. Soon he began to sway from side to side, and finally fell to the ground and lay like one dead. After some hours, however, he revived and declared that he had had a wonderful time, and wanted some more of the strange liquor. This encouraged the rest of the braves to try it, and soon the entire tribe was intoxicated.

That is the Indian legend of the discovery by Henry Hudson of the great river that has been named after him. It was in September, 1609, that the little Half Moon sailed into the mouth of the Hudson River, and its navigator landed on Manhattan Island. But Hudson never dreamed that only three hundred years from that time this small wooded bit of land would be part of the second greatest city in the world—New York. In fact, he was not there to found a city. He had but one idea—to discover a northwest passage to India.

Contrary to the belief of many people, Henry Hudson was not a Dutchman, but an Englishman and a citizen of London. He was born there in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Hudson made his first voyage in 1607, and his second in 1608. It was on his third voyage, in 1609, that he explored the Hudson River. The surrounding country was seen to be pleasant and fertile and full of game. They found few hostile savages, and did a great deal of profitable trading with the peaceful Indians.

On his fourth and last voyage Hudson sailed from England in the Discovery to seek a northwest passage. He did not accomplish his purpose; but he did discover the great bay that now bears his name. The provisions on the ship ran low, and his crew mutinied under the leadership of Robert Juet. Finally, Hudson was thrust into an open boat, together with his little son John, and seven sick sailors, and the boat was cut adrift. Thus he perished on a midsummer's day of 1611 in that great waste of waters which is "his tomb and his monument."

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STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES *THE DISCOVERERS*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

JOHN CABOT

JACQUES CARTIER

VASCO NUÑEZ BALBOA

HENRY HUDSON

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

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CONSIDERING how comfortably the native peoples of America got on from the Creation down to 1492, and how little liking most of them showed for the Europeans who came to visit them, it is a curious thing that Europe just before 1500 A. D. should all at once have made up its mind to go west, or at least westward. This sudden awakening to the fact that if the ocean had an eastern shore it might have a western was, however, not at all due to any interest in any New World, but to a desire to despoil the Old World. Most of the early discoverers were in their own minds bound for the coast of Asia; for Europeans always knew that there was an India, a Japan, and a China. The Roman Empire tried to send an embassy to China: medieval monarchs liked Chinese silks, and their wives wore pearls from Ceylon. Later, Marco Polo went all the way overland to the Chinese coast, and came back home with wondrous tales which we now know were substantially true; Hanno, the Carthaginian, sailed westward and southward along the African coast, and came back through the Red Sea—and long did the gorilla's skin that

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he brought home with him hang in a temple, as a sort of Free Museum of African Art. Yet the bold seamen of southern and western Europe, makers of charts for other seamen's use, were somehow unable to think out a water route to India till the Portuguese, pushing southward again and again, approached the Cape of Good Hope, just as Columbus began thinking of sailing west.

WHY DID COLUMBUS SAIL WEST?

Simply because he thought it was the shortest route to eastern Asia. He knew nothing about Leif Ericson and Vinland the Good, and the Skraelings—these first Americans to criticize the manners of European visitors. Columbus, with all his pluck, discovered America by the same kind of finesse that a bull discovers a stone wall between him and the lady with a red parasol; namely, by striking against it head on. America was a tie across the railroad track of Columbus, a cordon of police keeping people off a baseball field,—America barred Columbus from that Asia which he sought and never saw.

Nevertheless, there was something that animated Columbus, and all the other discoverers after him, besides the wish to get to Asia; particularly after the Portuguese in 1496 found a good water highway around Africa, reached far-off India, and straightway began to conquer it. The first lure to the discoverer was love of adventure; for Europe still put trust in amazing beliefs about human beings who lived somewhere on the edges of the world. Medieval children's books contained pictures of dog-headed men, and men with but one foot, which they twisted up over their heads to form a sun umbrella; and a practical joke that lasted for centuries was the belief that Englishmen had tails. It was an age of adventures; knights errant had just gone out of style; and so commonplace a traveler as John Smith, later of Virginia, fought with Turks. Anybody who desired it could have a first-class adventure with pirates; though



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

The famous British sea-fighter. He plundered the gold-laden ships of the Spaniards along the Spanish Main.

commonly one adventure of that kind prevented a second one. If you sailed to Egypt or Constantinople, you circulated among people who wore outlandish dress, spoke barbarous tongues, and came from impossibly distant countries.

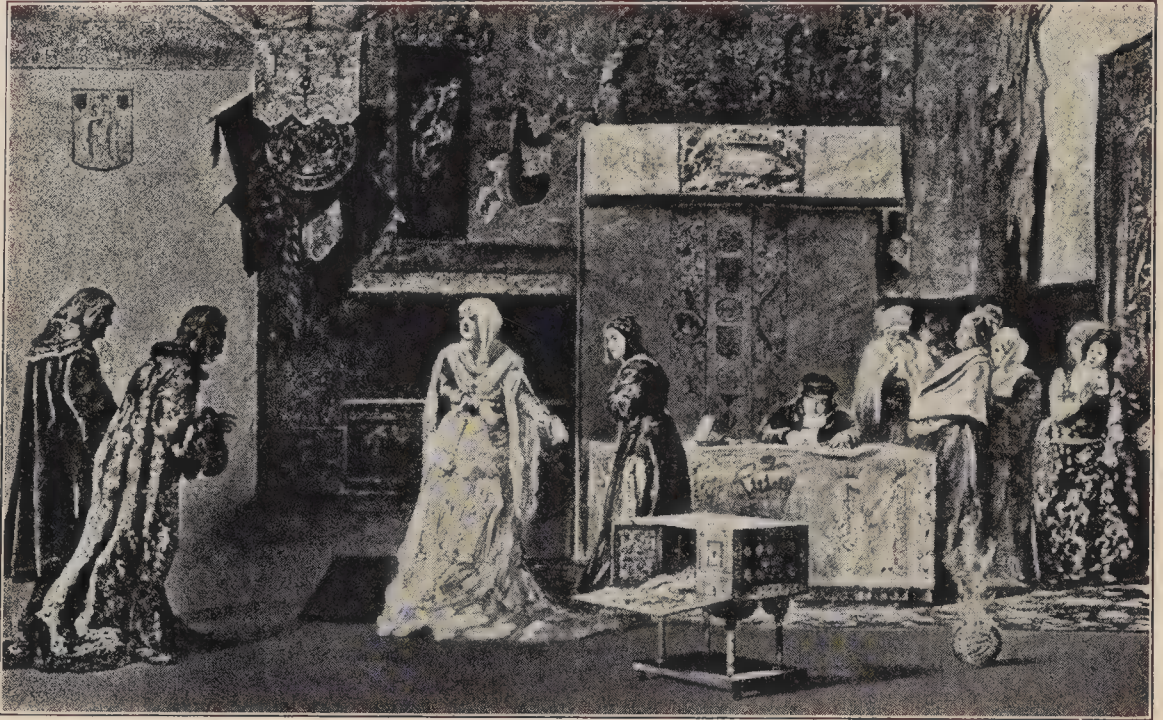
THE JOYS OF DISCOVERY

A youngster could not stir out of his home town in Europe without getting into exciting trouble; and once across the ocean he had the delirious joy of seeing things that white men never saw before. Think of the roaring fun of sailing northward along the American coast with a spanking breeze from the southwest,—today discovering Florida; tomorrow skirting the sea islands of the Carolinas, and netting a big turtle for dinner; next day just sheering off Cape Hatteras, and leaving it to wreck other vessels; the day after looking into the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and making your first acquaintance with Baltimore oysters; a week later casting anchor between two great tidewaters off a long and rocky island which you neglected to call Manhattan; then getting tangled up in Massachusetts Bay, receiving caneloads of brown savages with streaks of red paint, clad in beaver and otter skins—Supercargo, get your scissors and nails ready for good trading with these innocents! And as you sail along the coast you spy crowds of natives,—natives clad in feathers; natives clad in furs; natives clad in their own innocence; natives enticing; natives shy; natives fierce and bow-armed and disrespectfully urging you to go home again; natives for the first time made aware of the uproarious



COLUMBUS ON THE SANTA MARIA

Many worried days and nights did Columbus spend on the deck of his flagship before land was sighted.



ISABELLA PLEDGING HER JEWELS

The queen of Spain pledged her jewelry to finance the expedition of Columbus. To her faith is due in great part the discovery of America.

joy of alcoholic drink; natives affrighted by the white man's booming thunder-tubes. Who would not be a discoverer of lands hitherto unknown?

THE EARLY DISCOVERERS

All the early discoverers, however much they liked the sport, came over here with an eye to the main chance: they were not sent out by geographical societies to map new countries and to bring home motion pictures of buffaloes and medicine-men. From Columbus on, they were much less interested in the land than in what grew on the land, and particularly what could be dug up from under the land. Columbus and Balboa and Magellan did not go out to bring home painted savages and monkeys, but silks and jewels, and gold, gold, gold, of the Orient. The name West Indies bears evidence of Columbus's belief that through his western route he had reached the Indies—by which people meant the coast of Asia. On one voyage in Cuba he got his sailors together and made them take oath that they were in Asia; and it was a great shock to him later on to bump upon what he reasoned must be a great continent known neither to Marco Polo nor to Vasco da Gama.

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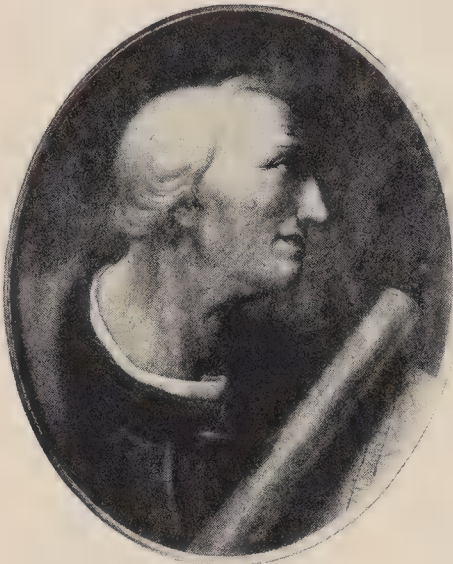
Very likely Columbus envied the Portuguese who reached India, pushed eastward to Ceylon and Malacca, and thence to the coast of China,—where at Macao you still may see faded remnants of their tarnished glory,—and to mysterious Japan. Columbus was an adventurer, and a slave trader, and a poor colonizer; but he had the pluck to go where no man had ever gone before. Yet he died without realizing that he had added two continents to human knowledge; that an inferior explorer, Amerigo Vespucci, would affix his name to both those continents, leaving to Columbus the feeble immortality of the United States of Colombia; Columbus, Ohio; Barlow's poem, "The Vision of Columbus"; and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Of course the mere visiting and naming of the new lands did not enrich the discoverers or the lands from which they came; but Columbus saw the opportunity for picking up other people's territory and transferring it to his masters. For, after all, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain were the people who got the most advantage out of the discovery. Europeans were still like a lot of savage tribes, fighting viciously among themselves for desirable forests and rich meadows and pockets of ore. Ferdinand



THE PINTA

The Pinta was one of the three little vessels with which Columbus first crossed the Atlantic Ocean.



AMERIGO VESPUCCI

For whom the new world, America, was named.

and Isabella had just moved into their new possession of Granada, and at various times the Spaniards were masters of parts of Italy, Naples, Sicily, the Netherlands, and almost of England. The Spanish arm stretched across the ocean instinctively, and as the Spaniards were among the boldest sailors of their time, and were great traders, they forthwith set up a colonial empire; and held on to its last remnant, Cuba, for 406 years.

JOHN CABOT'S DISCOVERIES

When it came to extending an empire, the neighbors of Spain were quite as wide-awake; and hence in 1497 John Cabot, like Columbus an Italian in foreign service, set out to see what lands he could discover for England. That was a bold man too, to

start across the stormy northern sea in a little craft with but eighteen sailors. He discovered a new coast, sailed along it about 300 leagues, probably from Labrador to Cape Breton; and after three months came back alive, and the king dressed him in silk. That puissant monarch, Henry VII., had in view a widening of the power and wealth of England; and a hundred years later the English claimed that Cabot had discovered the northern parts, as Columbus had discovered the western and southern parts—so that the people of the United States are in a way all great-grandchildren of that brave discoverer.

THE PORTUGUESE AND FRENCH

England was not the only European power to join in the scramble, when it was once realized that two magnificent continents lay there without a Christian church or a trading post. It is a curious fact that if Columbus had never reappeared from that mysterious western ocean America would still have been discovered within eight



HERNANDO CORTÉS

The explorer and conqueror of Mexico.



MAGELLAN LANDING AT THE PHILIPPINES

He never came away from there. When fighting on the side of a native chief he was killed. But his expedition succeeded in going round the world.

years; for in 1500 Cortereal blundered upon the coast of Brazil when sailing from Portugal to India. And that is why the Portuguese had a colony in South America; why their descendants are now carrying on the republic of Brazil, and raising the price of our morning coffee. It is a long story how the Spaniards and the Portuguese, under a bull of the pope, drew a north and south line round the world, dividing their colonial possessions, and thus affirming to Spain all of South America except Brazil.

The French were early in the field of discovery. In 1524 Verrazano escaped from hurricanes, and "reaching a new country, which had never before been seen by anyone, either in ancient or modern times," which was probably the coast of Georgia; thence he ran north what he thought to be 700 leagues (though it was not) to Rhode Island. The first Frenchman to claim a great section of America for France was Captain Jacques Cartier, who hoisted sail with two ships from St. Malo in 1534, struck the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and bore away home, returning next year to find "as goodly a country as possibly can with the eye be seen, all replenished

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with very goodly trees," which was the banks of the River St. Lawrence. The French, however, struck a part of America not favorable for olives and palms. They thought perhaps they could find a water passage up the St. Lawrence to Asia; but the little town of Lachine just above Montreal was the only China that they ever reached. They got their profit out of the fur trade. And nothing is finer in the history of the New World than the courage and faith with which the missionary and the fur trader, often in the same canoe, set out to civilize the interior. The number of French in the colonies grew very slowly; but the profits of the fur trade made their discoveries worth while to them.

The Italians and Germans, who were among the best seamen of their time, ought to have had a share in America; but they were absorbed in wars of their own, for which they paid a terrible price. Now, when they would like colonies, they found the New World had all been allotted. So for a century the Spaniards had it pretty much their own way, and for a long time could not get rid of the idea that America was made up of enormous islands; even when Balboa, in 1513, set out to find that big western water of which the natives told him; even after he dabbled his feet in the boundless Pacific Ocean, the Spaniards still hoped that there was a rift in the continent, and that somewhere they would find a western road to India after all. After the conquest of Mexico by Cortés in 1523 they knew that the land was continuous, and began to dream of a canal—though it has been left to the United States of America, and to our day, to make that dream true.

MAGELLAN CIRCLES THE GLOBE

Yet it was not a Spaniard, but a Portuguese, who brought triumph to the ghost of Columbus by proving true Columbus's main contention that you could reach Asia by sailing west. No bolder discoverer ever lived than Magellan, who, fitted out by the Spanish government in 1520, navigated his little fleet down the east side of South America, crossed the mighty fresh-water entrance to the Amazon, followed every indentation of the coast, fought his own men when they mutinied, named the big natives in the south Patagonians (that is, "big feet"), finally struck the strait that still bears his name, and entered upon a sea which he called the Pacific. Months passed before he struck the Ladrone Islands, and then the Philippines, where Magellan was killed by the natives; nevertheless one of his ships rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and returned to Spain. For the first time in the history of mankind the world had been circumnavigated.

The Philippine Islands thus became Spanish property—probably a



CARTIER AT MONTREAL

It was he who gave the Gulf of St. Lawrence its name.

special dispensation of Providence, so as to keep the islands in subjection till they could be in due time transferred to the United States! As the Spaniards agreed with the Portuguese not to claim territory, nor to seek conquest in Asia, west of the Philippine Islands, that archipelago was considered by the Spaniards a part of the West Indies; and that is how in 1577 Drake was able to capture a treasure ship bound from the Philippines to the isthmus, and to relieve it of its superfluous wealth.

One reason why the Spaniards were the only people to found permanent colonies in the first hundred years after the discovery was that they hit upon the only part of America that could make them rich. They occupied and promptly conquered Mexico and Peru, in which there was an accumulation of gold, the product of ages. Having robbed the natives of what they had, they then began to work the mines, especially the two Potosís of Peru and Mexico; and for nearly three centuries what they called "plate fleets" brought home the specie that made Spain for a time apparently the richest country in Europe. That is why the English freebooters, particularly Drake, attacked the Spanish towns, tortured the



HENRY HUDSON

*The discoverer of the Hudson River and
Hudson Bay.*

inhabitants, and captured the Spanish caravels: they wanted a part of the booty. Meanwhile the Spanish sent out colonists, who occupied the islands and parts of the mainland; and sent out new discoverers, like Coronado, who in 1540 penetrated far into the interior of what is now the United States.

The English kept trying to find a northward route west of Greenland to Europe—and within the last few years a vessel has actually made a journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, around North America, but through a dark and icy sea. Seventy years after Cabot's time the English again turned their attention to the New World; and bold men, like Raleigh and his half

brother Gilbert, explored the coast and vainly tried to settle, first in Newfoundland, then in the Carolinas. After that the principal English discoveries were made in the interior.

DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON RIVER

The Dutch got started later in the race for America, because they had first of all to fight for their independence from Spain. They were good sailors; found their way to the Orient, where for a time they held Ceylon, and still hold some of the great islands. Then they turned westward, got up a trading company, and sent out Henry Hudson, an Englishman. Hudson struck the best part of the whole coast, the mouth of a river that was a natural highway into the interior. With it the Dutch got the rich valleys of that river and of the Mohawk, and also the Delaware. Henry Hudson was preparing the way for people who had natural business sagacity. A witty New England minister once remarked that the Pilgrims came to America for principle, but that the Dutch came for both principal and interest. It was a stroke of genius to become the middlemen between the Europeans and the powerful Six Nations, and to get a fur trade which compared with that of the French, and did not lead to so many frostbites.

The discoverers were men of a big type—they had to be, for most of them completed their journeys only by driving their crews with the flat of their swords, and sometimes with the point. A man had to be a good steersman and at the same time a hypnotist to arouse his fellows to the

T H E D I S C O V E R E R S

belief that there were great things somewhere beyond the western skyline. They were great men because they had great plans. Columbus looked forward to being a viceroy of Spain in Asia. John Cabot crossed the ocean in what would now be thought a craft too small for a Banks fisherman—and what is more he got back to tell the tale. Balboa was the first man to plan the conquest of Peru, and was practically murdered before he could get started. Magellan pointed the way to a relation between Europe and America and eastern Asia which is today the most important of international relations. Cartier was one of the boldest of the tribe; though no gulf, no strait, no continent, is named for him. Hudson made his discoveries under a foreign flag, and helped to build up a rival to his own country; but he has a great tide river for his monument.

Whatever the motives of the discoverers,—wealth, or power, or rank,—they all united in the great work of enlarging not only the boundaries of the known world, but the possibilities of human life. They opened up chances for millions of their countrymen; they prepared the way for new nations in the west.



HUDSON LANDING ON MANHATTAN

The Indians believed Hudson and his men to be gods, and welcomed them with gifts of all kinds.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Discoverers of America (2 volumes) | <i>John Fiske</i> |
| Spain in America | <i>Edward G. Bourne</i> |
| Christopher Columbus, and How
He Received and Imparted the
Spirit of Discovery | <i>Justin Winsor</i> |
| Toscanelli and Columbus | <i>Henry Vignaud</i> |
| History of the United States (Vol. 1) | <i>Edward Channing</i> |
| Discoveries of Prince Henry | <i>R. H. Major</i> |
| Narrative and Critical History of
America (Vol. 1) | <i>Justin Winsor</i> |
| The Northmen, Columbus,
and Cabot | <i>J. E. Olson and E. G. Bourne</i> |
| Life of Christopher Columbus | <i>Clements R. Markham</i> |



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject
of the week can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association
52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City



THE TOWER OF LONDON

FEW places in the world have served as the final stage setting for so many tragedies as the Tower of London, the grim fortress on the Thames, part of which dates from the time of William the Conqueror, and which has served as a royal residence as well as a royal prison. Many are the stories that cling about the dark old pile of stone.

That sweet-tempered monster, Henry VIII, who then lived at the Tower, had been on the throne of England a number of years when he began to tire of his queen, Catharine of Aragon, aunt of Emperor Charles of Germany, and cast about for a means of getting rid of her. His impatience was heightened by the appearance, a maid of honor to the queen, of a beautiful young girl of good family named Anne Boleyn, with whom Henry promptly fell head over heels in love. King Henry found her as good and gifted as she was beautiful, and he urged upon Pope Clement the fact that Catharine had been his brother's widow as a ground for annulling the former marriage.

That dignitary was in much trouble and in the power of Emperor Charles, whom he was anxious not to offend. The result was a series of conferences and delays which lasted over several years.

Exasperated by continued delay, Henry finally decided to take upon himself the whole responsibility, had his former marriage declared null, and married Anne Boleyn and brought her to live at his palace in the Tower. There followed the quarrel with the pope and the breaking of the ties between England and the Church of Rome.

There came a day when Henry, who had been desperately in love with Anne before his marriage, became tired of her, notwithstanding her accomplishments, her grace, and her beauty. His eyes were cast now on Jane Seymour, a lady in waiting. Anne's enemies fanned the king's estranged feelings with slanderous gossip. At Greenwich, during the progress of a tilting match, Anne accidentally dropped her handkerchief. The King, eager for any pretext,

seized upon this as evidence of a flirtation and had her cast into prison in the Tower. Thence she wrote pathetic appeals to the king, pleading her innocence. Her trial was a farce. She was condemned to die and was beheaded on the block that stood within the Tower inclosure, the scene of her recent splendor. Henry watched from a hill at Richmond for the smoke of the gun that announced the execution.

The Tower lies on the east of the city, outside the old walls. With a deep moat, now drained, and two thick walls of masonry, with towers at frequent intervals, it is still kept up as a garrison and fortress. Every one of its many towers and dungeons has its stories of tragedy and crime, its memories of horrible injustice and blind fanaticism. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey through the jealousy of his brother, King Edward IV. Here the two young princes, sons of Edward IV, were murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III; here King Henry VI was slain by the Duke of Gloucester in 1471. Here were confined and executed many of the foremost men and women in England. Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, afterward the great Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned here by her stepsister, Queen Mary.

One of the towers now contains the crown jewels of England, among which are some of the most celebrated gems in the world. Nowadays the Tower is a gloomy, desolate, and depressing pile, with memories of much that is unfair in English history. Around the spot where the fair Anne Boleyn was executed a pair of ravens now hop and croak like spirits of evil that have come back to haunt the scene of so much suffering and inhumanity.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE. LONDON



It might be said that Trafalgar Square is the result of a "vision." It would be more correct to say that the career of Admiral Nelson was tremendously influenced by a sudden determination of will which throughout his life made him face danger without flinching, and led to the great victory that has given its name

to this famous open spot of London. Horatio Nelson was born at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, September 29, 1758, the son of the rector of that place. He received smatterings of education at Norwich, Downham, and North Walsham, and in 1770, when only twelve years old, was entered on the *Raisonable*, of which his mother's uncle was commander. Voyages to the West Indies and to the arctic regions gave him some experience of the sea, and when fourteen years old he went to the East Indies in the *Seahorse*. At the end of two years he was invalided home in a state of exhaustion. In his own words, this is what happened:

"After a long and gloomy reverie in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me and presented my king and my country as my patron. My mind exulted in the idea.

"Well, then," I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"

He afterward spoke of this inspiration as his "radiant orb," and it affected his whole life. He became a lieutenant in 1777. In 1783 he led an attack on Turks Island, which was repulsed. In 1794 he lost his right eye at Calvi and three years later at Teneriffe his right arm was so wounded that it had to be amputated. This year he was one of the heroes of the battle of St. Vincent when the Spanish fleet was vanquished. The following year he was sent to discover the purposes of a great French fleet forming at Toulon, and after a long chase found that they had

gone to Egypt. The battle of the Nile destroyed the French fleet, and Nelson was looked upon as one of the greatest of naval heroes. It was in 1805 that the battle of Trafalgar was fought, between the combined fleets of France and Spain and that of England under Nelson. At its commencement Nelson flew the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty." The allies were crushed, and the last fear of Napoleon's ever invading England was banished. Nelson was mortally wounded, and died in a few hours with the words, "I have done my duty, thank God for that."

In 1843 in Nelson's memory the great pillar, 145 feet high, was finished, with a colossal statue of the Admiral upon it, and later Sir Edwin Landseer's lions were added to the base. This is the central monument in Trafalgar Square. On all sides sweeps the tide of London's traffic. Pall Mall and the Mall open into the square on one side, the Strand on the other; at the south end is Charing Cross, the official center and one of the busiest spots in the metropolis, and on the opposite side of this opens Whitehall, with the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, Downing Street, and the War Office, and the former palace where Charles I was executed. The National Gallery, with its priceless collection of paintings of older British and foreign masters, faces the north end of the square. Fountains which are constantly playing in the square are emblematic of the never-dying loyalty of every Englishman to the memory of Nelson and this "center of the empire" which bears the name of his last victory.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON



HERE is an old legend about the founding of Westminster Abbey that places it as early as the beginning of the seventh century. When the inhabitants of Kent had been converted by Saint Augustine, an influential and noble-born Roman, Mellitus, was consecrated first bishop of London, and he persuaded the king of the East

Saxons to build a church to Saint Peter at Thorneye, the spot where the abbey now stands. This church was to be consecrated on a Sunday early in 616.

One Saturday night a fisherman ferried a stranger, who proved to be Saint Peter himself. He told the fisherman to inform Mellitus that the consecration was complete, and rewarded his pilot with a miraculous draft of salmon, which were to be his lot and that of his posterity ever afterward. In return he was to refrain from Sunday fishing and give a tithe of what he caught to the church. The tradition is interesting because it gives Westminster an equal age with St. Paul's; and because for many years the monks claimed a portion of all fish caught in the Thames.

However this may be, the first authentic church at Westminster, so called from its being west of the city, was built by Edward the Confessor and consecrated in 1065. A few days later Edward died and was buried in the nave of his church. Afterward sainted by the pope, beloved by the commons, ■ favorite with the monks, Edward the Confessor's reign was looked back upon ■ a golden age. Henry III pulled down most of this church and built it anew. He chose his own burial place

there, and it came to be looked upon as ■ privilege to be buried near the Confessor. Edward I and his queen were buried there, as were long lines of kings and queens and members of the royal families. Chaucer was given burial there, and Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and great men innumerable.

Edward I, on his invasion of Scotland, seized at Scone the sacred stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head. This he brought to Westminster, a chair was built about it, and every monarch of England from that reign to this has sat in it at his coronation.

The Abbey begun by Henry III was carried on by Edward I, Richard II, Henry V, and was completed by Henry VII. The western towers, however, were not finished until 1740, so that the building of this beautiful edifice occupied five centuries. One of the finest examples of early English and Gothic architecture, its interior is a hallowed spot. On every hand are the monuments of potentates and princes, statesmen, soldiers, the great men of English letters. It is the Valhalla, the sacred burial place, of the nation, the spot where Fame puts a last touch upon the brow of him whose achievements have lent more luster to the honor of the nation.



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON



WHEN St. Paul's Cathedral was being rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in the seventeenth century, a stone was needed for one of the porticos, and one of the workmen brought from the ruins of the former church a piece that was put in place. Afterward it was seen to bear the inscription "Resurgam" (I shall rise again). This

old Latin word, carved upon some ancient grave, embodies a remarkable fact about St. Paul's; for upon this site there have been no less than five churches, each of the first four being destroyed and a new one rising from its ruins. It is certain that there was a church here in the time of the Romans, which was destroyed by the pagan Saxons and rebuilt by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 610. This was burned in 961, and rebuilt within the year. This, too, was destroyed in 1087 and a new one begun, which was completed in 200 years. In 1561 the spire of this church was destroyed by fire, and the building fell into dilapidation, much of the material being used to put into other buildings. The remains were destroyed by the great fire of 1666, and it was eleven years later that Wren undertook the construction of the present edifice, which was completed in thirty-five years. The funds were raised by a tax on coal.

St. Paul's, which is the most conspicuous building in London, is the fifth cathedral in size in Christendom and resembles St. Peter's at Rome, although it is smaller. In the form of a Roman cross, it is 500 feet long, 118 feet broad, and is surmounted by a great dome which is 364 feet to the top of the cross. Two campanile towers rise from the front, one containing a fine set of chimes, the other supporting the largest bell in England, "Great Paul," which weighs 16 tons.

Best seen from the Thames or from the opposite bank of the river, the majesty and generous dimensions of the cathedral and its dome are apparent. Near at hand, it is so hemmed in by business streets and blocks that it cannot be viewed to advantage.

While in a less degree than Westminster, St. Paul's is still the resting place of many of England's most noted dead. Most of her great soldiers and sailors, artists, archi-

fects, and musicians, lie here. Chief of these are Lord Nelson, whose bier stands in the crypt exactly beneath the center of the dome, and the Duke of Wellington, the former of whom crushed the forces of Napoleon on the sea, the latter on the land. In the crypt is the enormous funeral car that bore the "Iron Duke" to the grave in 1852. It was cast from cannon that he captured from the enemy.

Among the other noted dead that lie here are General Gordon, the martyr of Khartum; Lord Cornwallis; the artists Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Lawrence, Turner, Sir John Millais, and Landseer; Wren, who built the cathedral; and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer.

At the base of the dome is a gallery where a curious thing has occurred. The dome is so constructed that the slightest whisper at one side of the gallery may be distinctly heard at the opposite side, 108 feet away.

It was on the pavement in front of St. Paul's that Queen Victoria knelt in 1897 to give thanks on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne.

Just to the right and left the torrent of commerce sweeps past. There is the thunder and roar of the busiest part of the busiest city in the world. Just a few steps, within the cathedral, and all this is forgotten. The thunder is gone, or is but a faint and distant murmur. Instead there is the peace and quiet of this holy place, the rush broken only by the distant sounds of the service far down the interior. Then, for a moment, there is silence, and suddenly the splendid organ peals forth its mighty notes, which search out every corner of the vast cathedral and seem to add their voices as witnesses to the glory of departed heroes.





HERE is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?" This was the despairing cry of King John of France, whose 60,000 men had been put to rout by the 8,000 soldiers of Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers in 1356, one of the most amazing battles in the world's history. Himself hard pressed, King John surrendered and

was taken prisoner to the conquering Prince's tent, where he was received as a subject would receive a sovereign. The Prince maintained that his victory was but the outcome of chance or due to an overpowering providence that no human valor could overcome. Preparing for him an elaborate meal, the Prince stood behind his chair, waited on him, and refused to eat as being unworthy to sit at the same table with so illustrious a monarch. Arriving in England with his prisoner, the Black Prince, in quiet dress and on a small horse, contrasted strangely with King John, who was clothed in royal purple upon a great white war-horse. The whole population of London assembled to greet both conqueror and conquered, and King Edward III came out to receive King John as if he had been a visiting monarch instead of a vanquished rival and prisoner of war.

The climax of this chivalry was the lavish entertainment of the French monarch at the English court. A splendid banquet was given in Westminster Hall at which he was the guest of honor, which was one of the most notable feasts ever held in that historic edifice.

Westminster Hall, originally part of the old royal palace of Westminster, was begun in 1097 by Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. It was formerly the seat of Parliament, and has witnessed many stirring, historic events. In it Parliament declared the throne of Edward II forfeited; another deposed Richard II; here Charles I was tried and condemned; and a few years later Cromwell was saluted as the Lord Protector. Today Westminster Hall

is the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, where the law-making body of England holds its sessions. The main part of this vast pile has been erected since 1840, and it is one of the finest examples of Tudor architecture in existence. Extending for 940 feet along the bank of the Thames, the Houses of Parliament cover eight acres, and contain 11 courts, 100 stairways, and 1,100 apartments. Within and without they are adorned with more than 500 statues of sovereigns of England, members of royal and noble families, and men who have been eminent in public life. Three large towers rise above the main building, the tallest, Victoria Tower, rising to a height of 340 feet. It is through this that the King enters on the opening and prorogation of Parliament. In the clock tower is Big Ben, weighing 13 tons, one of the largest bells in England, whose tones can be heard over most of London.

The interior decorations and furnishing of the Houses of Parliament are rich to the point of magnificence. The House of Lords, where the peers of England meet, contains at one end the splendid throne of the king, with the throne of the Prince of Wales at its right, and that of the king's consort at the left. The House of Commons is in a direct line with the House of Lords, and has the speaker's chair at the end opposite to that occupied by the throne in the latter hall.

On the river side is a broad terrace of stone, on which the members walk or sit and drink their tea. By day a flag on Victoria Tower, and a light by night in the clock tower, indicate that Parliament is in session.





EARLY on a June morning seventy-six years ago there went furiously through a road leading to the western part of London four horses drawing a landau that bore the insignia of royalty. Within were two men. Drawing up before the palace of Kensington, the men ran in haste to the entrance and pulled the bell. They knocked and

rang for several minutes before the door was opened by a sleepy maid.

"We wish to see the princess," said one.

After several minutes the maid returned and replied that the princess "is enjoying a sweet sleep and cannot be disturbed," as it was but 5 o'clock in the morning. The men answered that they were on State business and that everything must give way to it, even sleep.

Presently a fair young girl with a startled look in her eyes appeared, wrapped in her dressing gown, her golden hair falling over both shoulders. When she saw the men and the serious look upon their faces, and even before they saluted her, she knew that her uncle was dead and that she was queen of England.

Thus began the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria, and then began also the renown of Buckingham Palace, to which the young Queen removed, as the London home of the reigning sovereign. For up to that time Buckingham Palace had served but as a temporary stopping place for the King. It was built by the Duke of Buckingham in 1703 and purchased by King George III in 1761 and occasionally occupied by him; George IV had it remodeled by Nash in 1825; but it remained empty until 1837, when the young Queen came there to live. It is a large quadrangle, beautifully located at

the west end of St. James's Park. The front is 360 feet long, and the ground floor contains several splendid rooms. These include the green drawing room, 50 x 33 feet; the sculpture gallery; the throne room, 66 feet long, with a frieze about it illustrating the Wars of the Roses; the library, the State ball room, 60 x 100 feet; and the picture gallery, 180 feet long, with a very fine selection of paintings by old masters. At the back of the palace are spacious grounds, strongly guarded, and surrounded by a high fence. When the monarch is in London the guard is changed in front of the palace each morning, and one of the famous regimental bands plays there for a quarter of an hour. To the north of the palace and garden, and separating it from Green Park, is Constitution Hill, a drive in which the life of Queen Victoria was several times threatened by fanatics. Recently it has been decided to reconstruct the entire form of the building, the present one being considered ugly and unattractive by the British public.

In the open space in front of the palace, conspicuous even from the far end of the Mall, is the magnificent memorial to Queen Victoria, who from that June morning in 1837, when as a young girl she took the crown, through all her many years of sovereignty held and increased the love and loyalty of the empire.

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L O N D O N

THE TOWER OF LONDON

ST. PAUL'S

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

A Trip Around the World with
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
Lecturer and Traveler.

DICK WHITTINGTON, the young Gloucestershire boy (as we learned in our childhood days), weary of London and seeing nothing but failure in the cruel city where things had gone so hard with him, made up his mind to cut away and leave it all behind; but was stopped at Highgate Hill by the peal of Bow Bells, which rang out a cheery message, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

This was in 1368, when Whittington was but ten years of age. The year 1397 found him Lord Mayor. There was no Mansion House for him then: the present home of the Lord Mayor was built about 170 years ago. If Whittington, as Lord Mayor, could now stand on the steps of the Mansion House, he would find himself in the very center of that little square mile of the great metropolis now called the City, looking at the Royal Exchange, the great Bank of England, and feeling the throbbing heart of London, and he would find the city he knew had become a small central part of modern London. He would be told that the City had now hardly 20,000 inhabitants, while the greater London, covering 700 square miles about him, had a population of nearly seven and a half millions. From the steps of the Exchange he could see the Lord Mayor's home to advantage,—a handsome structure, finely built. And there is Cheapside and the great church tower designed by Sir



TOWER BRIDGE

This bridge was designed by Sir Horace Jones and Sir John Wolfe Wolfe-Barry, and built in 1886-94. It is half a mile long, and has cost altogether \$8,000,000.

collection of buildings, and the White Tower was the earliest part; called so because it was once whitewashed. Inside this tower is a great collection of antique armor. Under the staircase were found the bones of the two poor young princes, Edward V. and his brother, Duke of York, sons of Edward IV., who were murdered by their uncle, Richard III., in 1483.

The Tower was the scene of many sad tragedies in English history. The list of notables beheaded there would fill pages. Prominent among them were poor Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate Catharine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey. Originally the Tower was a royal palace and state hall; but it is known in history chiefly as a prison, and was the scene of some of the most terrible episodes in the history of England. Today it is a museum of extraordinary historic interest. It is, too, a treasure house: the crown jewels are kept there, the most gorgeous collection of gems known today, fifteen million dollars in value. The crown of Queen Victoria, made in 1838, is there, a masterpiece containing 2,818

Christopher Wren. There are the Bow Bells. Anyone born within the sound of these bells, they say, is a true cockney.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Setting out from there, Whittington would, no doubt, today select what most visitors do as the first place to visit,—the famous Tower of London. I never could understand why it is called “The Tower”; but it is historically the most interesting place in all England. The great scattering tower in the center is called “The White.” This takes you back at once to the time of William the Conqueror. Appearances of this great building have altered very much since William’s day. He began this great

diamonds, 300 pearls, and other gems. There, too, is a facsimile of the famous great diamond, the Koh-i-noor. The original is at Windsor Castle; but the Koh-i-noor which reigned supreme for years now fills a second place beside the Cullinan diamond presented to Edward VII. in 1907 by the government of the Transvaal, which was split and is mounted in two parts in the Regalia.

From the Tower the natural place to go is St. Paul's. So, take a bus, climb the shaking steps,—for the London bus seldom stops,—and soon you will reach the largest church in England. On the way you will pass the Bank of England, an institution national in character, though not in establishment, to which I have referred as facing the Royal Exchange. This great institution was founded in 1694 by a Scotsman, who left a curious legacy clause forbidding any Scotsman to be a director of the bank. It is not, as its name might lead one to suppose, a national bank; but is a private institution, and the first of its kind in Great Britain. It is the only bank in England that has the power to issue paper money. It acts as agent of the English government, and manages the national debt, for which it receives a special annual compensation. The capital was originally £1,200,000; but that has been multiplied to more than



LONDON BRIDGE

Until 1769 this was the only bridge over the Thames in London. It is still the most important. About 22,000 vehicles and 110,000 pedestrians cross London Bridge daily.

twelve times since the beginning. The building is low and long, covering a block of four acres. It has no windows; but is lighted from interior courts—this for security. The institution employs over one thousand people, and has all of its stationery and paper money printed within its walls.

ST. PAUL'S

We have mentioned the name of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect who in 1710 completed the superb church of St. Paul's, built on an eminence in the very heart of the City at a cost of three and a half million dollars; defrayed, it is said, by a tax on coal. Sir Christopher received, during the building of the structure, a salary of only \$1,000 yearly. St. Paul's resembles St. Peter's in Rome; but, of course, it is smaller. It is 500 feet long, 118 feet broad, and 364 feet to



BANK OF ENGLAND

The Bank was founded in 1694. The central nucleus of the building was designed by George Sampson and opened in 1734; but the present edifice is mainly the work of Sir John Sloane.

There are no windows in the external walls.



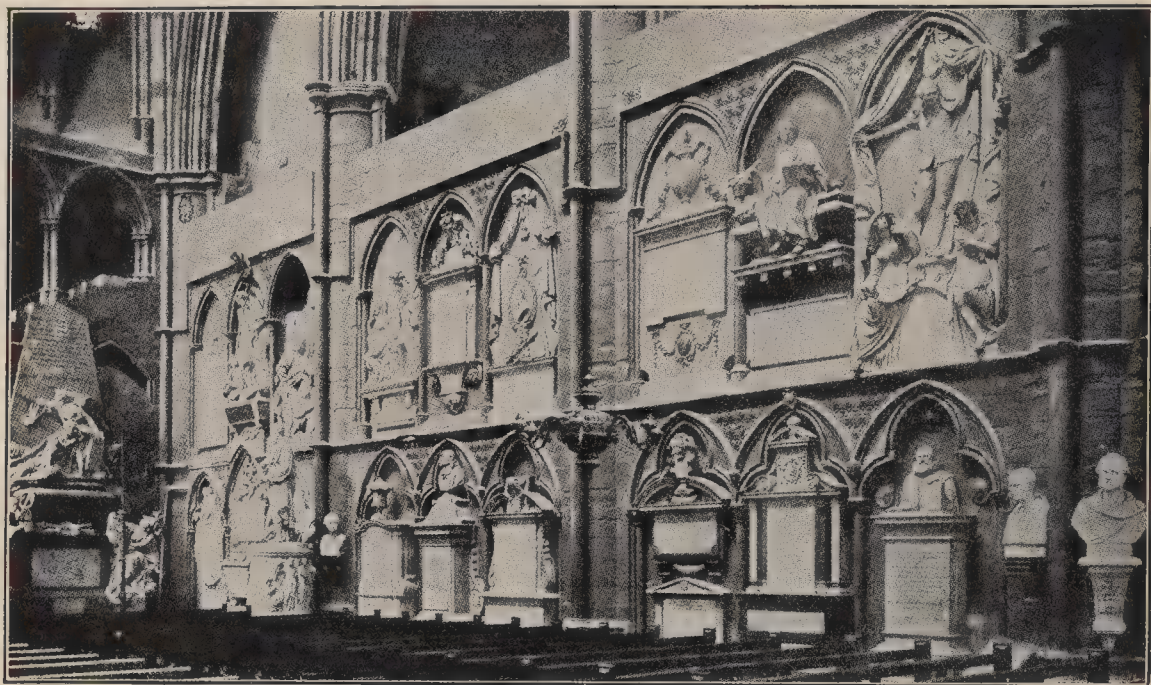
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

This is London's most prominent building. It is situated in the very heart of the City, the commercial center of the British capital. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and cost about \$3,500,000 to construct.

the top of the cross on the dome. Architects, almost without exception, admit this to be the finest dome in existence. It is 112 feet in diameter, which is 27 feet less than that of St. Peter's.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the two greatest religious edifices in England, were rivals from early time, and out of this came the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul." Westminster was known as St. Peter's. In 1551 an appropriation was made there to clear up a deficiency in the accounts of St. Paul's. The people exclaimed, "Why rob Peter to pay Paul?" The question was revived on the death of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, in 1778. The people of London wanted to bury the great statesman in St. Paul's. Parliament said that if Pitt was not buried with the great in Westminster it would be "robbing Peter to pay Paul." So the question was decided in favor of Westminster.

The inscription on the great bell of St. Paul's is "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It is tolled only on the death of a sovereign, or a member of a royal family, and for a Lord Mayor of London who dies during his mayoralty.



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Here lie buried many of England's greatest poets and prose writers.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

After viewing the wonderful interior of the cathedral and the many tombs of England's famous men, a walk up the Strand, the most famous street in the world, brings us to Trafalgar Square, from which radiate streets leading to every important part of the metropolis.

One of the most spacious, open, and attractive spots in London is Trafalgar Square. It celebrates the Battle of Trafalgar, gained by the English over France and Spain, in which Nelson defeated Napoleon's purpose to invade England. In the center of the square stands the graceful Nelson monument, glorifying the achievements of the hero of Trafalgar. On the north side is the National Gallery, a dignified building, containing many of the greatest art treasures of the world. It is at the Nelson Monument that great labor and political meetings are held, the open space about it affording standing room for many thousands.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The National Gallery leads, naturally, to mention of the British Museum, that most famous institution of its kind in the world. It grew out of the library and collection of Sir Hans Sloane, who disposed of it to the government for \$100,000, a sum estimated as far below its value.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY NAVE

Some of the greatest figures in English history have their last resting place here.

This great museum is the natural objective point of all visitors to London. It is a low building, 370 feet in length, with 44 Ionic columns. A lifetime of study could be spent there without exhausting an appreciable part of its riches. It is impossible to do more than touch on the value of this collection. Even the most indifferent visitor will, however, note and remember the Grecian marbles taken from the Parthenon at Athens and placed in the museum by Lord Elgin.

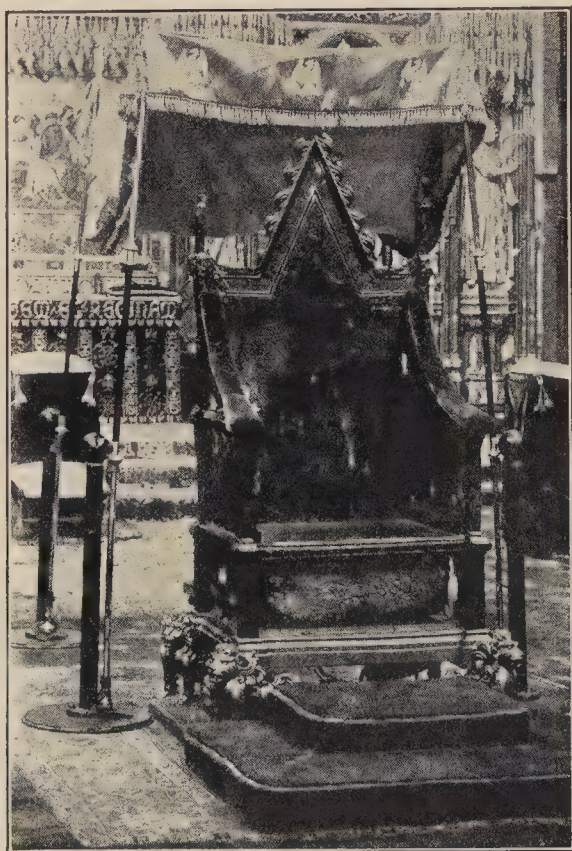
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

But from Trafalgar Square the deep, solemn tones of Big Ben guide us down Whitehall past the proud Horse Guards to the true seat of the British Government.

From the Thames Embankment the best view may be had of the notable buildings of Parliament. There, rising 318 feet high, is the tower

with its great clock, 23 feet in diameter, and its bell, Big Ben, one of the largest in the world and weighing 13 tons. They say it takes five hours to wind up the clock. Below its sober face, in the great stretch of buildings, the British government is conducted. The Parliament buildings look their part. They are as beautiful and impressive outside as they are luxurious inside. The houses were erected in 1840 from plans selected out of 97 sent in competition. The style is rich Gothic, the buildings not high, but covering eight acres. The buildings cost fifteen million dollars. They contain 11 courts, 100 stairways, and 1,100 apartments. These are simple statements of fact,—striking, it is true, but conveying, after all, no impression of the great beauty and what we might call the “human interest quality” of the Parliament buildings.

One must go through the buildings again and again, must be



THE OLD OAK CORONATION CHAIR

To be seen in Westminster Abbey. It was made for Edward I., and every English monarch since his time has been crowned in it.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS

This is one of London's busy centers of traffic. The triangle in the center of the Circus is occupied by a Memorial Fountain to Lord Shaftesbury, adorned with eight plaques of scenes from the philanthropist's life.

present at some of the meetings of Parliament, and then mingle with the people at the tea hour on the terrace, to get a real impression of the meaning of the place. The buildings have settled, so that their base is lower than the level of the Thames. That gives an impression of solidity, of solid grip on the ground, to anyone viewing the buildings from the embankment on the other side of the Thames.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

And there, across the square, stands the real center of interest to every visitor to London, England's Hall of Fame.

A writer of fertile imagination and eloquent phrase tried to find a name that would express just what Westminster Abbey meant and stood for. A friend said to him, "Rest your mind; call it simply 'Westminster Abbey,' and all the world will know what that name means." In 616 a church was erected on the site of low ground on the north bank of the Thames. It was built by King Sebert in honor of Saint Peter. From time to time it was replaced, and now Westminster is a beautiful monument, wonderful in architecture, graceful but strong. In all its lovely lines beauty has, by the cunning of the chisel, been carved out of strength.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

Westminster is called by the English the national temple of fame,—“Valhalla” some name it,—and burial there is reckoned to be the last and greatest honor that the nation can confer. Many volumes would be required to give even brief description of the interesting features of this wondrous abbey. A simple list of the distinguished dead buried there, and the memorial monuments and windows, makes a voluminous catalogue. Aside from its unique interest as a memorial, Westminster has architectural features of great beauty. The total length, including the chapel of Henry VII., is 513 feet. The height is 102 feet, and the towers 225 feet.

In Westminster Abbey is the chair made of oak for Edward I., containing the “Stone of Scone” (the emblem of Scottish power) said to have once been used by the patriarch Jacob as a pillow. It is made of sandstone, and may have come from the Island of Iona as a relic of Saint Columba. Edward I. brought it to London in 1297 as a token of the subjection of Scotland, and every monarch since his time has been crowned in this chair.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Everyone wants to see the king's home. Out at the west end of beautiful St. James's Park stands Buckingham Palace, a fine, substantial structure, simple in lines, but dignified and impressive. The palace gets its name from John Sheffield, the Duke of Buckinghamshire, who in 1705 built a home for himself and called it “Buckingham House.” It was purchased in 1761 by George III., who occasionally occupied it. Then it was remodeled by George IV. in 1825. It became the real London residence of royalty when Queen Victoria occupied it in 1837.



NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA

Designed by Sir Aston Webb. It stands immediately in front of Buckingham Palace.

I have touched on only a few of the notable things to be seen in London. It is best for anyone who cares to study that marvelous city, rightly called "The World's Metropolis," to approach it with only one particular line of research in mind. Should he choose to follow the course of history and study the careers of monarchs and royal persons, the Tower and other notable public buildings will tell him their stories. If he seeks to know something of the life of the people, he will find it in spots like Piccadilly Circus, Charing Cross, the Strand, Cheapside, London Bridge, and the Thames Embankment, with occasional excursions through the suburbs. If he would like to know the literary landmarks of London, he has a rich field before him on which many books have been written, telling of the old Curiosity Shop and the other spots immortalized by Dickens, the Cheshire Cheese, the interesting old tavern haunted by memories of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, and other buildings and localities identified with some of the most famous writers of the world.

If he would study the lives of the great and summon their spirits before him in one mighty immortal choir, let him go to Westminster Abbey and linger there awhile in the Hall of Fame.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



- The Story of London *H. B. Wheatley*
 Walks in London *A. C. Hare*
 Literary Landmarks of London *Laurence Hutton*
 The Survey of London *Sir Walter Besant*
 Early London: Prehistoric, Roman, Saxon and Norman.

Medieval London { Vol. 1., Historical and Social;
 Vol. II., Ecclesiastical.

London in the Time of the Tudors.

London in the Time of the Stuarts.

London in the Eighteenth Century.

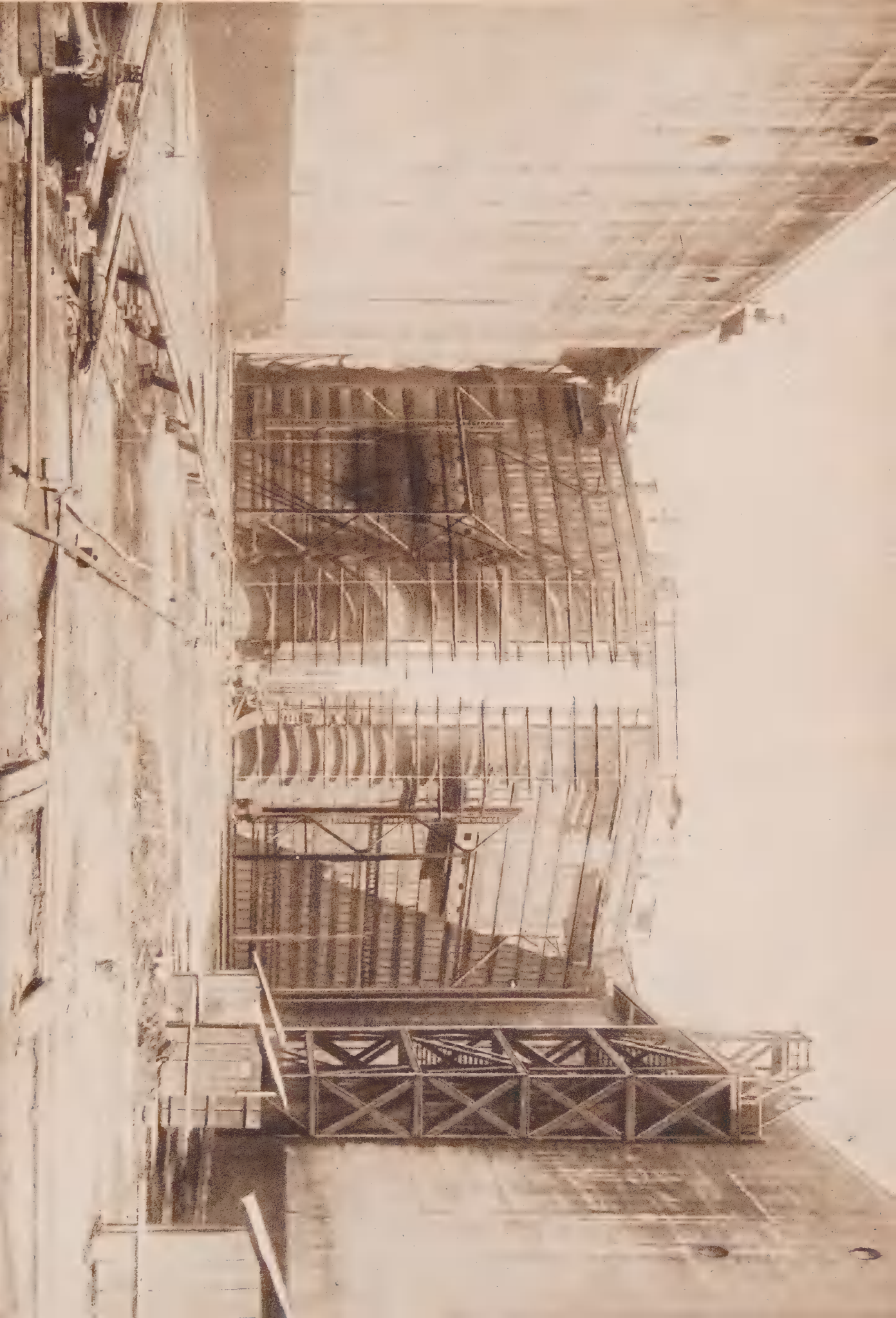


QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning this subject
 can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association

52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City





IMAGINE if you can a great tub, one thousand feet long, more than one hundred feet broad, and eighty-five feet deep. Imagine that this huge tub has in its side immense gates as high as a seven-story building and half a city block wide. Then you can form some idea of one of the most impressive features

of the Panama Canal—the Gatun Locks.

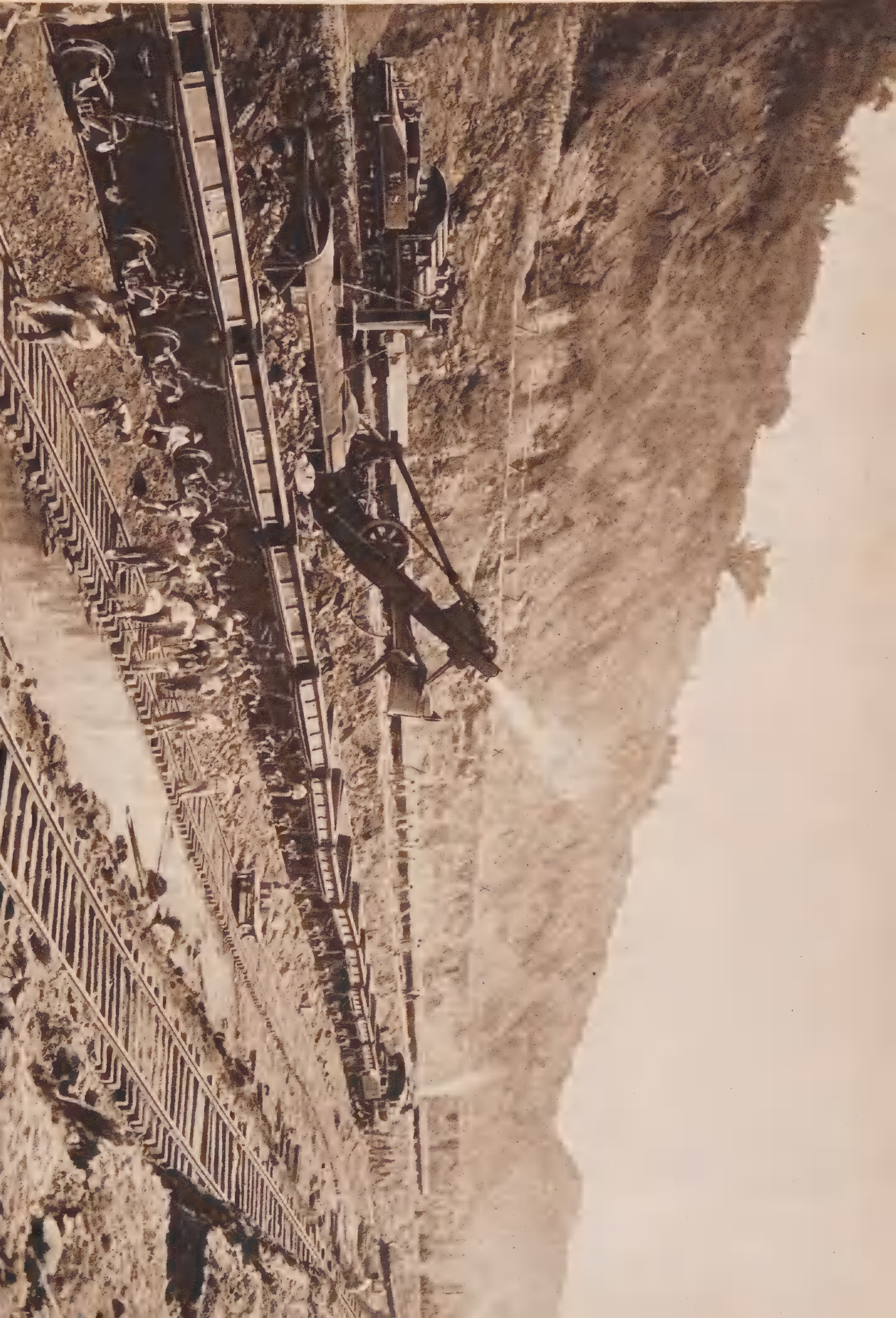
And the parts of the Gatun Locks that most strongly kindle the imagination are the great steel gates. These gates have had to be so strongly constructed that they will be able safely to withstand the terrific pressure of the water in the lock. Yet these gates, huge as they are, swing open as smoothly as a parlor door. Each gate is in fact a pair of gates; for they open in the center and swing back against the sides of the lock. And they are operated by only one man, who sits in a tower located on the center wall of the locks. To move these mighty masses of steel he has but to touch a single lever. It is inconceivable, upon seeing the size of these great barriers, to imagine that such a mass of steel can possibly be swung upon hinges. Yet they are, and seemingly with no effort at all, opening wide or closing tight in two minutes' time.

When these gates are finished and ready for use only a small portion of their wonderful construction is visible. Appearing as a solid steel wall, they are in reality a honeycomb of steel squares bolted and riveted together, upon which the steel sheets are fastened.

To erect this framework of steel and then cover it with the plates, required many months. All day long hundreds of men were busily engaged driving the millions of rivets required to hold the plates securely to the framework. Holes had to be drilled through two thicknesses of steel plates as they overlapped each other before the bolts, heated to whiteness, were driven home and headed by pneumatic riveting machines.

Although the gates weigh hundreds of tons, they are so perfectly swung and operated that when closed they are watertight. To make sure that the gates will be perfectly watertight, the edges have been ground by hand so that they fit along the entire edge.

There are ninety-two of these gates, or forty-six pairs, half of them at Gatun, the other half at Pedro Miguel and Miraflores. The construction and operation of them all are identically the same. These gates were made in the United States, and were shipped to the canal in sections and parts of sections. The greater task of erection was left to an army of canal workers, whose ability has been proved by their achievements on the isthmus since their arrival in 1905.



THE STORY OF PANAMA *At Work in Culebra Cut*

TWO

LOOK out for the dirt train!" This is heard all over the isthmus. No matter what else may be on the rails, it must "sidetrack" to let the dirt trains by. If a passenger train of the Panama Railroad stops between stations, the reason given for the delay is usually, "We have taken a siding to let the dirt train by."

Whether these important trains are moving over the many miles of tracks built especially to enable them to reach the various dumping grounds, or running over the main line of the Panama Railroad, it is all the same. Nothing can stop them, not even Colonel Goethals' private car. They have absolute right of way. All through the hot day, until the tropical sun has sunk behind the horizon of silhouetted palm and cocoanut trees, the dirt trains are constantly rushing along from the great excavation to the dumping grounds. They are not even still when being loaded; for as the great steam shovels pile on the dirt the train slowly moves along, in order that the next dipper filled with earth can be dumped upon an empty part of the car, and when the last car is loaded, off to the dump it goes, at a speed that would do credit to an American train.

Upon reaching its destination, no time is lost in unloading. A great, fast plowlike affair scrapes the dirt off the entire train of twenty cars in less than ten minutes and back for another load it goes.

There are two types of trains used on the canal. One is composed of steel cars automatically dumped by compressed air from the engine, while the other style is composed of ordinary flat cars. Un-

loading is done by this plowlike arrangement, drawn along the length of the train by a cable.

All through the years of yellow fever epidemics and the annual floods during the rainy season the dirt trains have never stopped. The men who operate them seem to be inspired by the greatness of the undertaking. Nothing short of death can stop them in their fierce efforts to keep the dirt moving.

Hundreds of these trains leave Culebra Cut every day, and a great many more receive their loads from various other excavations along the canal. Yet so perfect is the system of operating that an accident rarely occurs. In addition to the block system in use on the Panama Railroad and some sections of the improvised roads, flagmen are placed at all crossovers and sidetracks. One colored flag controls the loaded trains, and one of another color the empties.

The greatest credit must be given the operators of these trains; for they have been on the job day in and day out, through periods of yellow fever, malaria, and other tropical diseases, to say nothing of the many times they have kept the trains moving when floods during the rainy season had completely covered the tracks.



THE STORY OF PANAMA

The Canal from Balboa to Miraflores

THREE

CENTURIES ago, when Balboa, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, stood upon the crest of the mountains forming the great continental divide and viewed for the first time the distant waters of the Pacific, he never imagined that some day man would bring the waters of this great ocean across the intervening miles to the foot of the

mountains upon which he stood. Yet this is what has been done by the Americans since 1905. While the work of constructing the immense locks was going on in the central part of the isthmus, a huge force of laborers, with steam shovels, dredges, and other modern machinery, was digging a channel from Balboa, the Pacific entrance to the canal, named after the great discoverer, to the town of Miraflores, where the first locks are located.

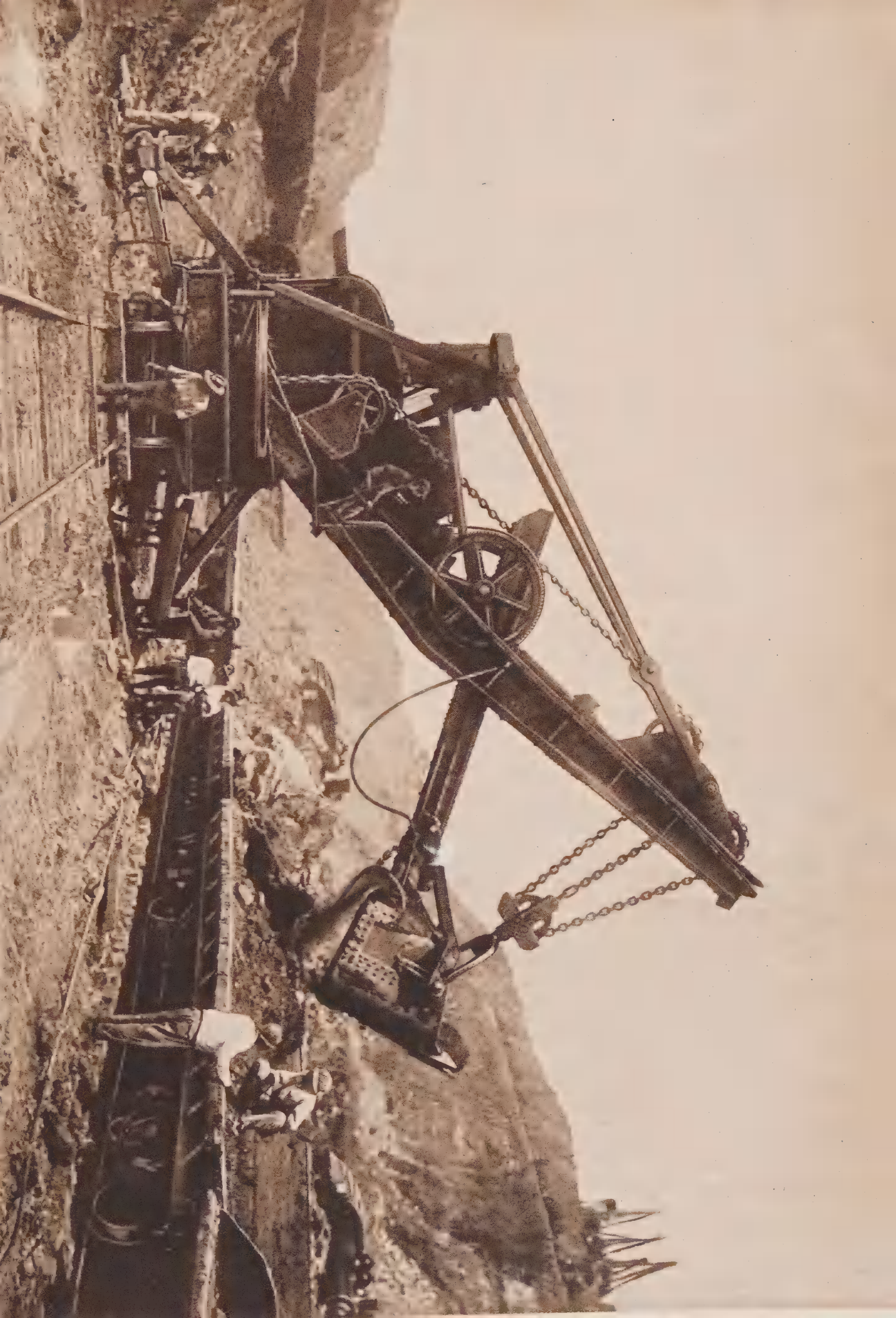
A great problem confronted the engineers in the excavating of this six miles of sea level canal; for the Pacific Ocean has a tide of twenty-one feet. This meant that in addition to the digging of a channel deep enough to allow the largest ship to pass through, a retaining bank had to be constructed to prevent the flooding of the surrounding territory at high tide.

Standing upon the top of Ancon Hill, a peak just to the south of the canal, an excellent view is obtained of the work. From this point the canal can be seen from where it emerges from behind Soca Hill, a high knoll about a mile inland from the Pacific entrance, to within a short distance of Miraflores. The entire country for several miles to the south of the canal along this stretch is comparatively low and flat. Immense fills are necessary to protect it from tidal overflow. Thousands of trainloads of earth hauled from the excavations at other places on the

canal have been used, in addition to what was taken from the cut along this section to build this embankment. While called a retaining bank, it is in reality a new surface, raised to a height of from twenty feet to a hundred feet over several square miles of territory.

The work on this sea level stretch of canal was made even more difficult by the constant floods, caused by the torrents of rainfall during the wet season, from April to December. The same spirit that made possible Culebra Cut and the great locks has prevailed on this work. The men pushing ahead overcame the many difficulties, till at the present time it is practically completed.

It is hard to imagine that this vast territory, now healthy, dry, and clean of dense tropical trees and vegetation, was a few years ago an almost impenetrable jungle, the lurking place of yellow fever and malaria. Many thousand French and American laborers fell victims to fever when working on this section, and were buried in a cemetery so close to where the canal now runs that the white stones marking the graves can be plainly seen from the canal. These gravestones stand as a constant reminder of the tremendous human sacrifice made, in order that the world might some day benefit by a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama



IT can be truthfully said that to the giant shovel is due the Panama Canal. Were it not for the modern American steam shovels the big ditch would undoubtedly have remained as it was when left by Ferdinand de Lesseps, ruined and heartbroken. De Lesseps abandoned the isthmus, leaving thousands of workmen who

had fallen victims to yellow fever buried near the scene of his hopeless effort to build this great canal.

When the United States began work on the isthmus in 1905 nearly all the French equipment had to be discarded. It was entirely inadequate to accomplish the task undertaken. What the French, guided by De Lesseps, had hoped to accomplish with hand shovels and tiny dirt cars, together with a few mechanical dirt-digging machines of an impractical character, the United States planned to do by modern machinery. While part of the American canal force was installing a sanitary system and waging war on the yellow fever mosquitos, many others were equally as busily engaged getting the great steam shovels from the dock at Colon to Culebra Cut.

Each one of the gigantic American shovels can do more work in one day than one thousand French laborers accomplished in the same time. Each is operated by two men, sheltered from the intense tropical sun by a cabin on the shovel. The taking out of the dirt from the cut goes on from early morning to the close of day. The shovels with their great steel hands, almost human in their movements, reach down, pick up five

cubic yards of earth and rock, and load it on the dirt trains. Immune against yellow fever and the fiendish heat of the midday sun, totally disregarding of the floods during the rainy season, the shovels work month in and month out. Never do they fail to remove the many thousand cubic yards of material expected of them.

The men operating these shovels form a fond attachment for them. And it seems as if the shovels felt this regard, so quickly and accurately do they respond to the guiding hand of the man at the lever. It is the ambition of each shovelman to take out the greatest number of cubic yards of material from the cut during the day. So great is the rivalry among the shovels that they remove a great deal more earth during the day than it was originally expected the shovel was capable of doing.

It is hardly conceivable, but nevertheless true, that this spirit of rivalry and pride felt by the men for their shovels has pushed the capacity up to such an extent that one shovel has a record of digging and loading 4,823 cubic yards of earth and rock in one day. This, if loaded on wagons, would have required 3,000 two-horse teams to carry off.



THE STORY OF PANAMA *Abandoned French Equipment*

FIVE

NOT far from the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal is a huge pile of old French dirt cars, abandoned by the Americans as unfit for the great undertaking started by them in 1905. Piled high, one upon the other, this mass of rusty and misshapen iron stands as a monument to the heroic but hopeless effort of the French,

headed by the impractical Ferdinand de Lesseps, to achieve fame by uniting the Atlantic and Pacific with a sea level canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

It was the dream of Ferdinand de Lesseps, after his triumphant completion of the Suez Canal, to undertake the construction of a canal across Panama. Financed by the French government, together with large private subscriptions, De Lesseps, the dreamer, began work on the isthmus in 1879. Shipload after shipload of equipment was sent to Panama, while thousands of men left France to take up the task of digging a great channel across the isthmus.

De Lesseps' plan was a sea level canal with no locks or dams. The tiny dirt cars of the French held scarcely a cubic yard of material. They were expected to remove all the dirt taken from the canal, which, according to their plan, would demand the entire channel to be dug sixty feet lower than the American plan required. Had all the French dirt cars on the isthmus been in daily use constantly since 1880 they could not have removed the earth required to make a channel deep enough to unite the oceans in a hundred years.

Utterly hopeless as the undertaking was, thousands of the French laborers, led

by the impractical and impulsive De Lesseps, toiled for years under conditions so frightful that the human sacrifice was unparalleled in the history of engineering. Yellow fever and other tropical diseases constantly prevalent over the entire isthmus, claimed a human toll so great that nothing short of heroism could have prompted the continuance of the work. Day after day the remaining workers would have first to bury those who had fallen victim to the fever before resuming their work on the canal.

How long human endurance would have held out against the frightful death rate will never be known; for salvation came at last to the few who had not fallen victims to one or another of the tropical fevers. De Lesseps' company went bankrupt.

Well might these cars, so closely associated with the tragic deaths of the French canal workers, have been used as coffins. As the sun sets behind the huge pile of old equipment it casts its shadow over the graves of twenty-five thousand men, sacrificed in the impractical undertaking. What irony, that this great pile of abandoned cars, overgrown with tropical vegetation, should mark the resting place of those whose last days were spent in a vain attempt to prevent the cars from being abandoned as junk.



CULEBRA CUT might well be termed "The Grand Canyon of the Canal"; for so stupendous will it appear when completed and the water let in that the most vivid imagination can scarcely imagine it the work of man. For nearly a century it has been the dream of nations that some day man would succeed in tearing asunder

the mountains forming the continental divide, allowing the waters of the Atlantic to flow across the isthmus and join the placid Pacific. The French, assured by De Lesseps of the possibility of uniting the two oceans by means of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, began work in 1879. For a number of months his brave followers strove to lower the great mountains; but the result was a mere scratch upon the surface, compared with the immense canyon the Americans have excavated. After thousands of French laborers and many of the most prominent engineers had fallen victims of the deadly yellow fever, the task was abandoned.

In 1905 the United States Government bought from the French their right in Panama and all their old machinery and equipment. The digging of Culebra Cut began at once on a scale so tremendous that it attracted the attention of the entire world. For three years following the American invasion the task of digging a great canal through the huge mountains and impenetrable jungles was enough to discourage any corps of engineers and laborers.

To add to the seeming impossibility of the undertaking, there was a constant battle against yellow fever during the first three years. The government began a "clean-up campaign" and a war on mosquitos soon after the canal work began, and the Americans worked fearlessly through all this period of suffering and

death. Each day thousands of cubic yards of earth and rock were removed from the cut.

Abandoning the pitifully inadequate outfit left by the French, our country replaced it with modern steam shovels and hundreds of dirt cars hauled by American locomotives. The great hills shook and the jungles echoed the roar from the explosion of thousands of pounds of dynamite, used to tear away the face of the mountains to allow the shovels to nose their way through on their slow but sure journey to the Pacific. Since 1905 an army of workers, guided by the ingenuity of American engineers, has blown apart, shoveled up, and carried away 88,550,000 cubic yards of earth from Culebra Cut. Today the work is ninety per cent. completed.

The best view of the cut is to be had from the top of the bank opposite the town of Culebra. More than half a mile across is the opposite bank. Hundreds of feet below are the shovels, dirt rains, and hundreds of men at work. From this great height they look like tiny specks.

Through several yellow fever epidemics and constant tropical diseases and the intense scorching sun, the men on the job have labored steadily day after day to accomplish this wonderful work, until now it is practically finished. This excavation is so immense that any ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean today could easily be buried in it.

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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No. 15

THE STORY OF PANAMA

THE GATUN LOCK

AT WORK IN CULEBRA CUT

THE CANAL FROM BALBOA TO MIRAFLORES

THE GIANT SHOVEL

THE CULEBRA CUT

ABANDONED FRENCH EQUIPMENT

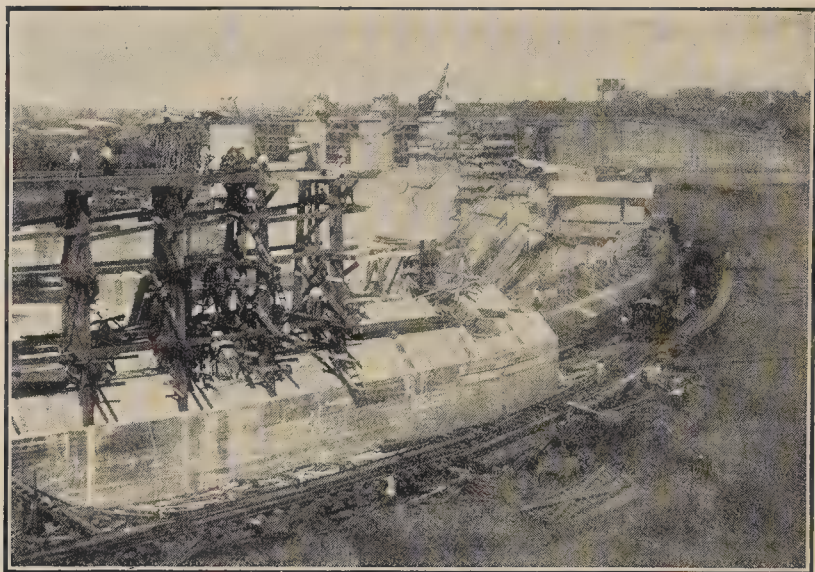
By *STEPHEN BONSAI*

Author of "The American Mediterranean."

PUT in a few words, the story of Panama is simply an ancient fable that is about to become a matter of fact. When Columbus, searching for a new route to the golden East, chanced upon the islands of the West Indies, the Caribs whom he met there told him of a strait a few days' sail ahead through which one might travel past the tropical jungles to the westward into the waters of the great South Sea. Columbus had faith in this story. Indeed, there are people living who believe in it still, and the map of the New World that he inspired, although it was not published until after his death, reveals his belief in the existence of a waterway across the isthmus, permitting direct passage from Europe to India.

In his fourth and last voyage the great discoverer was still in quest of this southwest passage to the East. He was so confident of finding it, and so sure that it would lead him to the rich lands of the Great Khan, that he was careful to carry with him letters of introduction to this important personage. Balboa believed it too, and his death by decapitation

was on this account more generally deplored by navigators than perhaps it would otherwise have been, because it was generally thought that he had located the secret waterway of the isthmus, and that this important secret died with him. I myself, in my limited isthmian experience, have met at least two people who claimed that the mysterious will-o'-the-wisp waterway still exists. One was a San Blas Indian,



SPILLING

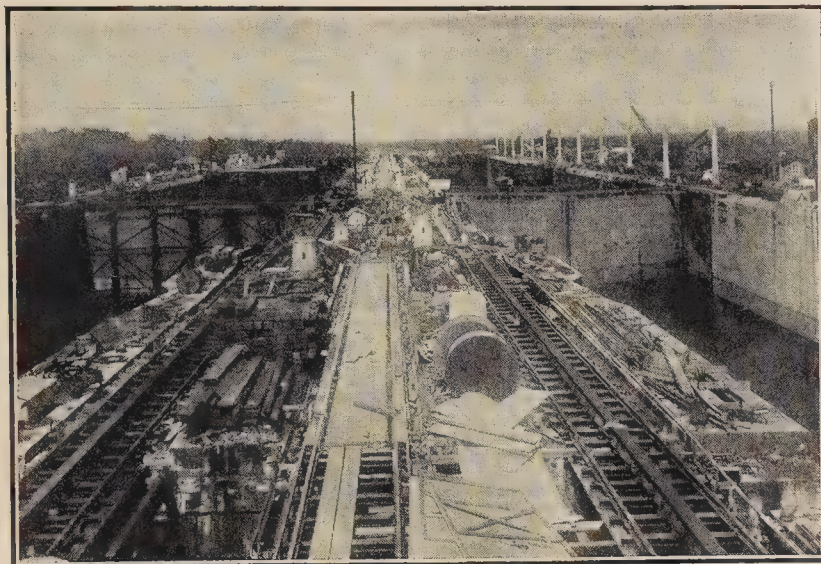
This so-called "spilling" regulates the amount of water in Gatun Lake, and also generates power for the canal.

and the other a halfbreed trader from Cartagena. On different occasions and without possible collusion, and for no other purpose that I could ascertain except a desire to diffuse knowledge, they each stoutly maintained that on several occasions during the rainy season, by ascending the Atrato River, with a portage of less than three hundred yards, they had embarked upon the San Juan River, which flows into the Pacific.

The early navigators, baffled in their search for the waterway, early bethought them of digging the canal that is now nearing completion. The idea took such shape that in 1523 Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, 250 years before the birth of the nation destined to construct the canal, made a definite proposal to Charles V. of Spain and half of Europe to dig his way across this inconvenient neck of land. His plan fell to the ground, as have so many succeeding ones; but Cortés, the real pioneer, never abandoned the project. In one of his last letters to his cousin, Saavedra Ceron, he urged him to follow up his preliminary surveys, and indicated that in his opinion there were four possible sites for a transisthmian waterway; namely, Darien, Nicaragua, Tehuantepec, and Panama.

Reports followed reports, and surveys followed surveys, only to be filed away in the archives of Seville and Simancas, until Philip II. came to the throne. He had at first been more enthusiastic than his father, Charles V., over the isthmian project; but an unfavorable report on the Nicaragua route made to him by Antonnelli depressed him, and he finally laid the matter before a council of Dominican Friars. They

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GATUN LOCKS

Looking from center wall. The parallel arrangement of the locks may be seen, with the Atlantic entrance in the distance.

across the Isthmus of Panama, along the rough trail from Panama City to the Atlantic or Caribbean ports of Nombre de Dios and Porto Bello, grew up one of the world's richest trade routes. And, even if our canal gets all the business that it is expected to secure, history will be only repeating itself once again. Prosperity has visited Panama before. From 1550 to 1650 were the halcyon days of the isthmian trade route. Through these swampy jungles and along these rocky defiles passed the plunder of the Inca temples in Peru, the silver from the inexhaustible mines of Potosi, the precious stones from the Andes, the pearls from the islands, and the dyewoods from Central America. There was also a considerable traffic in transshipping goods from the spice islands and the Far East, and so in a way Panama had become what Columbus dreamed it would prove to be, the gateway to China and Japan.

Frequently during this period one hundred ships and more from Spain in the course of a year touched at the Atlantic ports, and they did a business that would be considered large even at this day. Spain held her colonial business by one of the closest monopolies that the world has ever known, and no outsiders were to be allowed to share it. On the bluff overhanging and defending the entrance to the Chágres River you can still see the great battlements of San Lorenzo Fort, which notified all shipping but the caravels of Spain that here was no thoroughfare, and that the South Seas belonged to Spain.

We have a quaint picture of what happened in these boom towns that sprang up along the isthmus from the pen of one Thomas Gage, who

doubtless interpreted the king's mood correctly. He was tired of the whole business, and they rendered a decision against all the proposed canal projects, quoting from the Bible, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." So for a generation or two the building of the canal was under the ban of the church.

While the canal projects were discussed and finally dropped,

THE STORY OF PANAMA

began life as a Catholic missionary in Guatemala, reformed himself and became a preacher of the word of God in Kent.

"But what I most wondered at," he writes in describing his sojourn in Porto Bello, "were the mules which came hither laden with wedges of silver. In one day I told two hundred mules laden with nothing else, which were unladen in the Publicke Market Place, so that there the heapes of silver wedges lay like heapes of stone in the street, without any fear or suspicion of being lost."

Such rich booty as is here described naturally attracted the pirates and the corsairs of the western ocean. The Bretons and the Englishmen of Devon distinguished themselves by their successful depredations, and gradually the Spaniards were compelled to protect their shipping in a systematic manner. Great merchant fleets were ordered to sail at stated intervals, and they were always accompanied and defended by convoying war-ships. By royal decree, in 1561, ships were prohibited upon penalty of confiscation from sailing to America alone and unaccompanied. Soon it became the custom and indeed the law to organize two fleets each year. One was bound for the isthmus, touching at Cartagena and Porto Bello, while the other sailed to Vera Cruz, in New Spain (Mexico). The last mentioned fleet, called the flota in Spanish story and legend, was commanded by an admiral, and sailed for Mexico in the early summer so as to avoid the hurricane season and the northers of the Gulf. The isthmian fleet, usually called the "galeones" (galleons), was always commanded by a general, and sailed from Spain earlier in the year, generally in January or March. If it did not get away from Cadiz or San Lucar until March, it usually wintered in Havana, and returned with the flota the following spring.

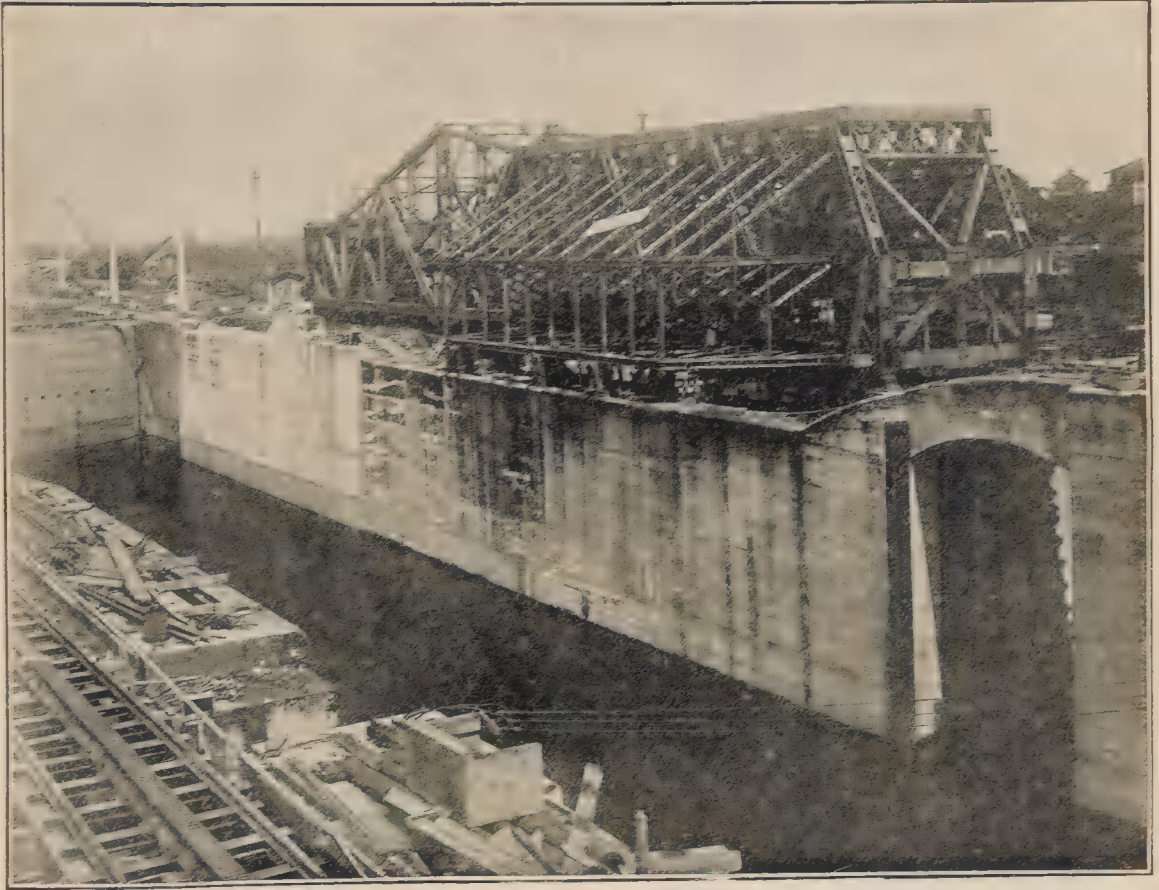


LIGHTHOUSE

Type of lighthouse used along the canal. These lights are arranged one behind the other, and the pilots in following the channel keep the two lights lined up until two more appear, one directly behind the other. This system is known as "range lights."

During the first century of our national manhood many interoceanic canal projects were frequently launched, and there were few sessions of Congress in which the question of ways and means was not discussed. The rush to golden California in '49 and the subsequent years brought the importance of the subject home to our people; but the Civil War and the active construction of trancontinental railways that followed sidetracked anything but academic debates on the subject.

THE STORY OF PANAMA



EMERGENCY DAM, GATUN

This great bridgelike superstructure, in the event of accident to the regular gates, is made to swing across the lock and drop a steel draw, which holds back the water of Gatun Lake from rushing through the lower country beyond.

De Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, took up the project in the late '70's, and such was the magic of his name that in a very few days \$88,000,000 worth of stock in his Panama Canal Company was subscribed for by the French peasants, who, intoxicated by the promise of great gains, poured out from their woolen socks the savings of years. In 1888 the French company went into bankruptcy, having expended \$260,000,000 and having excavated only 80,000,000 cubic yards of dirt. The courts formed a new company out of the debris of the old, and enough excavation was done each year to hold the concessions until 1904, when all the canal properties were purchased by the United States for \$40,000,000.

There were in progress at the time several civil wars in Colombia, and the state of law and order on the isthmus itself left much to be desired. Under these circumstances our government decided it would be a wise precaution, and one indispensable to the orderly progress of the gigantic

T H E S T O R Y O F P A N A M A

work, to secure by purchase a strip of territory across the isthmus, to be converted into a canal zone under United States sovereignty.

Colombia, more than any other country, was to be benefited by the completion of the canal. It would not have been surprising had she been called upon to mortgage her resources that were about to be made accessible to assist in constructing the great waterway. However, nothing of the kind was asked, the United States government simply offering a bonus of \$10,000,000 and a yearly rental of \$250,000 for the canal zone. This arrangement was accepted by the Colombian representatives in Washington, and was on the point of being sanctioned by the Colombian Senate in Bogotá when an opposition developed. The argument that was listened to favorably by a majority of the Senators was much as follows:

Within a short time the concession granted to the French company,



MT. HOPE CEMETERY

Twenty thousand French and five thousand Americans are buried here.

which had been conveyed to us, would expire. Consequently, if the treaty that was then before them for ratification was only postponed for a few months, the \$40,000,000 that we were pouring into the French coffers would have to be paid out in Bogotá to secure a renewal of the concession. This plan was definitely decided upon, and the treaty was deliberately shelved in October, 1903.

Its being a matter of most vital concern to their future, the people of Panama had naturally enough followed with closest attention the course of these negotiations. When they believed that their future, either temporarily or for all time, was about to be sacrificed by the people in Bogotá, and that they were running the risk of compelling the United States to build the waterway across Nicaragua, they rose in rebellion and declared their independence. The United States paid the new republic the sum that had been offered to Colombia, secured the necessary territory and concessions, and began the great work.

T H E S T O R Y O F P A N A M A

A description of the American canal in simple terms is a very difficult matter. Much to the surprise of most visitors, the Isthmus of Panama runs nearly east and west, and the canal traverses it from Colon on the north to Panama on the south, in a general northwest to southeast direction, with the result that the Pacific terminus of the canal is twenty-two miles east of the Atlantic entrance.

The first section of the canal from Limón Bay on the Atlantic side to Gatun is a sea level waterway for a distance of seven miles. At Gatun a mammoth dam has been constructed, which, impounding the waters of the Chágres River, forms a lake of about 164 square miles in extent. Ships will reach this lake by three locks or steps, which have a combined lift of about eighty-five feet.

This high level of the waterway is maintained—or rather it will have to be maintained if it is to remain navigable—through the great artificial lake and through the cutting of the backbone of the continental divide at Culebra, until Pedro Miguel, on the Pacific side of the isthmus, and about thirty-two miles away from Gatun, is reached. Here the descent or return toward sea level is begun with a single flight of locks, with a lift or drop of thirty feet. The waterway continues on this fifty-five-foot level for several miles, until the double flight of locks at Miraflores is reached. Here the return to sea level is effected, and from here the shipping of the future will pass out into tidewater through tidal gates, which are designed to control the very important fluctuations of the tide in the Pacific, amounting as they do at times to twenty feet. The length of the canal from shoreline to shoreline is about forty miles, and from deep water to deep water, from the Caribbean to the South Sea, it is ten miles longer.



MAIN STREET, COLON

When the United States entered the canal zone in 1905 Colon was a huge lake of mud and a hotbed of disease. It is now clean and healthy, with excellent waterworks and sewer system.

THE STORY OF PANAMA

One by one, in the course of the nine years that this colossal work has been in progress, the many obstacles to its success have been overcome. Each day has presented its problem, and each day with the going down of the sun a triumph of persistent man and of mind over stubborn matter has been chronicled. Other problems may be lurking in the future, but the one vexatious and unsolved question today is the treatment of the slides of dirt and hardened clay in and about the cut through the hills at Culebra. These landslides have already necessitated the excavation of twenty million cubic yards of dirt from the future waterway, and it is estimated that today about 189 acres of land are on the move toward the channel. Some of these landslides have been in progress more or less uninterruptedly since the French began to dig, and the end is as yet by no means in sight.

We know very little about the causation of the slides. By some they are compared to the glaciers of the Alps; by others to the sifting sand of the Sahara. These comparisons are picturesque, but as yet they have not proved helpful. The steam shovel men who work on this firing line of progress say the slides are caused by a "lot of dirt that is such poor, mean stuff it cannot sit up under its own weight." The best opinion seems to be that the slides are caused by lateral pressure from the banks of the cut. And with the view of stopping or at least curtailing the advance of the great earthen glaciers into the canal channel and to help the uneasy earth to find the much-desired angle of repose, many of the adjacent banks have been topped and cut down at great expense, so reducing the lateral pressure. This treatment has met with some, but not with uniform, success, and the prospect of our being compelled absolutely to remove every one of the slides now in sight or yet to appear is of course far from being a cheerful one, either to the engineer or to the taxpayer.

While securing the services of our most famous geologists to study systematically



LOOKING TOWARD THE PACIFIC

From Miraflores to the Pacific the canal will be dug at sea level, with a channel bottom of 500 feet.

T H E S T O R Y O F P A N A M A

the nature of the slides, in the hope that they may hit upon a rational and possible formula by which the slides can be combated, the policy of Colonel Goethals and his fellow commissioners is patience and uninterrupted digging. It is not admitted for a moment that the slides, exasperating and costly as they have proved to be, will in the slightest endanger the ultimate success of the project. Further, it is proposed at the very earliest possible moment, perhaps in a very few weeks, to turn the water that is being impounded in the great lake into the canal channel. It is hoped that the resulting pressure will restrain the slides and hold back the uneasy banks. In any event, it is claimed that the costly work of removing the slides, if it has to be done, can be carried on more economically by the use of sea-going dredges, which can operate under their own steam and while the canal is at least in partial operation.

The recurrence and the extensive development of these landslides in the Culebra region is regarded by most engineers as emphatic confirmation of the wisdom of the choice that was made when the president and Congress accepted the high-level canal project and rejected the sea-level plan. On the other hand, the slides furnish the uneasy basis of some criticism to the effect of why, when the high-level plan was decided upon, the commission did not choose the hundred-foot level, rather than the eighty-five-foot level. The hundred-foot level was selected by the French when for lack of funds and for other reasons they abandoned their original plan of a sea-level canal like that of Suez.



OLD PANAMA

Looking from Ancon Hill toward the old harbor. The Pacific Ocean may be seen in the background.

Of course it is probable that the hundred-foot level would have avoided many costly slides of which we now know and perhaps more that we are to come in conflict with in the immediate future; but there is another side to the picture that is not emphasized even when it is not entirely ignored by these capacious critics. Had the hundred-foot level been chosen, the water level in the lake and the

T H E S T O R Y O F P A N A M A



ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL FROM THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

canal would have had to be raised at least fifteen feet higher than is necessary under the present plan, and of course this is an important factor in the situation, which it would not have been wise for those responsible for the canal construction to ignore. While available statistics would seem to prove that the floods of the Chágres River will furnish all the water necessary for the maintenance of this eighty-five-foot level, they might not have furnished the immensely greater volume of water needed for the higher level. So it would seem to be a case where it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. What we might have saved on extra and unforeseen digging we should have in all probability been compelled to expend in impounding an additional water supply.

One of the many fantastic suggestions as to the adornment of the great waterway has been that every milestone that will mark the passage of the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be surmounted by a bust of one of those great men who appreciated the importance of an interoceanic waterway, and worked for its realization. Among those who were preëminent are Alexander Humboldt, who foresaw the part that Panama would play in the world's history, preached the necessity of the canal, and visualized the west coast of South America, once the canal was completed, as no other man of his day had. And then Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, should not be forgotten; for it was he who perhaps made the first serious studies of the Nicaragua route. And no man, not even excepting our own Henry Clay, was such an enthusiastic canal builder as was Louis Napoleon.

Napoleon became enamoured of the scheme when in prison, as a result of his first unsuccessful attempt to achieve power. He was originally a Nicaragua advocate, and in 1846, when he escaped from prison, he flooded the press of the world with articles setting forth his views on the proposed waterway.

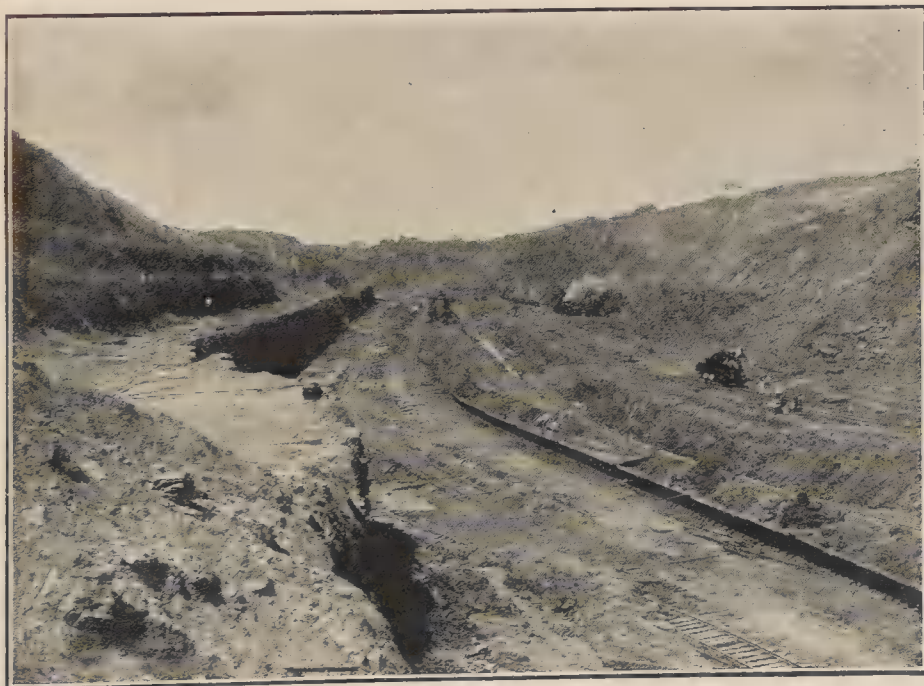
T H E S T O R Y O F P A N A M A

Who will have the temerity to oppose the prophetic conclusions of Colonel Gorgas, the chief medical officer of the zone and leading authority on sanitation in the world.

"We believe," he said recently to the medical congress, "that the sanitary work on the isthmus will demonstrate that the white man can live and work in any part of the tropics and yet maintain good health, and we believe that the settling of the tropics by the Caucasians will date from the completion of the Panama Canal."

So we have the very highest authority for the belief that the conquest of the isthmus will not merely change the channels of the world's commerce, or make accessible lands that have long been sidetracked or ports that have long been deserted. From the successful sanitation of this plague spot, famous for its ravages throughout five centuries, man will doubtless enter upon a campaign for the fuller utilization of the riches of the tropics.

Though it may well be considered as the eighth wonder of the world, and up to the present by far man's greatest work of art, the engineering achievement at Panama will soon be filed away as a commonplace page in the history of yesterday, while the lessons it teaches and the indirect results of the conquest of the isthmus will continue to exert an influence upon the destinies of the world as long as our civilization survives.



CULEBRA CUT

Looking from Contractors Hill toward the Atlantic Ocean. The cut is still 18 to 20 feet above channel bottom

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning this subject
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The Mentor Association

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American Birds of Beauty



BLUE JAY

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



WHEN Mark Twain wrote his famous story of the jay attempting to fill a hole in a cabin roof with acorns, he portrayed the bird with rare accuracy. Few more humorous sketches of bird life have ever been written, and the jay's curiosity and astonishment at finding the hole apparently not fillable are remarkably true to life. One of the blue jay's strongest traits is curiosity, and he may be called away from acorn gathering by simply drawing a breath in sharply against the back of the hand.

If this were his worst vice we could admire his jaunty manner and brilliant shades of blue without misgivings; but the darker crime of nest robbing is laid at his door. Yet in the spring and summer he does much to atone for his faults by destroying great numbers of grubs and harmful insects. And when he comes boldly around the farmhouse in winter, his azure coat giving a touch of alluring color to the sunny background, we forget his shortcomings.

Belonging to the crow family, he joins in its feud against owls, and right royally does he uphold his end. Follow up the next excited jay convention you hear in the woods, and you will probably find the flood of billingsgate directed at an owl, visibly annoyed at the attention he is receiving. The screech owl is their usual victim, and more rarely the great horned owl. The tormentors seem to understand their enemies' helplessness in daylight. The larger owl appears impassive; but sometimes the smaller one is goaded into attempts at reprisal. These attacks are easily eluded by the active jays, and their tantalizing does not cease until the night pirate has slipped into hiding among evergreens or a convenient hole in a tree.

The jay can be trained by patience, and makes a very interesting pet, although if given too much freedom he is likely to cause annoyance by stealing any article that attracts his fancy.

An ever-present and vociferous feature of the landscape during most of the year, along in April the jays apparently disappear. You no longer hear their clear "pe-to" over the trees and fields. Search for them then in the treetops, and if your quest is successful you will find the young cavalier transformed into a silent and vigilant guardian of a rather bulky nest, tucked away among the thick branches of a cedar perhaps. The olive-green eggs are carefully tended, and the parental instinct is sufficiently strong to eliminate temporarily any inclination toward stealing and devastation.





American Birds of Beauty



BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



CHEERILY—cheerily—cheerily”—a clear, rollicking whistle from the elm, drooping over a roadway, along which speeds a steady procession of automobiles. There he goes, a flashing streak of flame and black, and soon returns with a long strip of slender bark trailing behind his widespread tail. A site for the new nest has been selected in the same tree, where hangs last year's pendant domicile, and both birds are hard at work home-building. The lady of the house, in her demure dress of dull, yellowish green, works steadily and quietly, while her resplendent lord, bedecked in orange and black, cannot restrain his joy, pausing between billfuls of nesting material to voice his happiness in song.

The Baltimore oriole has been quick to realize the friendly attitude of man, returning year after year to the same locality. Nearly all parks of the country contain one or more pairs, and because of the safe location of the deep basket nest on the extreme end of a pendulous branch where it cannot be despoiled by cat or squirrel, they rear their young safely. Though this is undoubtedly a factor in the struggle for survival of the species, in many individual instances it would not be necessary; for the oriole is a bird of splendid courage. Red squirrels have been badly beaten in attempts to despoil an approachable nest; and cats have been driven from the tree by the sharp thrusts of a needle-like bill.

Watch a pair at work building, and the perfect adaptability of these two for weaving their curious nests will be understood. In and out goes the long, thin back thread, interwoven with odd bits of string, stray horsehairs, or any bit of suitable stuff that strikes their fancy. They even attack raveling ends of sheets or towels hung out on washday to dry. An interesting test of the oriole's eye for color can be made by hanging within their reach varicolored skeins of wool. The bird always selects the more inconspicuous colors: bright reds or yellows remain where they are hung. When their nest is complete, man would find imitation almost impossible. Frail as they seem, many of them endure the storms of several winters before falling from the branches.

Along in July the birds retire from observation and undergo the annual molt, to reappear in early August. At this time the males continue to sing; although much less blithely than when they first come in the spring. They attack and destroy caterpillars of a kind that many other birds refuse to touch. The Department of Agriculture credits them with thirty-four per cent. caterpillar diet. They do not eat the entire caterpillar, but tear it apart and select a small portion. An oriole has been seen to destroy seventeen of these pests in exactly one minute. Had he attempted to eat the entire anatomy, five or six of the morsels would have sufficed for a meal.





American Birds of Beauty



CEDAR WAXWING

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course



WHAT the cedar waxwing lacks in voice he makes up in dress. Though the hues are not brilliant, they are so exquisitely blended that these birds are among the most beautiful we have. Exactly what use the curious waxlike appendages on the ends of the secondaries are for is not known. More rarely similar formations are found on the tail feathers.

These gipsies of the bird world roam indiscriminately over the country, and are quite as likely to be found calmly enjoying the hawthorn berries in December as they are to be seen gorging themselves with June cherries. They fit perfectly into the winter landscape, and a cluster of wild cherry trees in summer would hardly seem complete without a flock of waxwings among the branches. Their mannerisms are notably different from the majority of birds, possessing few of the quick, nervous motions of the others.

The next time that you discover a flock of cedar waxwings among the cherries do not run for a gun, but get a fieldglass instead. See how dignified and polite they are even in feeding. No pushing aside to get the biggest mouthful. With a gentle inclination of the crested brown head, one seems to say, "After you are served I will take a bite or two; but not before—no, indeed!"

It is a short-sighted farmer who begrudges this perfect little Beau Brummel the fruit he takes. The wages they exact are far below what is due them for the thousands of canker worms, moths, and bugs they destroy. A flock of waxwings in the orchard when the codling moths are secreting themselves in the calyxes of young apples will accomplish more good in the same time than two men.

In common with the goldfinch, the waxwing does not think of nest building until all other birds have reared a family. Not until July do they select a home site—maybe in the orchard or more probably in the edge of second-growth woods. The structure is rather lightly put together. The pale bluish eggs are curiously marked with brown spots. Both birds are devoted parents. A visitor to the nest is received almost as though expected. They sit quietly, with scarcely a protest, during the inspection, never for a moment ceasing to show that strange reserve and debonair manner so characteristic of the species. "We have no objection to your looking at our treasures; but please remember a gentleman does not disturb the property of others," they seem to say. Lost indeed to all sense of fair play would be the man who could break up such a home!

The only other representative of the genius is the bohemian waxwing, found in the more northern parts of the country. It is a trifle larger bird; but could easily be mistaken for the common waxwing. A dusky throat and deep cinnamon under tail feathers are the distinguishing marks.





American Birds of Beauty



SCARLET TANAGER

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



HIP-BANG!" The emphatic note comes from the cool oak shade. There is the author among the new leaves, in a dress as pronounced as his call, an atom from the far tropics drifted back to us on the wings of May, with his gorgeous new suit of scarlet trimmed with pure black wings and tail. What a contrast—scarlet against the new green and deep blue sky! It takes sharp eyes to discover this gallant's humble mate in her dress of dull green; but at last we find her, sitting quietly, apparently absorbed in admiration of him, or perhaps speculating upon which branch to place the frail nest.

Sometimes a tree in an abandoned orchard is selected; but more frequently the site is chosen in the deep wood. A couple of weeks after the delicately speckled greenish-blue eggs are laid the young appear, and in the strenuous care of a family both parents find little time for anything else. When the youngsters are able to care for themselves the father slips away out of sight, and we are tempted to think he has started on the return journey southward. But he is only changing his nuptial coat for one of green. During this transition he assumes a remarkably dapper effect of green and red patches, due to the scarlet feathers being supplanted by the traveling dress, and if we look through his favorite haunts in the late August or early September days we shall find him dressed almost exactly similar to his mate and ready for the trip to South America.

Lacking the sprightly manner of more active birds and possessing slight vocal ability, the tanager is seldom noticed, and is often considered rare in localities where he is really common. He is particularly partial to oak woods, and spends hours hunting industriously a certain small worm found among the young oak leaves. At other times he sits quietly on a branch in an absorbed sort of way, and, taken all in all, is modest, unassuming, and minds his own business. Indeed, he is so preoccupied at times as to allow a very near approach without taking alarm. These birds are very susceptible to cold, and are sometimes so benumbed by a sudden drop in temperature as to permit their being taken in the hand without resistance.

The tanagers are increasing in number, and the fact that the male makes the journey south in a protective dress unquestionably is one of Nature's methods of preserving the species. While Nature strives to keep alive, man steps in and destroys. Every year the numerous lighthouses along the coast collect their toll of migrating birds, and not long ago hundreds of tanagers were killed against Fire Island lighthouse.





American Birds of Beauty



WOOD DUCK

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



UCKS are associated in our minds with broad reaches of meadow or the open sea. They love the wide spaces of the earth, sweeping across the sky in long lines or converging into V-shaped flocks. This rising and falling sinuous line seems as much a part of the early morning on the marshes as the reflected light in the little reed-encircled ponds. The wood duck differs radically, not only in plumage, but in habit, from the rest of the ducks. Instead of seeking for him among his brothers in the sedge, we find the resplendent fellow among the woodland streams and lakes.

Not many miles from New York City there is a little sheet of water tucked snugly away among the hills. Here for years, when the golden club reared its yellow crown above the water, a pair of those exquisite birds could be found resting and feeding after the long journey from the south. They nested in an old sycamore overhanging the water, and nearly every year succeeded in rearing a full brood. An interesting sight it was when the old lady escorted the youngsters to the water. Not in a carefully padded baby carriage with soft quilts and downy pillows! Each tiny yellow ball of fuzz was taken gently by the back of the neck and dropped exactly eleven feet into the water with a splash. The fall did not seem to hurt the little chaps a particle. Indeed, they seemed to enjoy it, and a more practical illustration of "ducks taking to water" one would have to go a long way to see. When all were down, they were rounded up, and their education began. It was wonderful to see how quickly they responded and how soon they started in to forage for food on their own account.

And then there came a spring when they did not return, and one of the charms of the lake disappeared. They had fallen before the gun of the hunter.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, No. 16





American Birds of Beauty



SNOWY HERON

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



IN former years a journey to Florida meant, among other things, a sight of thousands of snowy herons. A trip down any of the rivers on one of the little stern-wheelers was sure to reveal hundreds; but he is fortunate indeed who sees half a dozen of these immaculate birds in a whole season there now. Along the upper reaches of the St. John and its tributaries they nested in thousands, filling the air when distributed, like some enormous white cloud. In those days they did not confine themselves to tropical regions, but wandered as far north as Maine. On Long Island the gunners were well acquainted with them, and as late as 1910 ■ few were noted in South Carolina.

These dainty birds of the South fall without the pale of protective coloration. Against the dark green of mangroves or cypress their snow-white forms stand out like cameos. Deep in the interior of the Everglades a handful of the once powerful Seminole Indians are making their last stand. In these same wilds the last of the snowy herons are struggling against extinction at the hands of the plume-hunters. They are gradually disappearing. Often they are shot from nests that frequently contain four or five young who die a lingering death by starvation.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has accomplished wonders in protecting the snowy heron and other birds. The setting aside of reservations on government land by executive order, where the feathered inhabitants can find sanctuary, has saved more than one species from annihilation.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
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THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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No. 16

AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY

BLUE JAY

BALTIMORE ORIOLE

CEDAR WAXWING

SCARLET TANAGER

WOOD DUCK

SNOWY HERON

By EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH,

State Ornithologist of Massachusetts.

Author of "Useful Birds and Their Protection," "A History of Game Birds, Wild Fowl, and Shore Birds."

WE are accustomed to think of the tropics as the home of birds of graceful forms and brilliant plumage; but North America can boast of many birds that will compare not unfavorably with some of their lustrous cousins of the equatorial regions. There are in this country many birds of beauty which have long been a theme of song and story, and some of the best known are illustrated here.

THE BLUE JAY

"A bird so beautiful as the blue jay must be very rare now in your country," said a titled Englishman to a friend of mine who was traveling in the "tight little island."

The blue jay, though unprotected by law in many states, and considered fair game for the gunner, is still a common bird over a great part of North America.

Everywhere the jays have a bad name. The blue jay in particular is looked upon as a noisy, quarrelsome rascal; but he is a gay buccaneer withal, and so handsome that his faults are often forgiven. Also,

AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY



BLUE JAY

Some comrade blue jay whistles, and he is up and away, his feathers sleeked and wet from his hunting among the damp leaves.

break strong dead twigs from the limb of some standing tree, and on this foundation the nest is placed.

When the eggs are laid the noisy jay becomes silent and discreet. He does not advertise his home with staccato cries, like the robin, but glides silently to the lower branches of the tree, and hops from limb to limb round the trunk, watching on all sides, perhaps to see if the coast is clear, but going higher all the while, until he has climbed his spiral stairway, and reached the nest on which his partner sits awaiting the morsel he politely tenders her.

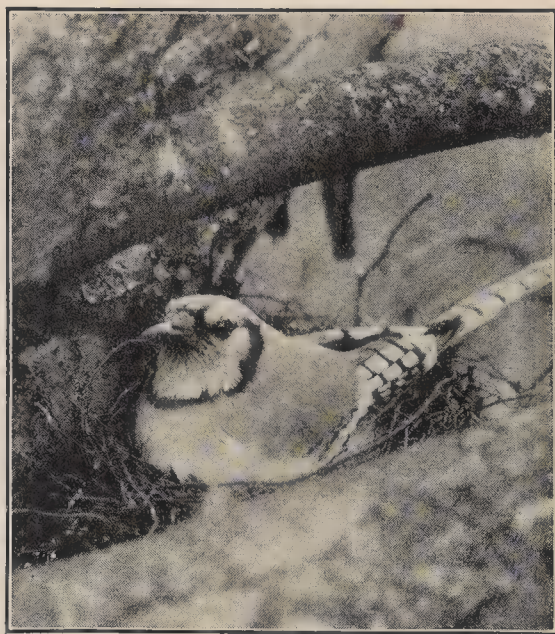
The screams of the jay are harsh, yet musical. His voice has the timbre of a trumpet,—a cold, clear, metallic sound,—and his call to arms

he has virtues of his own. If he sometimes steals corn and robs the nests of little birds, still he is a premium caterpillar hunter. A single family of jays, it is said, destroy a million caterpillars in a season; but the jay's good qualities are not well known, and he is hunted by mankind without mercy, escaping only by his ready wits.

The jay is normally a forest bird, his home the somber pines; but he quickly adapts himself to circumstances, and places his nest anywhere for safety.

The nest is built largely of twigs; but in laying its foundation the knowing bird is not content with picking up the fragile, half-rotten sticks of the forest floor, but works with might and main,

using both bill and feet, to



BLUE JAY ON NEST

When the eggs are laid the noisy jay becomes silent and watchful bird.

quickly arouses the whole eager clan. Now they have found a drowsy owl in a thick pine top. The woods ring again with their trumpet chorus, and blue flashes to blue as they converge to the attack. Here they come from all directions. Fuss and feathers indeed! In the excitement of the affray they lose their habitual caution, and you expect to see the noisy mob annihilate the little gray owl; but after half an hour of ceaseless clamor and attack hardly a feather of the drowsy one seems to have been ruffled. He never bats an eye; but sits in the midst of the clamor with his head sunk between his shoulders, apparently somnolent. The onset consists mainly of bluff and bluster—and he knows it.

Next their arch enemy, the sharp-shinned hawk, is the object of their enmity, and he sometimes suffers them to mob him with impunity; but let them not venture to provoke the little pirate too far, for then, with a sudden rush, he strikes one of the mocking crew and bears him to the ground, when, although the stricken victim fights to the last gasp, the hearts of his companions turn to water and they fly screaming away. Theirs is only mob courage, after all, and a stout heart soon daunts them.

The brilliant jay takes the very best care of his precious skin; yet he will fight for his helpless young, and in defense of them becomes invincible.

Jays are sociable creatures and fond of their companions. There is a story told of one that became blind, but was led, tended, and fed for months by his solicitous companions.



BLUE JAY

Watch a blue jay on the ground hunting under the leaves for nuts and insects. Now he stops the pitchfork work of his strong bill to listen.

Few people who know the blue jay and its common cries even suspect that as a song-bird it is secretly a brilliant performer. Commonly it imitates the scream of the red-shouldered hawk so closely that only the trained ear can detect the difference, and it has a remarkable faculty of imitating many other birds. Let none despise the musical powers of the jay; for certain individuals are greatly gifted, and the only reason this is not more generally known is that our modest performer warbles

as softly as "any sucking dove" and apparently sings when he believes no one is near. I have heard its supreme vocal effort only a few times, and it was no mean performance.

Jays, like crows, are fond of hearing their own voices. When the frost has opened the chestnut burs they are supremely happy. With a hole in a tree or a cavity behind a strip of bark to fill with nuts or corn, the prudent jay lays up a store of provisions against the time when the ground will be covered with snow. Later, as autumn wanes, the call of the jay seems to take on a sadder tone, like the plaint of some forest elf wandering sadly 'mid falling leaves and mourning the decay of the season.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

When Alexander Wilson, the "Father of American Ornithology," described and figured the firebird, hangbird, or golden robin of our fathers, he called it the Baltimore oriole. A tradition still lingers in Maryland to the effect that George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who wrote the charter for what is now Maryland, discouraged by the trials and rigors of his Newfoundland colony, visited Virginia in 1628, where he found flocks of orioles, and was so cheered by their song and beauty that he adopted their colors, orange and black, for his own. As he took the oriole's colors, the oriole later took his name.

Elegant in form, beautiful in plumage, and a fine singer, the Baltimore bird has always been a favorite, and has gone on cheering and charming mankind to this day. Its swinging nest is one of the finest specimens of bird architecture, and is commonly hung from the drooping branch of a great elm overhanging farmhouse or village street. In



BALTIMORE ORIOLE

A beautiful bird and a fine singer—also a bird of great courage. He has been known to defeat red squirrels in conflict.

AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY

May the happy, mated pair begin their domicile, looping strings, strands, or hair over the pendent branchlets, each one fastened from twig to twig in the form of a swing. Both birds bring material, and the female works the material together until a pouch is formed to contain the nest lining. In some cases the nest is roofed over until a long, deep, gourd-shaped bag is formed, with a small entrance hole in one side. In the Gulf States the pouch is sometimes built of Spanish moss in loose, open fashion; but in the North it is woven firmly and the nest is warmly lined. Usually the little home swings high, safe from the attacks of predatory animals, a veritable castle in the air. Some kindly people hang upon shrub or fence a stock of colored yarns for the orioles, and watch daily the construction of the resultant gaudy nest. Once I found a black nest built almost entirely of horsehair. The mother bird exhibits extreme devotion to her newly hatched young. In one case she remained on

the nest and defended them until the limb was sawed off and the nest taken into a house.

Through the spring and summer days the wild, free notes of the oriole ring out among the elms of the countryside. Usually they are recognizable by their peculiar quality; but a particularly talented performer now and then appears. Last year near my home a gifted bird rang the changes constantly on C, E, and G major in several different combinations extending over an entire octave. The notes rang like a bugle call.

As with most brilliantly plumaged birds, the male is far more brightly colored than the female, and as in other species the plumage grows brighter and more perfect for three or more years. An old male's breast sometimes shows a deep, rich, luminous orange that rivals the bright scarlet of the tanager.

The cheery oriole is one of the farmer's best friends; for it continually destroys caterpillars, weevils,



NEST OF BALTIMORE ORIOLE

The young orioles may be seen above the hanging nest.

and many injurious beetles, and it does little harm to any crop. So we see the oriole is useful as well as ornamental.

THE CEDAR WAXWING

At any season, in almost any part of the country, you may see a flock of curious little birds flying in easy, slightly undulating fashion to alight compactly on some nearby tree. You have made the acquaintance of the cedar waxwing, a hardy bird, which winters in the Northern States in many localities where it can feed on the berries of the red cedar or Virginia juniper. Hence its name.

The waxwing is not a bird of brilliant plumage. It is rather quaker-like in garb; but, though a trifle odd and peculiar, its appearance is extremely elegant and refined, giving the bird an air of distinction. Its principal charm lies in its graceful shape and its silky plumage, with its marvelous melting browns and drabs, changing insensibly from one lovely tint to another. On this modest background bits of black, white, red, and yellow are tastefully disposed like the trimmings of a garment. No painting can do justice to the satiny sheen and texture of its feathers and soft blending of the different colors. No other family of birds has similar waxlike appendages at the ends of the quills. They look like bits of bright red sealing wax, and science has not discovered their use. Probably they are more ornamental than useful.

This bird of beauty has an unenviable reputation. It is an irrepressible little gormand. A fruit grower told me that individuals ate of his cherries until so satiated that they fell from the tree and could be taken in the hand, and Audubon says that birds of this species, kept in confinement, dined so heartily upon apples that they died of suffocation. The waxwing is a well known enemy of the cherry grower. Its digestion



CEDAR WAXWING

The waxwing often makes its nest in an orchard. It shows great devotion to its young.

AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY

is so rapid that fruit has passed its entire digestive tract in less than half an hour. The greater part of the fruit it eats, however, is valueless to mankind, and as its huge appetite is largely satisfied on insects known as destructive pests, it is ranked as one of the birds beneficial to agriculture. It feeds on cankerworms, caterpillars, elm-leaf beetles, potato beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, bugs, bark lice, and scale insects.

Like some other plump and well fed personages, the waxwing is good natured, happy, affectionate, and blessed generally with a good disposition. It is fond of good company, and is very considerate of its companions. Sometimes a little group may be observed resting together in a row, billing and caressing. If one of them secures a tempting morsel, like a luscious cherry or a plump insect, he may be seen to pass it on to his neighbor, which in turn presents it to the next, until it has passed up and down the line more than once, before it is accepted.

"So," says Dr. Coues, "they lead their idle, uneventful lives, these debonair birds,—sociable but not domestic, even a trifle dissipated, good natured to a friend in a scrape, very reliable diners out, and fond of showing off their dressy topknots, on which so much of their mind is fixed."

THE SCARLET TANAGER

No other North American bird can compare with the male scarlet tanager in massed brilliance of pure color. He flashes through the light green leaves of early spring like a brand of tropical flame, his encrimsoned body contrasting sharply with wings and tail as black as night,—a common bird, yet so rarely seen by most people that the sight makes a lasting impression upon the mind.

It is May. In the deep woods of oak and chestnut we hear a clear, warbling whistle, a trifle strident in parts, sounding somewhat like a hoarse robin's song. Follow the song, and you may find the singer, but not at once, as our



A YOUNG CEDAR WAXWING

AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY

bird is a ventriloquist. His song rings here and there, now near, now far, while the listener vainly cranes his neck in search of the musician, who sits quietly in a nearby treetop, hidden among the green leaves.

So people have come to believe that the tanager is a rare bird; while in reality it is common in the woods, especially during the spring migration. When the song is hushed you may sometimes find the bird by startling him with a sudden noise, a shout, or a loud clapping of the hands. Then the alarm note *chip-churr*, often repeated, may lead you to him or to his modestly colored mate.

The tanager is not confined altogether to the woods, and at times nests in the orchards. The nest is rather loosely built, and is set on the branch of a tree from five to fifty feet from the ground.



SCARLET TANAGER NEST

The gorgeous scarlet tanager who sang in this tree was killed by a slingshot. The nest was deserted by his terrified mate.

Our black-winged redbird is very devoted to its young, and will sometimes risk its life in their defense. A little one that had fallen from a nest was picked up and taken to a farmhouse half a mile away; but its parents found it there and contrived to feed it through the bars of its cage. The tanager loves to dwell within the shade of tall white oaks, where it constitutes itself the guardian of these trees. It feeds constantly on the insects of the oak and chestnut, and very few of these pests escape its sharp and roving eye. I have seen a tanager take in a short time every caterpillar from a shrub that had swarmed with them. Its beauty, song, and usefulness should endear the tanager to all mankind.

THE SNOWY HERON

It was one of the privileges of my early days, during an expedition to Florida, to see much of the wonderful flora and fauna of that semi-tropical peninsula before the woodman's ax, the hunter's gun, and the



SNOWY HERONS

But a few diminishing colonies of these beautiful birds now remain in our country.

fisherman's net had robbed the lands and waters of much of their luxuriant life. In those days flocks of snowy herons and egrets gladdened the eye throughout a large part of the Gulf States.

Late one afternoon, as I lay concealed beneath the roots of a large mangrove, a flock of snowy herons alighted about a dark and sunken pool before me, and there, within from ten to thirty feet of my hiding place, the graceful birds strutted about, displaying their raised crests and lovely, spraylike plumes against the background of the black and slimy ooze. Snowy white, immaculate, they passed and repassed one another, bowing and turning as they swept about exhibiting their stately beauties; for it was the mating season. I never expect to see the like again; for the curse of the feather trade has fallen like a blight upon all plume birds, and where millions once inhabited a great part of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, now only a few diminishing colonies remain.

The snowy heron or lesser egret is the smaller of the white egrets of America. It is a useful bird; for, notwithstanding the fact that, like all herons, it feeds to some extent on fish and frogs, grasshoppers, cutworms and other injurious insects enter largely into its bill of fare. During most of the year it is a plain, plumeless white heron; but in the mating season it bears on its back the beautiful sprays known to fashion as aigrettes. At nesting time the white birds gather in colonies in some more or less inaccessible swamp and build their loosely constructed nests,

A M E R I C A N B I R D S O F B E A U T Y

usually in bushes or trees. Each nesting female lays three to five bluish eggs, and hatches them by the heat of her body. When the eggs have hatched and the parent birds are employed in feeding their crying young, the plume hunter sees his opportunity. The plumes are now at their best, and the fond parents, caring for their little ones, fearlessly expose themselves to the aim of the vandal hidden in the undergrowth beneath their nests. He shoots the parents, leaves the young to starve in the nests—and thus My Lady gets her plumes.

The ever-diminishing hosts of the egrets in every land rapidly are nearing extinction. The few pitiful remnants in the United States are guarded mainly by wardens employed by the Audubon societies.

Nevertheless, the sad story of the egrets may yet have a brighter sequel. It remained for Edward A. McIlhenny of Louisiana to show how these birds may be preserved. Years ago, when the plumers had shot out the heronries in his neighborhood, he saved a few of the starving young, which he kept in a cage near his house. He fed them well, and when they were fully fledged, he liberated them. They flew away. The next spring they returned, mated, and built their nests in the trees near a little pool where stood their old home, the cage. The birds increased in numbers year by year, and now there are thousands of egrets, perfectly tame, well protected, and nesting on Mr. McIlhenny's grounds within sight of his factory. It is to be hoped that, with the protection of law, it may be possible again to restock the country with these graceful and useful creatures.

THE WOOD DUCK

Peerless in beauty among waterfowl of the world stands our wood duck. Dame Nature has turned out few more beautiful creatures. The changing lusters of its wondrous plumage, flashing in the sunlight, are the despair of the artist and a delight to all eyes. Every color of the rainbow, with deeper and brighter tints, and many a changing iridescence robe the lovely bird, until it appears a feast and riot of color among the reflections of the limpid forest pools in which it proudly sails, like an exquisitely proportioned little barge decorated with the gems of the Orient.

The wood duck was formerly the most abundant waterfowl in many wooded regions of North America, from the southern forests of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Audubon saw them in flocks of hundreds. Dr. Hatch, writing of Minnesota in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, says that in the spring they came like the rains of the tropics, and poured in until every pool in the woodlands was deluged by them. In Ohio they were killed by wagonloads fifty years ago. Even in eastern Massachusetts they were so plentiful that old hunters still living tell of the

killing of fifty or sixty by one man in a morning. With the coming of the white man this duck adapted its habits to the changing conditions, and often built its nest in a hollow apple tree or in some cavity in an elm above a farmhouse door. Nesting from time immemorial in hollow trees, it was always at home in the woods, and it still pursues its devious flight among the branches of the forest as easily as a passenger pigeon.

The nest is warmly lined with down and feathers, with which the mother bird, when leaving, covers the eggs to keep life in them while she is away. Returning, she flies directly and unerringly into the entrance of her little home, striking upon the feathers of her breast and landing so lightly as never to injure her cherished treasures.

When the little ones have hatched and dried their natal down, they seek the water. Accounts vary as to how they get there. Some observers claim to have seen the young riding to the water on the back of the flying mother; others aver that she carries them one by one in her bill; others that she takes them with her feet; and still others claim to have seen her push them out of the nest, whence they fluttered or fell lightly to the grass or leaves below, and were then led to the water. If the nesting tree overhangs the flood, the downy ones launch into the air and, spreading their little wings and feet, drop upon the surface. It is probable that the procedure varies; but this much seems sure,—the young are often taken to the water in the bill of the parent; for many people have seen it. The wood duck feeds mainly on water plants and woodland products, such as acorns, chestnuts, and beech nuts, or on insects, tadpoles, and other small forms of aquatic life. Beautiful, interesting, harmless, and useful, it deserves a better fate than extermination at the hands of man.



WOOD DUCK

From a drawing by L. A. Fuertes.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America	<i>Frank M. Chapman</i>
Birdcraft	<i>Mabel Osgood Wright</i>
Birds of America . .	<i>J. J. Audubon</i>
Bird Neighbors . .	<i>Neltje Blanchan</i>
Key to North Ameri- can Birds	<i>Elliot Coues</i>
Handbook of Birds of Western United States .	<i>Florence Merriam Bailey</i>



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject
treated can obtain it by writing to the

"Inquiry Department" of The Mentor Association
52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City





THE NIGHT WATCH," Rembrandt's celebrated painting, is one of six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

REMBRANDT

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course

WHEN Rembrandt painted the most famous of all his works, the picture commonly known as "The Night Watch," which hangs in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam, it caused him a vast amount of trouble. There are upwards of a score of portraits in the big canvas, and each man contributed the same amount to pay for it. Naturally each wanted to be as prominent as his fellows, and those who are shown in the background made a tremendous row because the artist dared to group his figures with the thought of art composition, rather than of their importance.

Really it is not a night scene at all. Sir Joshua Reynolds is responsible for this misstatement, being deceived by Rembrandt's originality in handling light and shade. It shows the gathering of the civic guard of Amsterdam at the sound of the drum calling them to practice.

Rembrandt was one of the few masters of painting who had an opportunity to be extravagant. He spent lavishly, and gave away money with equal indifference. He paid outrageous prices for pictures, when he should have paid his debts. Like most great geniuses of art, he died poor and neglected.

His real name was Rembrandt Harmanzoon van Rijn, and he was born at Leyden in 1607, the son of a well-to-do miller.

He was his own teacher. In his early days in Leyden Rembrandt painted and taught the people about him, seeking character and the picturesque, whether he found it in distinguished folk or in beggars and cripples. He constantly used his mother as a model. He painted between fifty and sixty portraits of himself—not from vanity, but to master every form of expression, to learn how to represent the human face from within. His methods were original during his

whole career. Sometimes he would take the handle of the brush and drag it over the fresh paint to give the touch he wanted to the hair or the beard. Sometimes he would scoop up thick layers of paint with the palette knife and stick them on the canvas.

Rembrandt developed slowly; but at twenty-five he painted the wonderful "Lesson in Anatomy," in which is shown the anatomist Tulp and his seven associates, life size.

He was then recognized as the foremost portrait painter of Amsterdam.

When he was twenty-eight Rembrandt married a rich and beautiful fair-haired Friesian girl named Saskia. For eight years his wife was the center of Rembrandt's life and art, and her face appears on many of his canvases. These were happy years for Rembrandt. He entertained lavishly; but in spite of many distractions he worked with great energy. No fewer than 700 of his paintings and etchings have been catalogued.

After the death of his wife evil days came. When he was forty-nine years old everything that Rembrandt owned was sold to meet his debts. He was turned out of his house, without friends, with little more than the clothes on his back. He whom the world has called the "King of Shadows" entered into the gloom of poverty. But still he worked until he died at the age of sixty-two, alone and neglected.

"The Gilder," painted in 1640, was sold in Paris in 1802 for \$1,000. In 1888 it was sold to M. M. Havemeyer of New York for \$80,000. P. A. B. Widener paid \$500,000 for "The Mill," because he believed it to be a Rembrandt, although some authorities doubt its authenticity. Recently H. C. Frick of New York paid \$250,000 for Rembrandt's "The Merchant."



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER. BY FRANS HALS



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," Frans Hals' world known picture, is one of the six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

FRANS HALS

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" is the most famous and best liked of the paintings of Frans Hals. And the Cavalier himself is most familiar too, in glance, in manner, in bearing. No one can resist the bold challenge of those mischievous eyes, the full, life-loving lips. He swells with wonderful conceit in himself and a cheery disdain of the world in general. It is altogether a marvelous study of expression. In 1865 Sir Richard Wallace gave \$10,000 for the portrait. The Haarlem collector, who had owned it, paid \$400 for it. Its value now would probably be in the hundred thousands.

For truth of character Frans Hals was the greatest painter that ever lived; but it took the world an interminably long time to discover it. A hundred and twenty years after his death one of his great portraits brought only \$1.25 at a sale. He was an aristocrat by birth and disreputable by choice. Members of his family were burgomasters, treasurers, and aldermen of Haarlem for nearly three hundred years. Frans and his brother Dirk were frequenters of the lowest taverns, and this is about all we know of him from the time he was born in 1580 until he was married at the age of thirty-one.

Up to the time he was thirty-three there was nothing to show that Frans Hals produced anything worthy of attention; but he evidently worked to some purpose. His marvelous capacity for catching an expression on the instant brought him many patrons.

It was just about that time that the great demand for huge group portraits had set in, and Hals profited by it. He agreed to give those who contributed the largest sum toward the group the impor-

tant places in the composition, which rivalry increased many times the prices he would otherwise have received, and also freed him from subsequent complaint. They were jovial folk, those of Frans Hals' time, and he loved to paint them as they were.

He had a season of real prosperity, and might have become rich; but after a time the commissions interfered with his drinking, and that was something that Frans could not endure. He loved the tavern better than the studio; but his mastery over the brush enabled him to produce a vast amount of work in a very short time. He liked better, however, to paint the jolly toppers and the fisherwives than the rich burghers. The time came when he "sweated" his many pupils, making them draw and paint subjects for which he paid them little or nothing, which he sold at fair prices to meet his weekly tavern bills.

From the time he was thirty-three until he was fifty he lived in Haarlem. His love of the tavern increased. He grew poorer and poorer; but continued to paint. His love of bright colors seemed to disappear entirely; until finally he was painting in gray shadows with backgrounds in almost jet black. Some say it was because he could not afford to buy colors.

When he was seventy years old a baker, who not only gave him bread but lent him money as well, appealed to the courts to compel Hals to pay his debts. The painter's house was seized and the contents sold to the highest bidder. One of the greatest painters of the world was obliged to appeal to the municipal council in order to live. It gave him fuel and food and an annuity of \$80, which he received until he died.





HE YOUNG BULL," a famous animal painting by Paul Potter, is one of the six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

PAUL POTTER

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course

BEFORE he died at twenty-nine, worn out by excessive work, Paul Potter, the "Raphael of Animal Painters," was already famous, and, what is even more extraordinary, he was prosperous. Few of the great Dutch masters enjoyed either distinction. Also Potter was unique in that he developed very early. At fifteen his paintings were ranked with those of artists of distinction.

His first lessons were received from his father, a landscape and figure painter of mediocre talents. When Paul was six years old his father moved from Enkhuizen, where the boy was born in 1625, to Amsterdam, and afterward to The Hague. Paul was placed under a good master; but work in the studio had small attraction for him. He was chiefly his own teacher, and the greater part of his time was devoted to making studies from nature. Almost from the first he was interested in animals; but he became a master of landscape because of its necessity as a background.

One of his neighbors in The Hague was Jaes Balchenmeyndem, who called himself an architect, and was convinced that he really was a very important person. Potter fell in love with his daughter, Adriana, and formally asked the prideful father for her hand.

"What!" exclaimed Balchenmeyndem, throwing up his hands in horror, "my daughter marry a painter? And what a painter? A painter of animals! If you were only a painter of men, or portraits—but not a painter of animals!"

But it was the habit of the frail Potter to get exactly what he wanted. The opposition of the parent made this marriage a little more difficult; but he married Adriana without much delay.

Potter had business sense as well as his artistic endowments. When Maurice, Prince of Orange, magnanimously made himself the patron of the young artist, Potter gladly accepted the royal favor at exactly its face value and made the most of it. For the Prince of Orange he painted the lifesize "Young Bull," now one of the most celebrated works in The Hague Gallery.

Some idea of the feverish energy of Potter may be gained from the fact that in ten years he executed a hundred existing paintings and twenty etchings, to say nothing of many drawings and studies. To these must be added thirty or forty more works which appear in various sale catalogues, but have been lost. And to some of these paintings he devoted five months.

His horses and cattle are so individual that it is said of Potter that he painted portraits of them. He took the greatest pains to acquaint himself with the characters of the animals he painted. "He seemed to enter the heart of the kine," so faithful is his understanding of their nature.

The learned German art critic, Dr. Waager, says of Potter, "Of the masters who have striven preëminently after truth, he is beyond all question one of the greatest that ever lived."



IN A COURTYARD, BY DE HOOCH



"A COURTYARD," Pieter de Hooch's great painting, is one of the six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

PIETER DE HOOCH

Monograph Number Four in *The Mentor Reading Course*

IT is very certain that Pieter de Hooch lived. In fact, there were a great many of him; for nearly every town in Holland has a large assortment. One of these was a wonderful Pieter de Hooch, as is proved by the two hundred and fifty paintings now in existence. In 1876 the Berlin Museum paid \$26,000 for one of his paintings. Probably if anyone had offered a quarter of that sum for all of Pieter de Hooch's work and for Pieter himself during his lifetime, the would-be purchaser would have been locked up as a dangerous lunatic.

Apparently no one had the slightest interest in Pieter the painter while he lived, nor for more than a century after he died.

But Pieter de Hooch had no more interest in people than they had in him, if one is to judge by his pictures. As Professor J. C. Van Dyke says in his book, "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters":

"From his pictures one might say that Pieter de Hooch had only a slight interest in the intellectual, moral, or spiritual life of humanity. He used men and women much as he used chairs, tables, floors, and windows. People were to him objects showing line, mass, and color. He never troubled himself to any extent with their lives or adventures, their thoughts or their emotions."

When Pieter de Hooch was living Cromwell waged war on Holland, and the country was seething with internal disturbances. Only those who could make a noise in the world attracted any attention, and it is not of record that Pieter made any more noise than a mouse. Apparently all he wanted was the privilege

of painting the most marvelous interiors, with amazing effects of light and shade.

As in the case of Hobbema, De Hooch's greatness was first recognized in England, where the authorities made such a fuss about his work that Holland swiftly came to the conclusion that it had neglected one of its great men. Then began the difficult business of finding out something about him.

After great searching it was finally determined that he was born in Rotterdam about 1632. What he did and where he lived during the first twenty-three years of his life are unknown. He is described as a painter and servant to a certain merchant, who was also something of a patron of the arts. De Hooch lived in Delft for two years, from 1655 to 1657, as the record of his marriage there and his membership in the painters' guild prove. From that time until he turned up in Amsterdam eleven years later there is no trace of him. He painted pictures in 1677; but after that all record of him is lost, except that he died in Haarlem about 1681.

De Hooch was one of the kindest and most charming painters of homely subjects that Holland has produced. All his paintings that have survived are small. The only large canvas that he ever painted was destroyed in the fire of Rotterdam in 1864. Sometimes he chose a drawing room with dancing cavaliers and ladies as his subjects; but he much preferred the homelier scenes, especially interiors illuminated by different intensities of light, and his special joy seems to have been in painting furniture.





HE CHRISTENING," Jan Steen's masterpiece, is one of the six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

JAN STEEN

Monograph Number Five ■ The Mentor Reading Course

IT was Jan Steen's mission to paint human life in a spirit of toleration, emphasized by keen satire. "He keeps on friendly terms with the devil even while painting the cloven hoof." His father was a brewer in Leyden, where Jan was born in 1626.

When he was eighteen he went to Haarlem, where he studied under Jan van Goyen and married his daughter.

When he was forty-one he went into the brewery business at Delft; but failed, and his pictures were seized and sold because of a debt of four dollars he owed to an apothecary. He returned to Leyden and opened a tavern. He died at Leyden at the age of fifty-three.

The earliest biographers of Jan Steen represent him as a sort of Falstaff among artists, leading a rollicking, drunken life. More recently effort has been made to show that he led a sober, industrious life; that he was a sort of Hogarth, who painted to inculcate moral lessons. But his pictures seem to bear out the former judgment. Jan's impish humor is shown in many ways—in his life and art. The following story is characteristic:

"The stern old pastor of Leyden sat near him by the hearth, and delivered a lengthy discourse concerning his jovial life unchristian conduct, his love of drinking, his disorderly domestic affairs, his obdurate gaiety; and Jan listened quietly for two hours, and betrayed not the slightest impatience at the lengthy sermon. Only once he broke in with the words, 'Yes, Dominie, that light is far

better; yes, Dominie, I beg of you to draw your stool a little nearer to the fire, so that the flame may cast its red gleam over your whole face and leave the rest of the figure in shade.'

"The Dominie stood up wrathful and departed. But Jan seized his palette and painted the stern old pastor just as in that sermon on vice he had unconsciously furnished a model. The picture is excellent."

In his art Jan satirized even his very excellent wife.

"As I think, his wife reproached him far too often about drinking too much; for in the picture which represents the bean-feast, where Jan and his family are sitting at table, we see his wife with a large jug of wine in her hand, and eyes beaming like a Bacchante's. I am convinced, however, that the good lady never indulged in too much wine: only the rogue wanted us to believe that it was his wife, and not he, who was too fond of drinking. That is why he laughs so joyously out of the picture."

There isn't any question about Jan Steen's greatness as a painter nor his versatility. He painted chemists in their laboratories, doctors at the bedside of their patients, card parties, marriage feasts, even religious subjects. He had a special gift for painting children. While his work is full of humor, it is all characterized by a remarkable intellectual quality. For a joyous roisterer he appears to have been very industrious; for nearly nine hundred of his works have been listed in catalogs.





HE AVENUE," a renowned landscape by Hobbema, is one of the six intaglio-gravure reproductions illustrating "Dutch Masterpieces."

MEYNDERT HOBBEEMA

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course

WHILE Meyndert Hobbema lived no one had any respect whatever for his pictures, not even the wonderful "Avenue at Middelharnis," now in the National Museum in London; but he was admitted to be a competent wine gager. If, after his death, someone who saw the genius in his works had gone to Amsterdam seeking knowledge of him as a painter, the good Dutch folk would probably have said, "Meyndert Hobbema? Oh, yes, he tried to paint pictures. Foolish things indeed,—a pond full of ducks and geese, a moss-covered mill, little houses with red roofs, and sunsets,—things anybody can see for himself, mere daubs! Jakob Ruysdael tried to make a painter of him; but—"

Then perhaps the bored tone would give way to one of lively interest, to the telling of something important.

He escaped dying of starvation in the strangest way. He had a business head after all, had Meyndert Hobbema.

He married old Eltinge, but maybe it was she who had the business head, for she was four or five years older than Meyndert and she had worked as a servant for the burgomaster."

Eltinge had a girl friend who worked as servant to the burgomaster too, and she had great influence with him. It was arranged with this servant that, if she had Meyndert appointed wine gager he was to pay her out of his salary an annual pension of \$100, unless she married and secured a similar position for her own husband. The contract was drawn up all in proper form and signed before a notary, and the servant did persuade

the burgomaster to give Meyndert the position.

There was not much romance in Meyndert Hobbema's life. He was born in Amsterdam in 1638 and was buried there in a pauper's grave in 1709. So it is seen his work received small appreciation while he lived; though now he and Ruysdael are considered the greatest landscape painters of the Dutch school.

England discovered his greatness more than a century after his death, and nine-tenths of his works are found in that country, because the English collectors gathered the landscapes before Holland awakened to their value.

But maybe Hobbema had a much better time than these few facts of his life suggest. Maybe he knew something of the contentment and peace of his pictures, which so admirably typify the Dutch character. He saw the magical beauty in familiar prosaic scenes of the Dutch countryside, and these he could bring out in his paintings; for no artist has surpassed him in truth of atmospheric effect, in tone, in brilliance of color. Figures interested him not at all. It is said that when he found it necessary to put them in a picture he had other artists paint them.

Although he lived seventy-one years, there are in existence only about one hundred paintings credited to him. There is no mention of Hobbema in any sale catalogue until twenty-six years after his death, when two of his landscapes were sold for \$44. But the recognition of his genius, so slow in coming, was none the less sure. In 1880 one of his landscapes sold for \$44,000.

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DUTCH MASTERPIECES

THE NIGHT WATCH, BY REMBRANDT, 1607-1669

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER, BY HALS, 1580-1666

THE CHRISTENING, BY STEEN, 1626-1679

THE YOUNG BULL, BY POTTER, 1625-1654

IN A COURTYARD, BY DE HOOCH, 1632-1681

THE AVENUE, BY HOBBEEMA, 1638-1709

*By JOHN C. VAN DYKE, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College;
author of "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters," "History of Painting," etc.*

IN looking at Dutch pictures one should banish all thought of Greek ideals and Italian types. Classic gods and prayerful Madonnas were not painted by the Dutchmen. They were too far removed, too fanciful, for a serious minded, matter-of-fact people to consider. The Dutch were always matter of fact. Adversity made them so. In the early days they were strugglers for existence, and had no time for nursing poetic ideals and pictorial fancies.

They fought the sea for a foothold on the earth, and to this day they are keeping back that sea with their dikes. They fought Spain for political freedom and won it; they fought Rome for religious freedom, and won it. With the establishment of their independence and the growth of their commerce came wealth, and with wealth came art; but it was not a tinselled art of pretty Venuses and Apollos lounging on Olympian

D U T C H M A S T E R P I E C E S



WINDMILLS AND CANAL NEAR DELFT

clouds. On the contrary, it told about the Dutch themselves: it was an art of realities, of actual scenes, of a living people. The reality was always represented, and it mattered not whether the picture was a group of semi-aristocratic burghers by De Keyser, (duh kī-zer) or peasants in a tavern by Ostade, (os'-tah-de) or cattle in the polder-lands by Cuyp, (koip) or merely a landscape by Van Goyen. (von ghoy-un.)

It was an attempt to paint the actual truth of the model before them. In that sense, all Dutch art was a likeness of Holland and its people, a portrait of the land and its life. Even when painters like Rembrandt, Bol (bohl), and Flinck did scriptural scenes such as Jacob wrestling with the Angel, the Jacob was a Simon-pure Dutchman and the angel was an Amsterdam angel of the painter's immediate household. Nothing could shake their keen sense of reality, of fact, of truth.

HOLLAND'S PLACE IN ART

Such an attitude of mind may seem rather material and lead one to think Dutch painting rather a coarse, commonplace affair; but such was not the case. The very truth of it, its keen characterization of the time, the

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people, the place, made it powerful. And whatever earthliness may be found in the subject, there is never the slightest touch of earthliness in the manner of its doing. For the Dutch were the world's famous handlers of the brush. As technicians they have never been excelled. In the laying on of paint the great Italians, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, (lay-o-nar'-do dah vin'-che) were immature, crude, incomplete, compared with the little Dutchmen like Terburg and Brouwer. Their skill was not merely wonderful for Holland in the seventeenth century, but it is wonderful for today, and for all time.

The admiration for the old masters of Holland is not a mere fad. It is very well founded. Age has nothing to do with the admiration. The pictures are valuable to the present generation because of their style, their spirit, their truth to a point of view, and most of all for their superb workmanship. In four hundred years not a single painter has arisen to handle a brush with the certainty and ease of Hals, or to model a face with the power of Rembrandt, or to lay on beautiful colors with the color sense of Van der Meer of Delft. The manner in which Rembrandt could draw an eye, or round a cheek, or paint a luminous shadow under a hat brim, is a lost art. The color, light, and atmospheric setting of De Hooch at his



TYPICAL DUTCH STREETS



REMBRANDT

best are as inimitable as the altogether perfect drawing of Terburg or the perfect handling of Brouwer.

REMBRANDT GREATEST PAINTER OF NORTHERN EUROPE

Sentiment—yes, the painters of Holland had plenty of sentiment; but it went out not so much in their subjects as in their decorative effects. They grew emotional over warm sunlight, sympathetic over color harmonies, mysterious over shadow masses, sentimental about aerial perspective. They were devoted to beauty of craftsmanship and in love with art for the pure art of it. One painter among them seemed to sympathize more profoundly with mankind than most of his

contemporaries. He strove to show his sympathy in the faces, the bowed forms, the praying hands, of his characters. He was also a great craftsman and delighted in fine workmanship; but he had the sorrow of the world and a deep feeling for humanity in his heart.

Was it this feeling for humanity, combined with his splendid technical skill that made Rembrandt the greatest painter north of the Alps? Very likely. And yet it is not to his sorrow-laden portraits, or his pathetic "Supper at Emmaus," or his impressive "Manoah's Prayer" that the crowd turns seeking his masterpiece. It goes to the "Night Watch,"—a splendid decorative canvas, but possessed of little sentiment or feeling save for beauty of color and shadow masses.

MASTER OF LIGHT AND SHADOWS

The "Night Watch" is a famous picture, and deservedly so. It shows Rembrandt's power, and it also shows his weakness. He has been called "the Master of Light," and yet this picture rather shows him to be the slave of light. He had a searchlight method of illuminating a face by throwing the full glare on the forehead, nose, and collar, and then surrounding this massed illumination by deep shadows as a foil and for contrast. This was a powerful method for a single head, as Rembrandt proved again and again in his many bust portraits; but when he came to do a series of portraits on one canvas, as in the "Night Watch," his method rather broke down. Instead of one illumination coming from the sky and

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lighting the whole group of the militia company we have sixteen or twenty flashes from the searchlight lighting up sixteen or twenty distinct heads. These heads show about all the light there is in the picture. Around them and back of them is shadow, gloom, mystery, darkness.

THE "NIGHT WATCH" A DAY SCENE

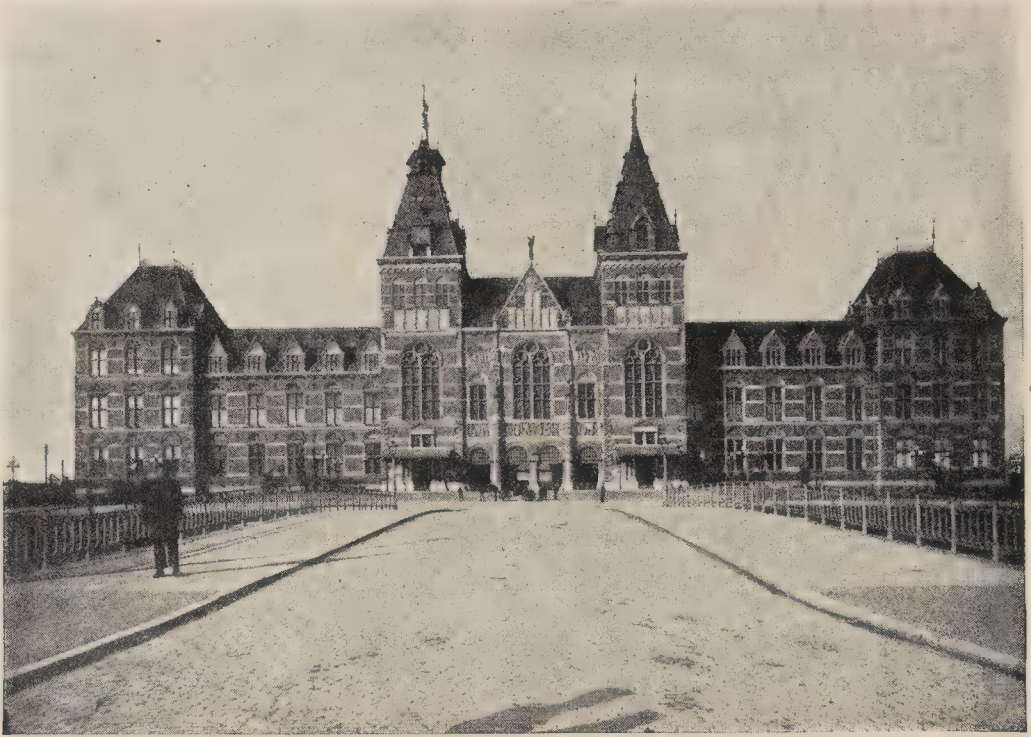
Now look at the picture and you will understand why it was thought to be a night scene and mistakenly called the "Night Watch." There is no light in it except for the flashes of the searchlight. As a matter of fact, it is intended to be a daylight scene, and is the sortie from its armory of a civic guard or militia company called the Frans Banning Cocq Company; but it looks like a night scene owing to the limitations of Rembrandt's method. Count that as a defect of method if you will, and yet note that there is a decided quality that goes along with the defect. The spaces between the lighted heads and figures are shadowy and gloomy. At the back there is a transparent veil of shadow and atmosphere out of which figures come forward, peering into the light.

Tall columns, suggestions of arches, wreathed escutcheons, glimmering halberds, drooping flags, are half seen here and there. What a mystery there is behind all that veil of faintly illumined shadow! What a bustle and movement and pellmell of unexpectedness in all those figures coming forward out of the depths, growing brighter as they advance into the light! Lieutenant Ruytenberg, in the front, is the highest in light of them all, being dressed in a buff suit; and next to him, as a foil, is Captain Cocq in a black suit. How these two figures move! How firmly their feet strike the ground! They are the very poetry of motion. To the left of the captain is a little girl in a sea-green dress with a white bird hanging at her girdle. Why is she there? No one knows. Rembrandt put her there doubtless as a mass of light to relieve the surrounding darks. The contrasts are striking even in reproductions of the picture; but in the original painting the whole scene is a splendid mass of light and dark saturated with atmosphere, and inter-



STATUE OF REMBRANDT

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THE FAMOUS RYKS MUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM

woven with color. Reds, yellows, and blues, with buffs, saffrons, pearl grays, sapphires, opalescent tints run through it. It is a wonder of color as of shadow and air.

It was painted in 1642, was shortly afterward cut down at the sides and top, has been much cleaned and repainted, and recently a wandering fool in the gallery slashed it with a knife; but in spite of time and much damage it is still a wonderful picture. Like a battered fragment of Greek sculpture, it seems as though nothing could wholly destroy its feeling of beauty.

FRANS HALS PAINTER OF "SPEAKING LIKENESSES"

Frans Hals did civic guard pictures too; but none of them had the movement and bustle, or was quite such a picture as the "Night Watch." They were groups of individual portraits, showing splendid physical types, arranged formally, and with a fine display of color; but with none of the shadowed mystery of Rembrandt. Hals had a facile hand, and was one of the world's foremost painters; but he lacked the penetrating insight and the great humanity of Rembrandt. All his types have physical presence. They show bulk, weight, poise, animal spirits; but they are not over-soulful or keenly intellectual. The

"Laughing Cavalier" is a refined illustration of his point of view. The Cavalier is quite a marvel as a mass of good health and good nature. He smiles serenely, as though his digestion were perfect and dull, carking care had not pierced his mind to any appreciable extent. Technically the picture is thoroughly well constructed and quite faultlessly painted. No one could do the outside of a man better than Hals.

In the Municipal Gallery at Haarlem one can see him in half a dozen large civic-guard pictures, done at different times, and covering fifty years of his career as a painter. Here he is shown in all his phases, starting in his early pictures with much color, and ending in his late examples with somber grays and blacks.

One hardly knows which to admire the more, his early or his late work. In the last pictures of the series, when an old man, it is apparent that his hand has lost its cunning, and his eye no longer cares for brilliant hues; but he has a wonderful regard for tone and atmospheric envelop; and his grays and blacks are superb in sobriety, dignity, and calm restraint. It is said that the bitterness of his life (he died in the almshouse), had to do with this somber coloring of his later canvases; but it is not likely. It was a broadened point of view, the refinement of simplicity, that often comes to painters late in life. It shows in his single portraits, as well as in his guild pictures, and was the natural culmination of the man's artistic career. It was a famous, if somewhat checkered career, and he a famous if somewhat material painter. In Holland he was second only to Rembrandt.



FRANS HALS

JAN STEEN THE TAVERN PAINTER OF HOLLAND

In a smaller way Jan Steen (yan stane) was quite as fine a painter as Hals; in fact, quite a master painter after his kind, though often doing hasty and careless work. When traveling in the Low Countries, Sir Joshua Reynolds spoke complacently of Steen's work, and ventured to say (in his Discourses) that "the painting of Steen might even become the design of Raphael." The remark nowadays calls forth something of a smile. Raphael was, indeed, a great artist; but as a painter pure and simple he is not to be compared with Steen. To be sure, one



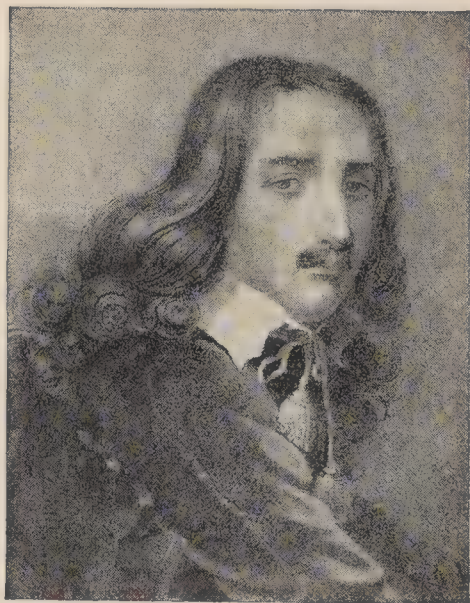
JAN STEEN, BY HIMSELF

painted saints and angels where the other painted drunken boors fighting in a tavern or back yard; but the painter of the boors painted them in quite an angelic way. Occasionally he did a religious subject; but, strange enough, these were always his poorer pictures. He seemed to give out his greatest skill when working over disreputable themes. The "Bad Company" picture in the Louvre is one of his very best canvases, and is quite flawless in tone, color, textures, and handling.

POTTER, THE ANIMAL PORTRAITIST

To speak about Paul Potter in the same breath with an accomplished craftsman like Steen seems artistic blasphemy. Potter had an exaggerated reputation as a painter of cattle, though possessed of considerable skill as a draftsman. His paintings may be considered as portraits of cattle which accentuate the physical appearance, rather than the beauty or the form of the subject. He never was a painter like Steen, never had a color sense, never knew how to produce a decorative surface. His view of nature is hard, literal, harshly realistic, devoid of charm. He could get little beauty out of sunlight or shadow, out of atmosphere or sky, out of cattle or humanity. He drew with a rasping wire-edged brush and by exaggerated modeling produced a "stand-out" effect in his cattle which has made people stare. It is, however, not the object of painting to make objects stand *out*, but to make them stand *in*.

Potter's reputation was great during his lifetime, and was probably increased by his early death. So large was the demand for his pictures that the supply was soon exhausted, and the obliging art dealers of



PAUL POTTER

Amsterdam forged his name on pictures by Isaack van Ostade and Cuyp and sold them as Potters. These pictures are still doing service as Potters in some of the art galleries of Europe.

DE HOOCH PAINTER OF SUNNY HOLLAND

Pieter de Hooch was a painter of Dutch courtyards and interiors, sometimes of a very humble nature, and sometimes showing the aristocratic side of Dutch life in palatial halls with finely robed characters. He seemed content with his picture if it contained handsome color, atmosphere, shadow, and above all sunlight. His sunlit passageways and courtyards with bricks, his floors and windows and kitchen utensils, his housewife with her child, are simple and humble enough in theme; but he has made them quite glorious, quite splendid, as art. The people of his day, however, did not care for them. He achieved no fame until long after his death, and then in England rather than in his native land. Today he is one of the Dutch immortals, and his pictures that occasionally find their way into an auction room sell for enormous prices.



PIETER DE HOOCH

HOBBEA A MODEL FOR LANDSCAPISTS

Hobbema (hob'-be-mah) was another genius who failed to impress anyone in his lifetime. The painting of landscape in the seventeenth century was not a profitable business; and though Hobbema painted out-of-doors quite as beautifully as De Hooch painted indoors, they both did some starving, and died in poverty and neglect. The irony of fate comes in when it is realized that the pictures of Ruysdael and Hobbema were the models for the Fontainebleau-Barbison (fon-tain-blow bar-bi-son) painters—Rousseau (roo-so), Diaz (dee-ath), Dupré (doo-pray)—whose works have sold of recent years for such huge sums.

Hobbema was one of the best of the Dutch landscapists, and dealt with more sunlight and blue sky than his master, Ruysdael (rois-dahl); although his celebrated "Avenue of Middelharnis" in the National Gallery, London, is rather slate-gray in color. For all that, it shows Holland in a characteristic garb and is a truthful portrait of the country. To this day there are roads in Holland with trees dwindling away in linear perspective and garden patches on each side, just as in this Hobbema picture.

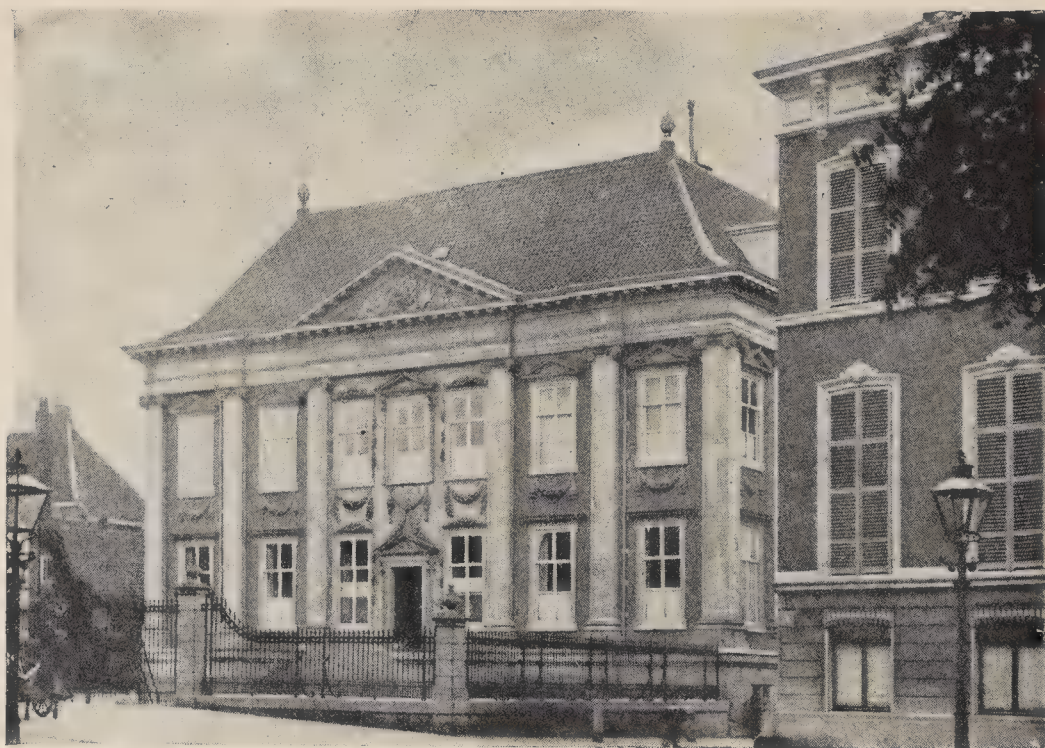
D U T C H M A S T E R P I E C E S

All of which brings us back to our first conclusion that Dutch art, whether of people or cattle, of interiors or exteriors, is a true transcript of the original, a portrait of the land and its life, a picture of Holland and the Dutch. That may be its limitation, but it is also its success.

It was the Dutchmen who set the pace for all the moderns in what is called realism. All the modern *genre** painters and students of still life who paint things that "stand out" are but a growth from the Dutch. The tradition has been handed down unimpaired, losing none of its ancient positiveness, but rather gaining some latterday exactness in the process of transmission.

The Dutch are not to be judged by classic rules or standards. They made their own rules, and after four hundred years the modern Dutch artists are using them in their own work. Instead of beauty of form, the Dutch have always striven for fitness and character. They have succeeded as no other painters in embodying the life and people of their own country in their pictures. They were proud of their race and their culture, and they depicted them with frankness and candor. It is not given to every nation to be true to itself in art.

* "We call those 'genre' canvases, whereon are painted idyls of the fireside, the roadside, and the farm, pictures of 'real life.'" *E. C. Stedman, Poets of America, page 98.*



MUSEUM AT THE HAGUE

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| Schools and Masters of Painting | <i>A. G. Radcliffe</i> |
| History of Painting | <i>John C. Van Dyke</i> |
| Rembrandt, Masterpieces in Color
Series | <i>Joseph Israels</i> |
| Frans Hals, Masterpieces in Color
Series | <i>Edgecombe Staley</i> |
| History of Art | <i>Lübke</i> |
| Old Dutch and Flemish Masters | <i>John C. Van Dyke</i> |
| The Dutch School of Painting | <i>Havard</i> |
| Catalogue of Dutch Painters | <i>Dr. Hofstede de Groot</i> |



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Gustav Kobbé.
- FEB. 24. MAKERS OF AMERICAN POETRY
William Cullen Bryant, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Walt Whitman.
Hamilton W. Mabie.
- MAR. 3. WASHINGTON, THE CAPITAL
The Capitol, the White House, Library of Congress, Memorial Continental Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Mount Vernon.
Dwight L. Elmendorf.
- MAR. 10. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART
The Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, Madame Vigée Lebrun, Queen Louisa of Prussia, Madame Récamier, Countess Sophie Potocka.
J. T. Willing.
- MAR. 17. ROMANTIC IRELAND
Giants Causeway, Blarney Castle, Thomond Bridge (Limerick), Hill of Tara, Statue of St. Patrick, Lakes of Killarney, A Typical Village.
Dwight L. Elmendorf.
- MAR. 24. MASTERS OF MUSIC
Johann Sebastian Bach, George Frederick Handel, Josef Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, Richard Wagner.
W. J. Henderson.
- MAR. 31. NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA
Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Giant Geyser, Yellowstone Falls, Garden of the Gods, Big Trees of California
Dwight L. Elmendorf.
- APR. 7. PICTURES WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH
The Sistine Madonna, by Raphael; Mona Lisa, by Da Vinci; The Last Supper, by Da Vinci; The Syndics, by Rembrandt; The Magnificat, by Botticelli; The Immaculate Conception, by Morillo.
James Huneker.
- APR. 14. THE CONQUEST OF THE PEAKS.
Mont Blanc, The Matterhorn, Mount St. Elias, Ruwenzori, Bride Peak, Mount McKinley.
Professor Charles E. Fay.
- APR. 21. SCOTLAND, THE LAND OF SONG AND SCENERY
Robert Burns' Cottage, Ellens Isle, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Stirling Castle, Fingals Cave
Dwight L. Elmendorf.
- APR. 28. CHERUBS IN ART
Cherubs from the Sistine Madonna, by Raphael; Cherub, by Sassoferatto; The Target, by Boucher; Angel, by Fra Bartolommeo; Holy Cherubs, by Rubens; Angel Heads, by Reynolds.
Gustav Kobbé.
- MAY 5. STATUES WITH A STORY
The Laocoon, The Dying Gaul, Colleon, Perseus, Old Father Nile, The Farnese Bull.
Lorado Taft.
- MAY 12. STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES: THE DISCOVERERS
Columbus, the Cabots, Balboa, Magellan, Cartier, Hudson.
Professor Albert Bushnell Hart.
- MAY 19. LONDON
Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Tower of London.
Dwight L. Elmendorf.
- MAY 26. THE STORY OF PANAMA
The Canal from Balboa to Miraflores, the Giant Shovel, the Gatun Lock, At Work in Culebra Cut, Abandoned French Equipment, Culebra Cut.
Stephen Bonsal.
- JUNE 2. AMERICAN BIRDS OF BEAUTY
Blue Jay, Baltimore Oriole, Scarlet Tanager, Snowy Heron, Wood Duck, Cedar Waxwing.
Edward H. Forbush.



THE RIVER SEINE. PARIS



WALK among the pleasant tree-clad hills just northwest of Dijon, France. The green grass waves gently in the breeze. Suddenly a white nymph comes unexpectedly into view, bending over and gazing into the bubbling waters of a spring that wells up at her feet. This is a sacred spot to the people of Paris, although

it is two hundred miles away; for here is the birth of the River Seine, at a height of 1,545 feet above the sea. The city of Paris has set the statue of the nymph here to mark the spot. It is a small stream at first, and is often dry for the first thirty-one miles of its journey to the sea, during which it descends 705 feet, nearly half the height. But, as it wanders cheerfully on, it receives the waters of the Aube, the Yonne, the Oise, the Essonne, the Loing, and the Eure, and joins the Marne just before reaching Paris, where it becomes a considerable river, capable of floating vessels that draw from nine to ten feet of water.

The ordinary volume of water in the Seine at Paris is 5,300 cubic feet a second; but in times of dry weather this has been known to be as low as 1,200 cubic feet. On the other hand, the flood waters in rainy seasons have frequently risen very high. In 1910 they reached twenty-four feet above normal, almost 100,000 cubic feet a second, and caused great damage and suffering. The underground railways were flooded, as were thousands of dwellings in the city, and some of the streets resembled the canals of Venice. This, however, is not the ordinary conduct

of the Seine, but a rare exception. About five hundred feet wide at Paris, the river sweeps by the beautiful city under many bridges. It carries many trading vessels to and from the capital, and its banks are bordered with broad quays with ports for loading and unloading below them. Passenger steamers, too, ply the waters of the Seine, and some most delightful excursions may be made in this way to points of interest up or down the river.

Entering the city from the southeast, the Seine flows under the Pont National and takes a northwesterly course past the Jardin des Plantes, the Isle St. Louis and the Isle de la Cité, with its splendid cathedral of Notre Dame. Soon it passes the Palace of the Louvre and the garden of the Tuileries, where it changes its course to west, past the Petit and Grand Palaces, and soon turns again to southwest, sweeping tranquilly by the Eiffel Tower on one side and the Trocadéro on the other.

Many are the excursions and outings taken upon the Seine, and the gay-hearted people of the capital take advantage of the easy transportation it affords. Many, too, are those who yearly seek to forget their sorrows beneath its quiet waters.



PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS



HE commandant climbed fiercely up the stair, stepped out upon the platform of the tower that overlooked the wall, and gazed intently to the north. He listened, too; but for a moment or two his own heartbeats and the sound of his breathing were all that he could hear. Then there grew upon his senses the sound of a

low, sullen roar. It rose and fell; but each succeeding climax was louder than the one before it. The governor turned with a short shrug of his shoulders and quickly went down the stone steps. There was a command, the ringing of muskets on the flags, the tramping of feet, and the garrison was ready for the siege.

The stronghold in which these events took place had been begun by King Charles I in 1370, at one of the gates of Paris, and was intended as a fortress to guard the river approach. Later it had been converted into a prison, and history knows no more terrible record than that of the Bastille, the "fort of the gate." A wall surrounded it, and outside of this ran a moat, wide and deep. Inside rose the vast pile of stone, surrounded by eight towers and containing dark and horrible dungeons without light, slimy with mold, and alive with rats. Countless thousands of prisoners died lingering deaths in this awful place. Petty spite and personal quarrels were settled by court favorites obtaining an order to imprison the unfortunate victims here, and few were those who ever again saw the sunlight. Thus the Bastille became the terror of the people of France.

On this fair morning in July, 1789, rumors of attack by the royal troops had set the people wild, and armed with every sort of weapon they marched upon the

impregnable prison. The garrison within could see them approach, take aim at the loopholes, and fire. One of the garrison was killed; but when the soldiers fired the mob fell like grain before the scythe. Some of the soldiers, sick at seeing their countrymen murdered, called upon the governor to surrender. The latter, realizing that his cruelty had made him hated by the people, determined to die, but to take the mob into eternity with him. Seizing a torch he rushed into the powder magazine. He was caught just in time by the soldiers, and with a musket at his head ordered the drawbridge lowered.

Then was let loose the hatred that had been growing in the people's hearts for centuries. The garrison was slaughtered and the prisoners freed. But nothing would do less than the destruction of the place itself, and for a whole year an army of men, women, and children toiled upon the shrinking walls of this symbol of despotic power. It was leveled to the ground, and now only a line of white stones in the pavement shows where it stood. This open space is called the Place de la Bastille. In its center is a fine shaft 154 feet high, the "Column of July," built to commemorate the heroes of the Revolution of 1830. The remains of those who fell in this, and also the Revolution of 1848, are contained in an immense sarcophagus within its base.



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON. PARIS

HIGH above the sea a rock cliff, the waves roaring at its base; to the west a crimson sun gilding the tossing surface of the ocean; behind, the green and yellow fields where the grain was ripening; over all, the blue sky,—in such surroundings a man sat on a low bench gazing at the setting sun, his elbow on his knee, his chin upon

his hand. Motionless he sat there, and the sun set and the stars came out and twinkled. And then, when it was night, he rose wearily and walked slowly, with bowed head and arms behind his back, to the house. At the door he turned, and gazed out to sea, and but a faint sigh escaped his lips: "*La France!*"

What did he see there in the west? He saw legion after legion of men; he saw armies marching by in splendid array; he saw whole regiments of infantry go forward to the charge; and he heard cannon crash and roar and the rattle of rifle fire; and he saw cavalry go thundering by with the cry: "The Emperor and France!" He saw the whole of Europe conquered and himself crowned emperor of one of the greatest empires in the world's history. And then the visions crumbled and faded, and it was but night on a lonely island in the sea.

So day after day, and night after night, on the little isle of St. Helena, did Napoleon mourn for the armies and triumphs that he would never see again—and so he died.

In 1840, nineteen years after his death, the body of Napoleon was brought back

to Paris and placed beneath the splendid dome of the Church of the Invalides. The church is a square pile of 198 feet, and over its center rises the gilded dome to a height of 350 feet. Directly beneath it is an open circular crypt, which is twenty feet deep below the floor of the church, and thirty-six feet in diameter. In the middle of this open well rises the tomb of the Emperor, who was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, in 1769, and died at St. Helena. The sarcophagus measures thirteen feet in length and is six and one-half feet wide and fourteen and three-quarters feet deep. It is made of red granite from Finland. On the mosaic floor are inlaid the names of eight of Napoleon's great battles: Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Muscova. About the wall are twelve colossal figures symbolizing the victories of the great warrior, and captured flags stand about the bier.

Over all is a golden glow that seems to come from high up in the tower. Visitors from other countries wonder at the perfect taste shown in every detail of the tomb; the French people who gaze upon it shed tears.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS



WHEN Julius Cæsar led his conquering Romans into what is now France, he found a tribe called the Parisii, whose chief settlement was upon an island in the Seine. It is recorded that they were brave fighters and resisted the invaders till the last man of them was killed. The island of the Parisii, the site of their ancient

capital, is now called "La Cité," and was for centuries the principal part of the city of Paris and the home of the Roman emperors on their visits here.

It is on this island that the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris stands. It was founded in 1163 on the site of a former church that was built in the fourth century. The foundation stone of the present church was laid by Pope Alexander III, then a refugee in France, and the edifice was completed in the thirteenth century. The original plans showed a tall and inspiring building. For several reasons the cathedral does not impress one in that way. The towers, which were to have been surmounted by lofty spires, have been left without them; and then, too, in all these centuries the surrounding ground has been gradually raised by the dust and refuse of ages until it is on a level with the floor of the cathedral.

And still it is a beautiful and effective fabric of pure Gothic design. The three deep entrances at the front are adorned with carvings, and the ironwork of the doors is fine. Above is a beautiful rose window, whose stained glass throws a soft glow over a large part of the interior.

At the time of the Revolution in 1793,

Notre Dame was converted into a Temple of Reason. Its sculptures were mutilated. The statue of the Virgin was replaced by that of Liberty. A Greek temple of philosophy was erected within the church, and a ballet dancer represented the enthroned figure of Reason, receiving in state the worship of her votaries. The wild orgies that took place in the ancient edifice led to its being closed, and it was not until 1795 that it was again opened. It was restored in 1845. Its façade is said to be one of the finest, as well as the earliest, of its kind in existence, and has served as the model of many other cathedrals in northern France. Among its noticeable features are the weird and grotesque carvings of animals and monsters that encircle the building high above the third story.

For more than seven hundred years Notre Dame has been a place of worship. It has seen royal christenings, weddings, and coronations; it has seen dynasties come and go; and with the fall of the monarchy it suffered in common with the palaces at the hands of the mob. Today it is one of the show places of Paris, where the traditions of centuries have been preserved.



MADELEINE CHURCH, PARIS



WENTY-THREE hundred years ago there stood upon the Acropolis overlooking Athens the most perfect building of all those produced by the architects of Greece. When Athens was occupied by the Turks, the Parthenon was used as a mosque and later to store munitions of war. In 1687 a cannonball ignited the powder

stored there, causing an explosion that threw down many of the superb pillars and wrecked the handsome structure. Since then it has fallen still further into decay, and many of the sculptured figures upon its exterior have been carried to England.

The Church of the Madeleine in Paris is an almost exact reproduction of the Parthenon, and one may look at it and imagine oneself upon the Athenian hill, except for the motorcars and cabs that rush through the splendid street upon which it faces.

The Madeleine, or the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, was not always used for religious purposes. Occupying the site of a former church, the present building was begun by Napoleon in 1806 as a Temple of Glory, where the victories of Austerlitz and Jena should be commemorated every year with elaborate ceremonies. After the battle of Waterloo this plan was abandoned; but the building went on as originally designed by Pierre Vignon and later by Huvé. It was not finished until 1844, since when it has been used as a church.

Surrounded by massive Corinthian columns, this is one of the most beautiful edifices in the French capital. Broad and stately flights of steps lead to the level of the entrance, where hang great bronze doors. Upon them appear illustrations of the ten commandments. The interior contains several fine sculptures and paintings, one of the latter representing Napoleon receiving the emperor's crown at the hands of Pope Pius VII. During Passion Week and at other church festivals the Madeleine is noted for its music. Its organ is one of the finest in Paris, and this is supplemented by a large orchestra.

Standing on the steps of the Madeleine one looks down the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde. Past the front sweeps the traffic of the Rue St. Honoré, one of the city's busiest shopping streets. Within the church is absolute quiet. Here one cannot help thinking that Napoleon builded better than he knew after all, and that the beautiful pile is in reality a temple of glory, linking his name and achievements with the magnificence of the art of Greece.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE. PARIS



HERE is nothing more dazzling in history than the rise of the young lieutenant of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, to the title of Emperor of the French, the period of nineteen years elapsing from his winning the former rank to his elevation to the throne. And from that time on the great soldier-emperor found time to do many

things besides fight battles and win victories. He did much for the city of Paris, and it has been said that he never considered a victory complete until it had been commemorated in some lasting monument. The Arch of Triumph, or more correctly the Arch of Triumph of the Star, from its position as the radiating point of twelve beautiful avenues, is one of the monuments begun by Napoleon to celebrate his victories. It was finished by Louis Philippe, fifteen years after the emperor's death.

This monument is the largest and most magnificent arch in existence. The whole monument is one hundred and sixty-four feet high. The immense pillars supporting it are adorned with trophies thirty-six feet high, in which are colossal figures. On one side are the Rising of the People in 1792 at the Summons of War; and the Triumph of Napoleon after the Austrian campaign. Above is the surrender of the Turks at Abukir. The bas reliefs on the frieze represent the departure and the return of the troops. On the opposite side are groups representing the resistance of

the French to the invading allies in 1814 and the Blessings of Peace, and above the Taking of Alexandria. The battles of Austerlitz (1805) and Jemmapes (1792) are shown on the ends, and there are thirty shields on the cornice wreathed with the names of victories. No less than 142 other battles are named on the vaulting of the principal arch.

The location of the Arch of Triumph is no less wonderful than the monument itself. On high ground, it stands at the end of the Champs-Élysées, the splendid drive and promenade of Paris, down which one may look for a mile and a half to the Place de la Concorde, the whole forming the most magnificent section of any city in the world.

It is a commentary on the instability of power that the Arch of Triumph, begun to celebrate the victories of Napoleon, witnessed in 1814 the coming of the armies of the allies to celebrate the downfall of the emperor, and they marched beneath the partly completed monument to drive Napoleon into exile.

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PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE

RIVER SEINE

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

TOMB OF NAPOLEON



NOTRE DAME

THE MADELEINE

ARC DE TRIOMPHE

*A Trip Around the World with
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, Lecturer and Traveler*

WHAT can be said for Paris within the limits of a few pages? Paris, the scene of some of life's greatest pleasures and the arena of life's bitterest passions, city of gaiety, and sunshine, and fashion, and also a city of shadow, of mystery, and of tragedy, a city whose history is crowded with dramatic incidents, whose buildings and street corners are eloquent of the stirring associations of the past, and a city that, in the present, is the goal of the tourist's ambition, the objective point toward which the eager eyes of the traveler yearn. The very name of Paris seems to be a magnet to everyone. I have read a great many descriptions of Paris, by writers in English and in French, and have tried to find some descriptive term that suits that wonderful city. After many visits, in which I have felt each time the fascination of Paris

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

This is one of the most beautiful and extensive squares in the world. The obelisk rising in the center was brought from Egypt.

anew, I have found myself comparing it most frequently to a charming woman,—never quite the same, but always irresistible. Paris has something to offer that interests and pleases everyone. You may find the gay side of life there if you want that; you may find a rich mine of historical information there if you are a student of history; or you may simply walk about the streets of Paris and dream away the days in observation of the wonderful things to be seen.

RIVER SEINE

So vital is this great city that we are tempted to apply to it the terms of the human organism. As the fresh air that stirs the trees in the boulevards and parks and flows along the quays is the very breath of Paris, whispering to us many of her secrets, so the River Seine (sane) is the artery that pulses through the city's very heart. As we walk along the River Seine it is well to remember that we are treading on historic ground of worldwide interest. New and interesting sights greet the eye at almost every step. Bridges span the river at frequent intervals. They are things of beauty, especially the famous Alexander Bridge. Looking up the river one of the most attractive views discloses Notre Dame

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(note'-r dahm) in the distance. Besides the many interesting buildings on the banks, the river has its own special sights. You will see curious bathing machines, oddly formed freight boats along the quays, and if you look sharply you will see some of the most wonderful fishermen in the world. They sit on the quays from one side to the other. I have visited Paris for nearly thirty years, and every time I watch these fishermen. During nearly a quarter of a century of observation I have never seen anyone of them get a bite—and still they go on fishing.

One of the bridges has historic associations that call for special note,—the Pont de la Concorde. This bridge was built of stones taken from the old Bastille. If these rough blocks could speak they would tell many harrowing tales of the black days of the French Revolution.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

Here in this historic place the stones now forming the Pont de la Concorde were laid one upon another to construct the castle called "The Bastille St. Antoine" (bas-teel' san on-twon'). The original structure was an old fortified city gateway erected in 1369-83 by Kings Charles V. and VI. The fortress was turned into a state prison, and as such became

intolerably odious during the years of French history preceding the Revolution. In July, 1789, the populace, disturbed by the rumor that royal regiments were marching on the city, gathered arms, and in a hysterical insurrection swept down upon the Bastille and assaulted it desperately. On the 14th of July Governor Delaunay, who had only a small garrison to hold out with against the mob, surrendered, and both he and his soldiers were massacred. If you would know what this terrible scene was like and would feel the grip and thrill of it, turn to Carlyle's "French Revolution" and read the chapter on the Fall of the Bastille. The old fortress was razed to the ground, and many



REPRODUCTION OF THE BASTILLE

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE

and awful records were found within its grim walls. There is nothing now to define the location of the Bastille except a line of white stones running along the ground between the Rue St. Antoine and the Boulevard Henry IV. On one of the houses there is an inscription, together with a plan of the Bastille.

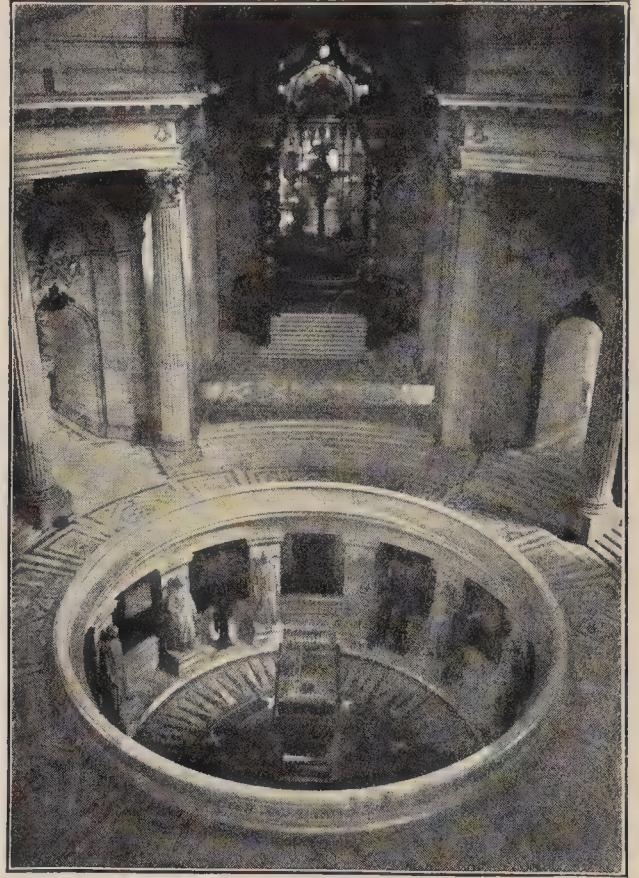
THE COLUMN OF JULY

This beautiful column is an attractive adornment of the Place de la Bastille. It was designed by Alavoine (ah-la-vwon') and Duc (dook), and was erected in 1831-40, in honor of the heroes who fell in the Revolution of July, 1830. The column is a graceful and imposing one 154 feet in height, and is adorned with many allegorical medallions and other significant decorations. The Place de la Bastille has been the scene of turbulent disorder and strenuous conflict

a number of times in the history of Paris. The downfall of 1789 was the most violent of these; but the place was the scene of bitter activity in 1830, and it played a part in the Revolution of 1848, and in the disturbed time of 1871, when it was one of the last strongholds of the forces of the Commune.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON

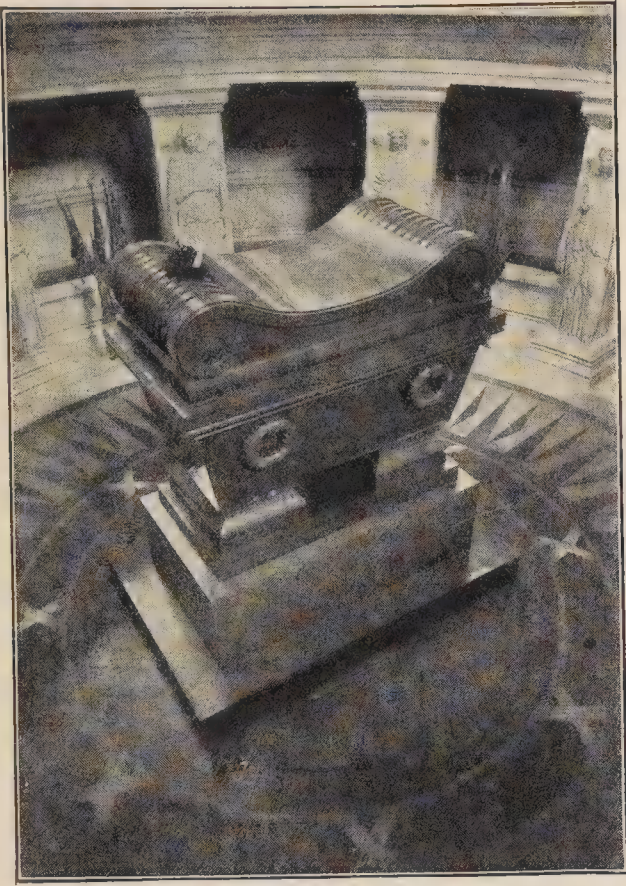
While the thought of military activity and disturbance is in our minds, let us turn our attention to the last resting place of France's greatest commander and one of the greatest military geniuses of the world, —Napoleon Bonaparte. The tomb of Napoleon was built in 1843-53, and was designed by Visconti the younger. The time to visit it is in the afternoon. On a bright, sunny day, as you enter the shrine of the tomb, you will find the sun shining directly through a yellow window, casting



THE CRYPT IN NAPOLEON'S TOMB

The twelve colossal figures surrounding the crypt symbolize the principal Napoleonic victories.

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF NAPOLEON

On the mosaic pavement, which represents a wreath of laurels, are inscribed the names of Napoleon's battles.

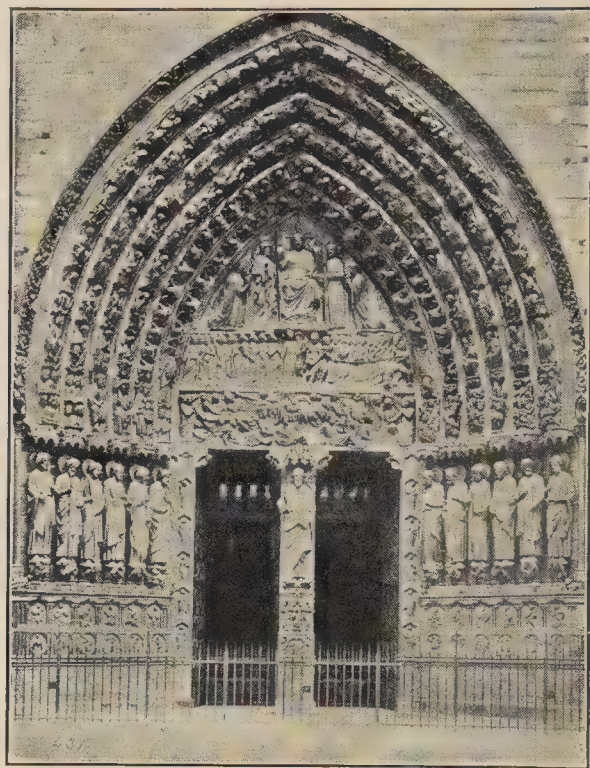
own knowledge. When I was standing in the tomb, thinking of Napoleon's greatness, a typical American with a French guide came in. The guide said, "Monsieur, I have the pleasure to inform you that this tomb weighs over seventy tons." The American replied, "Yes; I suppose they want to keep him down."

NOTRE DAME

This wonderful building is rich with historical incidents and redolent with romantic associations. The great cathedral was founded in 1163 and consecrated in 1182; the cornerstone being laid by Pope Alexander III., who was at that time a refugee in France. Notre Dame has survived many changes, and is the model for many of the churches in France. It was built on the site of an old Roman temple, and has watched Paris and France through many vicissitudes. The façades are

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE

very wonderful, in spite of all the disfigurements caused by various revolutions. Most of the figures are beautiful and exquisitely executed. The interior of the cathedral, while very lofty, is impressive in its simplicity and grandeur. Many wonderful events have taken place in this great church; but none more remarkable than the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. There is a painting of this event in the building. When Napoleon was to be crowned he took the crown from the hands of the archbishop and placed it on his own head—then placed it on the head of Josephine.



THE DOORWAY, NOTRE DAME

Many go to the top of the tower. There are 371 steps: not a comfortable climb. It is worth while, however, not simply for the view to be had, but for the sight of the interesting and curious decorations and quaint architectural devices on the tower. About you are varied forms of diabolically grotesque gargoyles,—strange creatures carved in stone, with heads thrust out and fantastic faces grinning over the city. Notre Dame, like many other buildings in Paris, was subjected to strange uses in times of stress and storm. In 1793 the cathedral was turned into a “temple of reason,” the statues were defaced, the figure of the Virgin being replaced by one of Liberty. After the French Revolution it was restored to the Catholic Church and was reopened as a place of worship.



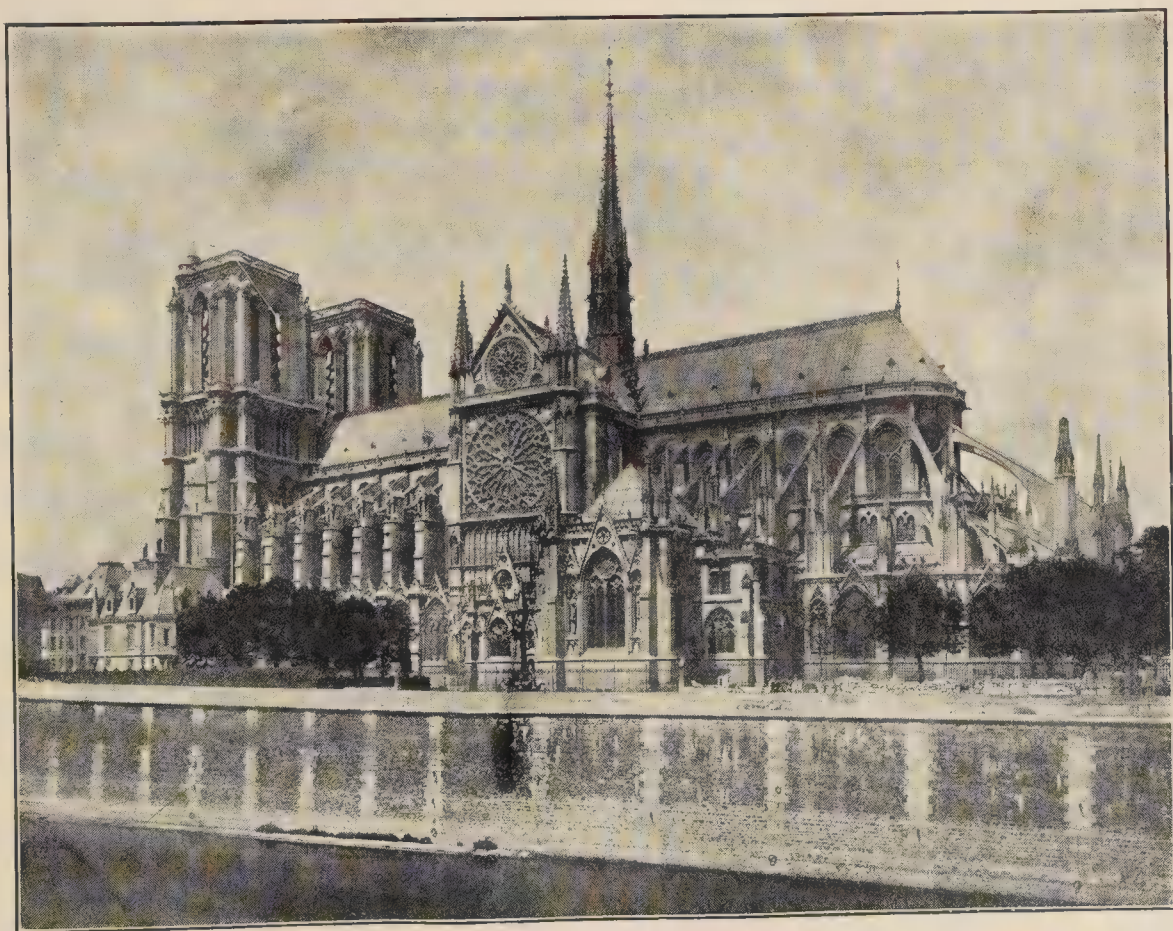
GARGOYLES ON THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

THE MADELEINE

If the traveler had not been prepared by previous information, had he been suddenly set down in the Rue Royale to walk from the Place de la Concorde to the church of La Madeleine (mahd-

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(lane'), he would exclaim at first sight of this beautiful building, "Surely a Greek temple!" Authorities have described the Madeleine as a Roman temple in style; but most of us regard it rather as the "Parthenon of France." It preserves in beautiful fashion the best traditions of classic architecture. It is imposing, majestic, beautiful, a structure to which the eye returns frequently with renewed pleasure. It was built on the foundations of a former church, by Napoleon, who began it as a sort of Hall of Fame or Temple of Glory; but it has ever maintained a churchly character. Go through the Madeleine at eleven o'clock in the morning. There is a magnificent choir there. On ordinary days you will not see so many people in the church; but on saints' days it is thronged, and the sight is an interesting and moving one. The church is of noble proportions, 354 feet in length, 141 feet in breadth, and 100 feet in height, surrounded by a most imposing colonnade of Corinthian columns. There



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

This cathedral was founded in 1163 and consecrated in 1182. In 1793, at the time of the Revolution, Notre Dame was converted into a "Temple of Reason." In 1802 it was restored to the Catholic Church.

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE

is something finely fitting about everything inside and outside of the Madeleine. Its architecture is pure and chaste, its appearance dignified and impressive, and its musical services, both on the organ and orchestral, are the finest to be found in Paris.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

There are two Arcs de Triomphe (tree-onf'). One, minor in importance, is called the "Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel" (cah-roo-sel'), which was formerly the upper entrance to the Tuileries. This was erected to commemorate the victories won by Napoleon I., in 1805, and it is an imitation of the Arch of Severus in Rome.

The great arch of Paris, however, is the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile (lay-twol'), which is the largest triumphal arch in existence and can be seen from nearly every part of the suburbs of Paris. This wonderful architectural monument was begun by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his victories, in 1806, and was constructed by designs from Chalgrin (shal'-gran). It was completed by Louis Phillipe (loo'-e fi-leep') in 1836. It is most graceful and effective in mass, the highly decorated masonry framing a vast arch that rises 91 feet and is 48 feet wide. The decorations of the arch, which are rich and finely rendered, represent various historic events associated with the career of Napoleon.

Ascent to the platform on the summit—a climb of 273 steps—brings one to the Prospect, where a fine view of the city may be had. Let all who love



THE PANTHÉON

The Panthéon occupies the site of the tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE



HÔTEL DE VILLE

The Hôtel de Ville is the headquarters of the municipal government of Paris. It is a magnificent structure in the French Renaissance style.

Paris rest there awhile, for from that point the wondrous city unfolds its beauties before you. Don't look at a map of Paris: it resembles nothing more than a dress design. Look rather from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, and the buildings and boulevards of Paris become clear to you. Look down the Champs Élysées (shon zay - lee-zay), and there you will see the great group of buildings that we know as the Louvre (loov-r), and there beyond in the middle of your view you will notice the top of Notre Dame and the dome of the Panthéon. You will notice that among all these buildings there are no skyscrapers. That is

one of the charms of Paris: the streets are delightful.

That noble dome which we noticed from the Arc de Triomphe is the crowning ornament of the Panthéon, which occupies the highest ground on the south bank of the Seine. It marks the site of the Tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and resembles the great Panthéon at Rome. In 1790, the present church, begun twenty-six years previously, was finished and dedicated to St. Geneviève. The following year it was converted into a national hall of fame and was rededicated to the memory of the country's great men. Here were buried Mirabeau, Voltaire, and more recently Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, and President Carnot. It was several times restored to religious uses, but always made again a memorial.

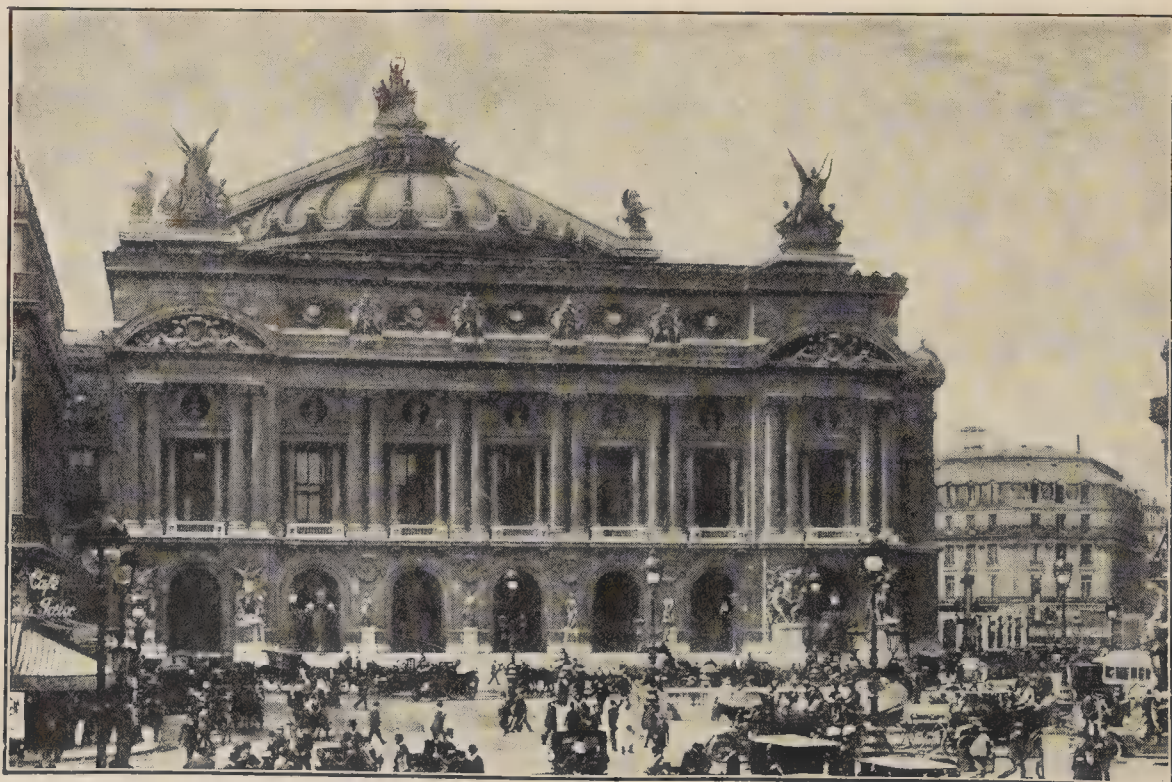
The Hôtel de Ville is the center of official Paris and the seat of its city government. This magnificent building was begun in 1876 to replace an older one which was destroyed by the Communists five years before. Defeated in their attempt to hold the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, they retired

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to the building, to which they set fire, destroying the building, together with 600 of their own party. Many other tragic events have transpired on the spot, as the place was the seat of public executions for more than five hundred years.

While the center of official Paris is the Hôtel de Ville, the center that draws the visitor is the Place de l'Opéra. It is from here that radiate boulevards and streets lined with the shops that attract the eyes of the world. There is a French saying, "*Tout le monde passe ici*" (Here all the world pass), and every visitor spends some part of nearly every day at one of the nearby cafés, watching the ever changing, always absorbing crowds of people going by.

Paris is indeed a paradise for those who seek diversion. At every moment of day and night, and from all sides, pleasures invite us and beautiful sights draw us on. This is the Paris that the traveler generally comes to know; for it is the Paris that he generally goes to seek. Besides, this is the Paris historic, the Paris artistic, the Paris politic, the Paris socialistic, and the Paris dynamic with fierce energy. There is a Paris to attract every man, whatever his tastes and inclinations may be.



THE OPERA

This is the largest theater in the world, covering an area of nearly three acres. The site alone cost over \$2,000,000, and the cost of the building amounted to \$7,000,000.

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AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Reproduced from nature by color photography



THE ROSE," which has been called by Byron the Queen of the Garden, is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration"

THE ROSE

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course

THERE were roses in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon three thousand years ago. You will remember that Solomon sang, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," and Homer in his Iliad and Odyssey borrows the colors of the rose to describe the rising sun.

There is a fable that Flora, having found the dead body of her favorite nymph, whose beauty was equal to her own, implored the assistance of all the Olympian deities to change it into a flower of such wondrous hue and fragrance that all other flowers might acknowledge it to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, and the other gods joined in making what was always called by the Greeks the Queen of Flowers—the rose. All roses were white until one eventful day as Venus went sighing for Adonis—

Her naked foot a rude thorn tore,
From sting of briar it bled,
And when the blood ran evermore
It dyed the roses red.

And so it came to pass that the rose was consecrated to Aurora, as its colors had the richness of the rising sun.

But when the devil came into the world the rose grew thorns, according to the wisdom of Zoroaster.

The Persians tell a different story. Their first rose bloomed in Gulistan at the time the flowers demanded from Allah a new sovereign because the drowsy lotus would slumber at night. In one of their old curious tales all the birds appear

before Solomon and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by his plaintive strains of night music. The nightingale is summoned before the king, and tells that it has been his love for the rose that has driven him to despair—how he beat his wings against her white breast until they bled—and the red rose was born. It may have been the king's sense of justice, or it may have been the beauty of the blood red rose, that formed the king's decision—the nightingale was acquitted.

The Arabs hold that the first rose sprang from a drop of sweat that fell from the brow of Mohammed. They never tread upon a rose petal or suffer one to lie on the ground.

The Christian religion believes that the first rose bloomed in a terrestrial paradise, and the rose in Christian art and legend is given the first place in connection with the Blessed Virgin; for it has been universally deemed her special flower.

Since its earliest cultivation in Central and Northern Europe many centuries ago the rose has proved itself the most adaptable to varying conditions of climate of any flower that grows, and it has been crossed and recrossed so many times that it is now difficult to calculate the number of species of which the genus consists, though the diverse opinions of botanists estimate 250 different kinds, exclusive of the mere garden varieties.

It is little wonder that for so many centuries the rose has remained the "Queen of Flowers."



EASTER LILY

Reproduced from nature by color photography



HE LILY," the flower of purity and of religious symbolism, is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration."

THE LILY

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course

ACCORDING to the very earliest traditions of history and myth, there dwelt with Adam before the coming of Eve a fair, golden-haired woman, Lilith by name, who by the witchery of her golden, honey-colored hair held Adam enmeshed in her toils. Her symbol was the lily. Eve came—and Lilith went. The flower remained. But as time went on it no longer stood for the woman, all memory of whom had to be blotted out. Instead this flower came to typify purity.

And so when Judith, daughter of Israel, bound on her special mission to save her race, went to the tent of the dangerous Holofernes, she wound in her hair a wreath of lilies, that all evil might be averted from her and that success might attend her undertaking.

With the coming of Christianity the white lily, looked upon as native to the Holy Land, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary as emblematic of her purity. Thence comes the name Annunciation Lily.

In the catacombs of Rome we find the lily portrayed on the tombs of Christian maidens. And it is used constantly in the religious paintings of the Middle Ages to typify purity, love, and mercy.

The final judgment scene is given with the Judge holding in one hand the sword of wrath and in the other but a single white lily. The religious significance of the flower traveled far; for even in distant Persia the tall white lily is called to this day "Goole Miriam" or "Flower of Mary."

The almost universal importance and significance of the lily made it a favorite emblem among the different fraternal orders of medieval society. It was therefore quite natural and in keeping that Louis IX of France, in instituting a new and favorite order of knighthood, should decree that its members wear a chain of broom flowers entwined with white lilies, thereby signifying humility and purity.

Eventually, however, the powerful House of Bourbon took the lily as its own peculiar flower of heraldry and others had to forego its use.

The lily is the native flower of Siam. Its cultivation is the one industry of Bermuda. It likes a peaty soil and plenty of leaf mold. As lilies are easy to grow, thankful for attention, beautiful in their flowering, and of infinite variety, they will always be second only to the rose in the hearts of lovers of flowers.



VIOLET

Reproduced from nature by pale. micrograph



HE VIOLET," the flower of sentiment, sweetness and modesty, is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration."

THE VIOLET

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course

THE flower of poets and lovers, the violet, was created, so runs the Greek legend, for Io to feed upon after Juno's jealousy caused the beautiful Greek princess to be changed into a white heifer because Jupiter fell in love with her. Even then Juno didn't feel secure; so she had Io watched by Argus of the hundred eyes.

Such an exquisite creature as Io, even in bovine form, could not be expected to live upon common grass; so the violet was created for her food. And the Io, as the violet is known in Greek, became the national flower of the country, which distinction it holds to this day.

In the old days the flower was supposed to have the power of warding off drunkenness—and a safeguard against that vice was needed. All through the ages the Greeks have worn violet chaplets; but really the flower belongs to all the world, especially to lovers.

Mohammed called it "flower of humility." "As my religion," quoth the prophet, "so is the excellence of the odor of violets above all odors. It is as warmth in winter and coolness in summer."

Men always have compared their loves to its grace and beauty, its sweetness and modesty, and its perfume to the very

expression of the soul. The rare romance of Clémence Isaure is colored by the touching incident of her passing a blue violet through a hole in her convent garden wall to her noble young lover, Count Raymond of Toulouse. Thus for the troubadour the violet became an emblem of loyalty.

Besides being an emblem of loyalty and humility it is thought to express truth; for the unhappy Ophelia says to the queen, "I would give you some violets, but they all withered when my father died."

Everyone knows how dear the violet is to the heart of Frenchmen. It epitomizes for them their most cherished memories of the Great Napoleon. In his day his subjects spoke of him as "Corporal la Violette" because he returned from banishment at Elba when the violets were in bloom. The city was a veritable flower garden when he entered it. The women and the children wore violet gowns, and the flowers were gathered by the bushel and the streets literally strewn with them. There were sold everywhere little pictures of a bunch of violets with the faces of the conqueror and Marie Louise hidden in their petals. Thus the violet has been called by the French the Imperial Flower.





HE DAFFODIL," the golden flower which is the earliest of spring's color blooms, is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration."

THE DAFFODIL

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course

THE golden daffodil, the earliest har-binger of the joy that is to come with the awakening of Mother Earth after her long winter's sleep, as Shakespeare says, "comes before the swallow dares and takes the winds of March with beauty." It is in fact sometimes called the Lent Lily, and is dedicated to Our Lady. In Germany, where every peasant cottage, no matter how humble, has its cheery flowerbed, it is called Joseph's staff. For do they not believe that it is one of the flowers that budded in his hand?

And as it comes to us so early in all its perfect golden grace of flowering it will always hold a warm place in our hearts. Not so, however, with the ancient Greeks; for with them the narcissus, a sister bloom, held first place.

In the old myths we read how it was foretold that the beautiful half-god Narcissus would die, should he once gaze upon his own image. His incomparable

beauty won him love; but he in his arrogance scorned all maidens. Poor little Echo, who in calling her errant lover lost her voice till it became but the shadow of itself, once gave chase after him through the woods. He sought to escape; but stooped by a shady pool to drink. Startled by the beautiful blue eyes and honey-colored hair that confronted him, he leaned smilingly forward to gain a closer view. Narcissus had gazed upon himself! The prophecy was fulfilled. Death claimed him for its own. His companions, finding his dead body in the pool, gathered sticks for the funeral pyre. They returned only to find the body gone, and in its place a starry bloom with a golden eye—the first narcissus, a perfect flower.

The daffodil family includes, besides the narcissus, the snowflakes and snowdrops. They will grow in almost any garden soil where there is a little shade and shelter from the winds.



ORCHID

Reproduced from nature by color photography



HE ORCHID," which has recently taken premier place as the patrician flower, is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration."

THE ORCHID

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course

THE orchid has rightly been called the elite of the flower kingdom. Every curve and outline of its delicate makeup suggests the enchanting grace of a pampered beauty of the aristocracy. And indeed if it were not for the aristocracy there would be little known of these rarest and so called last efforts of the Creator. For its native habitation is among the impenetrable recesses of the jungle, and it is only at the instigation of the wealthy that florists have staked their fortunes on orchid hunting expeditions. Much is told of the perilous journeys of arctic explorers,—heroes who risk their lives for the fame and glory of being the first to discover,—but little is handed down in history of the lives of these seekers for beauty whose stirring adventures would nevertheless fill books. Yet it can be said without exaggeration that innumerable men have passed through the most dire privations and tragic deaths when in search of these slender flowers.

Some ten or twelve years ago Eugene Andre of Trinidad, with a party of thirteen, started up the unexplored Caura River in search of the beautiful *Cattleya* which was then so much in demand. He returned a year later hopelessly broken in health, and with eight of his party missing.

The most beautiful of these specimens are epiphytes (an epiphyte is a plant which grows on another, but does not draw its sustenance from the other)

that live high up in the limbs of trees. Here, like wilful beauties, the frail *Cattleyas*, fresh and fragrant, sun themselves, apparently an easy prey. But here also lurks "El Tigre," the deadly tiger snake, with his mottled brown body. And in addition to this peril the hardships that the orchid hunters have to endure are terrible: forest and jungle, impassable rivers and poisonous snakes, wild beasts and cannibals, fever and starvation.

South American orchids were at one time carried for six weeks on the backs of the hunters until the Essequibo River was reached, then six weeks in canoes with twenty portages to Georgetown, and thence across the ocean. Out of 27,000 plants sent from Colon only 40 reached England.

An English firm once sent to New Guinea for a certain *Dendrobium*. The collector lived among the natives for six months, and finally succeeded in gathering 400 plants. On the way home the schooner was burned and the plants lost; but the collector was ordered to return. He was at last successful in bringing home some wonderful specimens, which he found growing in the skulls at a native burial place.

The orchid is essentially a modern flower; so there is little of myth or legend connected with it. The earliest record of orchid cultivation is 1731, when some terrestrial orchids were introduced into England from the West Indies. Now it is said that some 10,000 species exist.



CARNATION

Reproduced from nature by color photography



THE CARNATION," of spicy fragrance and unequalled utility is one of six color reproductions illustrating "Flowers of Decoration."

THE CARNATION

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course

EVERY flower, like every human soul, expresses some unique quality. The lily is loved for its modesty, and the carnation for its "odor divine."

E. Gerard has written a fascinating idyl called "The Voice of a Flower." In this he describes how the armorial bearings of the famous Italian house of Ronsecco came to be charged with a "garofano" or carnation.

It seems that Margherita Ronsecco was betrothed to a chivalrous knight named Orlando. Their marriage hour was already set. But on the eve of their wedding a call was sent out for all brave hearts to repair to the Holy Land and deliver the tomb of the Savior from the clutches of the infidel. Who but a dastard could turn a deaf ear to such a summons? So Orlando, broken hearted, went to his adored Margherita.

"Farewell, anima mia!" he murmured, clasping her to his breast.

"Be true to me, Beloved," she sobbed. "Do not forget thy Margherita in yon distant land."

"Never while I breathe; but give me this flower that nestles in thy sweet bosom to wear as a talisman next my heart."

Blinded by tears, the expression of her inward anguish, she fastened a white carnation to his breastplate. Then after one last embrace the youth was gone—never to return. A year later a comrade of her lover came back with the news of

his death, but bringing with him a solace for her lonely heart. It was the flower Orlando had worn, and through which the deadly arrow of a Saracen had pierced his noble heart. Margherita took the flower. While she was tenderly touching its withered petals some little brown pods dropped into her white hand. These she planted and tended every day with infinite care. They were watered often, one imagines, with her tears. At last her efforts were rewarded. One morning a white carnation spread its fragrance through her room. And wonder of wonders! When she went to look at it closely she found that the petals were streaked with red. Of course she believed that the blood of her beloved flowed through them. So now the Ronsecco family has a red and white carnation emblazoned on its coat of arms.

Wild pinks are supposed to symbolize tears—the tears of the Virgin Mary. "When the Jews led Christ to Calvary, the Virgin Mary followed, though her heart was breaking with grief. When she saw on the way the bloody tracks of her Son's wounds she wept bitterly, and from these tears of Christ's mother and the blood of her Son sprang forth along the way to Calvary such flowers as these."

The origin of the carnation is as old as the rose. It was cultivated as far back as 300 B. C. by the Greeks, along with the iris, the narcissus, and the violet.

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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No. 19

FLOWERS OF DECORATION

ROSE

DAFFODIL

LILY

ORCHID

VIOLET

CARNATION

By H. S. ADAMS

FROM the earliest time flowers have been held by the human race in an affection not content with leaving them on the stem. Into life's beginning and end, into the little affairs as well as the big affairs of life, flowers entered. Wherever mankind and flowers have lived in common the impulse has spread, becoming a deep-rooted instinct carried on from generation to generation. Human vanity has played some part in this instinct; but in it there has been, and is, more sentiment, kindness, love of the beautiful, and faith in things not understood.

With flowers, in fact, most of us are like the poet lover in Sudermann's play, "The Far Away Princess." He is offered an artificial rose by the princess, with the remark that artificial sentiment is the only kind that lasts. But the poet rejected the rose and the sentiment, preferring to cling to his ideal.

Behind even the grossest of flower extravagances lie the good motives mentioned. After all, modern extravagances are less gross than ancient ones. What is the \$10,000 that a millionaire spends today for flowers for a single entertainment compared with Nero's outlay of \$100,000 for merely the fragrant blossoms of one fête? No modern would lavish money on flowers as he and Cleopatra did.

To be sure, for the fashionable christening there are veritable bowers of white roses and lilies of the valley; for the début, myriads of

FLOWERS OF DECORATION

mauve orchids or pink roses, giving a ballroom a pronounced color note; for the church wedding, white lilies by the hundred, overflowing the chancel and forming "torches" along the aisles; for the dinner, gardens



THE FRAGRANT LILY OF THE VALLEY

This charming flower was formerly associated with spring, but now it is forced into bloom every month of the year. It is a favorite for bridal bouquets.

of roses; for the reception, halls banked deep with forced shrubs and staircases whose balustrades are aglow with climbing roses; for the last sleep, mantles of orchids costing \$2,500. But the great note today is not these outlays of the rich: it

is the moderate use of flowers by the many.

For every 5,000 inhabitants of this country there is a florist. Behind the 20,000 florists are the great greenhouses, the largest acreage of glass in the world.

Europe, on the other hand, relies to a great extent on the open air fields of the Channel Islands and the Riviera, the latter sending a trainload of cut flowers nightly to Paris, London, and Berlin all through the winter.

How the powers behind the acreage of glass sometimes take fashion gently by the hand and lead it is one of the interesting sidelights on the relation between flowers and mankind. For example, the Niphetos (ny-fee'-tos), brought out in 1844, was long the fashionable white rose. Commercially, however, its weak stems were against it. When the Bride, with stouter stems but less beautiful buds, came along in 1885, fashion was led into accepting it. So with the Easter Lily. The real one of religious decorations is the Madonna Lily of old gardens. That being difficult to force, growers took up a larger Japanese species and made that fashionable.

THE GARDEN QUEEN—THE ROSE

Fashion, too, is influenced more than it realizes by the sentiment of ages. The rose was the queen of flowers to the ancients, just as it is today; but the rose leads all flowers, because to variety of form and color, adaptability to every decorative purpose, and, usually, fragrance, it adds the long, normal season of nine months under glass.

Lately there has been a tendency to use roses on bushes as a decoration. Though potted, they are not classed as pot plants (here unconsidered). They are seemingly planted. Just now such climbing roses as Dorothy Perkins, Crimson Rambler, and Tausendschön are trained on hall pillars, up the side of staircases, or over arched doorways. Not less charming are rose bushes creating a garden in the hollowed center of a huge dinner table or raising the skyline of a dinner served at small tables in a banquet hall. Again, a bay window or fireplace is made a bed of roses.

While the rich have gone in for more expensive flowers, the rose remains the generally preferred bouquet of the bride and her attendants,—white for the bride, of course: red ones are unlucky. The Bride and the newer White Killarney are great favorites. For the bride's attendants pink roses still lead in popularity. In 1869, Catherine Mermet (mare-may') superseded the old Bon Silene (bon-see-lane'), and itself was outrivaled in 1893 by Bridesmaid. Now Killarney and My Maryland are dividing favor with Mrs. George Shawyer, a striking new competitor.

Yellow roses are striving hard for not only the hand of the débutante and bridesmaid, but a place in table and other decorations. The finest now, as when it was new, in 1864, is the Marechal Niel (mar-a-shal nee-cl); but it is not easily cultivated indoors, and the stems are short. Its successor, in 1874, was the stiffer-stemmed Perle des Jardins (commonly called Pearl). At the moment the new Sunburst is striving hard for leadership. Of the rival yellows, the lovely apricot, Lady Hillingdon (1910), is a topnotcher among the teas,



CHINA ASTERS OF
DISTINCTION

Large double blooms such as these resemble the chrysanthemum, and are deservedly popular cut flowers of August and September.



THE FRENCH DAISY OR MARGUERITE

All winter long, until the wild daisies bloom in the fields, the marguerite is among the blossoms most in evidence in the flower shops.

and the Indian yellow, Mrs. Aaron Ward (1907), among the hybrid teas. In Boston the famous old Safrano (sah-frah-no) (1839) still holds its vogue.

Small yellow and pink rosebuds are in special demand now for the old-fashioned nosegays. The round "posies" for the hand are made up of circles within circles of rosebuds, violets, and other flowers, with an edging of lace paper. Occasionally only rosebuds are used. For the corsage there are similarly prim small flat bouquets, and tiny round ones. The bright red rose of the day is the Richmond, with Milady as the season's chief new one. In the color that is neither red nor pink the American Beauty retains its unique place as a long-stemmed rose.

THE LILY

The tremendous popular hold of the white lily through the centuries has been first as a symbol of purity and later as the flower of Easter. No woman wears white lilies in this day and generation; but a sheaf of them, carried over the arm as if just gathered, is a modish bouquet for bride or bridesmaid. A few stalks of the delicately scented blooms make one of the finest bouquets for the house. The larger uses of white lilies are for wedding decorations, mortuary emblems, and Easter. This order is given because the lily at Easter is only the flower of a day, whereas the lily season—thanks to cold storage of bulbs—covers the entire year.

Some idea of lily numbers may be gathered from the fact that a single grower has forced 175,000 bulbs in a year, cutting more than 1,500,000 blooms, often at the rate of 22,000 a day. It is a popular fallacy that most of the "Easter lilies" come from Bermuda. The vast majority of blooms the year through are from bulbs grown in Japan and forced in this country.

Another Japanese lily, the pink *Lilium speciosum* (lilee-um spec-ee-o'-sum), is making great strides as an all-the-year decorative flower.

It is superb for the table, a tall vase, or bold massing. This lily is being forced by tens of thousands. Bulbs are kept in cold storage until required, as are the roots (called pips) of

the lily of the valley, now to be had in any month. The lily of the valley, which is not a lily, is among the most beautiful of decorative flowers;

but its delicacy restricts its use. For a bridal bouquet in shower effect nothing is more graceful.



A QUARTET OF DISTINCT DAHLIA TYPES

The pompon at the top, the decorative at the left, the cactus at the right, and the show at the bottom. All four are valuable decorative flowers in late summer.

THE VIOLET

After the rose and the lily, the violet's praise has always been sung the loudest. In Je-

rusalem the violet is the lucky flower for an Easter offering—and who knows but that its great popularity here on the same day is not in a measure an unconscious reflection of the oriental thought? At any rate, fragrant double violets are a favorite corsage bouquet for Easter, as well as for winter outdoor use. Violets resist wear and tear better than any other flower, do not wither quickly, and hold their perfume well. Single

purple violets are more beautiful; but efforts to give them greater vogue are only partly successful, for the reason that they wither sooner. Double white violets are used very little.

Occasionally a large hand bouquet is made up of violets. They are also effectively massed on dinner and luncheon tables, with corresponding guest bouquets. They are used, too, in the small and medium-sized baskets of flowers that are novel gifts to debutantes. Here they are a pleasing contrast to roses, marguerites, or pink primroses. To-



A PERFECT STALK OF GLADIOLUS

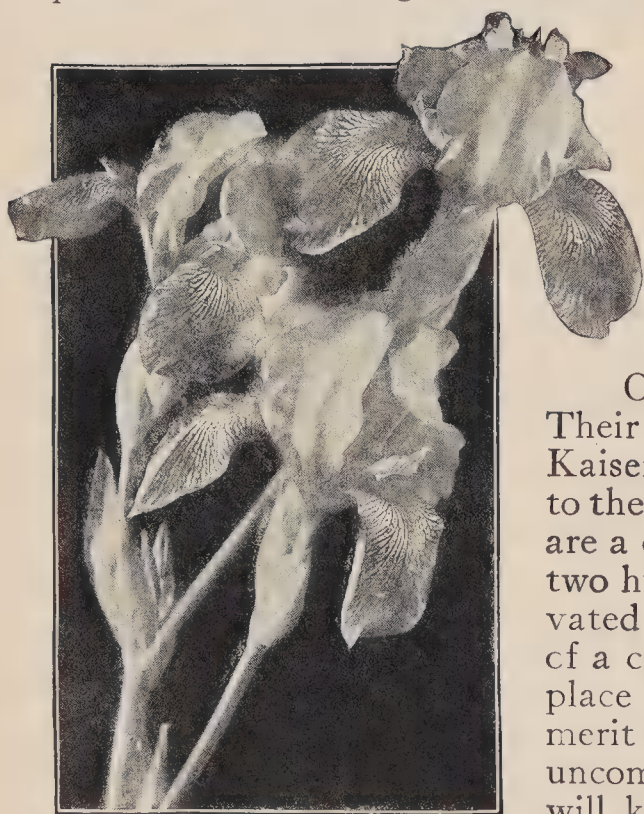
So great is the demand for the cut blooms of the gladiolus in summer that one million stalks have been marketed from a single large field in one season.

FLOWERS OF DECORATION

ward spring violets are grouped with soft gray pussy willows or yellow daffodils and English primroses. Nothing goes better with the violet than these yellow primroses.

DAFFODIL AND NARCISSUS

The daffodil, firmly intrenched in the human heart from remote antiquity, is in its common double and single forms the chief decorative yellow flower early in the year. Although forced into bloom from December on, it is the great spring note. Two other narcissi (this Latin plural is preferable to the English narcissuses), the poet's and the paper, are not



THE GERMAN TYPE OF IRIS

Unique form gives the iris a distinct place in flower decoration. The German, Spanish, Japanese, and Siberian irises are all among the most beautiful cut flowers.

far behind. London uses millions of the poet's narcissus alone. All narcissi look well in baskets and loose bouquets. Their prime place is on the table or windowsill. They should stand nearly upright, as in nature, and never be massed closely.

ORCHIDS

Orchids are the aristocratic flower. Their decided tone was well expressed when Kaiser Wilhelm chose them for his tribute to the late J. Pierpont Morgan. Yet they are a comparatively new flower. Less than two hundred years ago they were not cultivated at all, and it is within the last quarter of a century that they have won their high place as cut flowers. Orchids have the merit of unusual lasting quality, as well as uncommon forms and colors. Some blooms will keep fresh in water more than a fortnight. They may be picked in America, and, if properly packed, worn in Europe.

When fashion was being wooed the market depended on blooms from plants intended primarily for sale; but now there are greenhouses devoted solely to growing the cattleya (cat'-lee-ah), and cypripedium (sip-ri-pee'-dee-um) for cutting. These are the only two orchid families that have become really popularized. Eight different species of cattleya, which is named after William Cattley, the English

FLOWERS OF DECORATION

naturalist, are grown extensively for cutting, as they bloom at various times and combine to make a long season.

Any one of the large mauve cattleyas furnishes rare shades in a fascinating form, and the great vogue of this orchid as a corsage adornment is easily accounted for. It is at its best when a spray of three or more blossoms is worn as picked, with, perhaps, a little green foliage. Detached blooms lose their natural grace of poise. For hand bouquets and the dinner table, this cattleya and the fairly common green and yellow cypripedium are very striking. For bridal bouquets and the buttonhole bouquets of attendants, the last word is orchids that are either pure white or have only a yellow lip. To a small extent, due to the limited supply and consequent almost prohibitive price, a number of other orchids, whose bloom is in sprays running from one to three feet in length, are worked into natural effects for the dinner table and drawing room.

CHRYSANTHEMUM, THE FLOWER OF AUTUMN

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century a veritable craze for the flower that Japan worshiped sprang up, and the chrysanthemum soon settled down here as the decorative flower of autumn. A few plants are made to bloom out of their time; but the chrysanthemum is in season only six weeks.

All the rose's colors the chrysanthemum has, and there is the same wide range of use. The rose's fragrance it lacks; but the odor is pleasantly herby. Monster blooms, produced by disbudding and reducing the plant to one stem, are less desirable for general decorative purposes than smaller ones. Incurved blooms three to four inches across, and little pompons, are best for table decorations.

SPICY CARNATION AND SWEET GARDENIA

In a way the carnation is the most representative American decorative flower. It is used more than the rose, though less money in the aggre-



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

For six weeks every fall the chrysanthemum is the king of flowers. It has the same wide range of use as the rose, which it follows closely in color shades.

FLOWERS OF DECORATION



PEONIES, IN JAPANESE FORM

In June both the double and the single peonies are unexcelled for bold, showy effects in pink, white, or red.

dred ordinary ones with short stems.

From a flower worn not at all here a quarter of a century ago, the gardenia has developed into one of distinct class—like the orchid. Nothing is finer for the corsage or bride's bouquet, while a single milk-white flower, with its glossy foliage, is a perfect button-hole bouquet. The gardenia, the oldtime cape jasmine, is never better than by itself; but it is an admirable flower to go with violets, orchids, lilies of the valley, or orange blossoms. It is probably the most difficult flower to raise for the market: the plants grow slowly and a mealy scale bug infests them. While a New York wholesaler has been able to handle as many as 10,000 blooms in a single week, there is sometimes a scarcity. Once the entire East had to be scoured to secure the great quantity of prime blossoms required for a certain occasion of special importance. The price per blossom has gone down to ten cents and up to \$2.50; for a single wreath of them \$400 has been paid.

gate is paid out for it. Its fine colors, spicy odor, and low price make it a universal favorite. The perpetual flowering carnation, the one common here, is also distinctively American. Varieties come and go with astonishing rapidity, few holding their own so well as the lovely pale pink Enchantress. Exceptionally fine new varieties are the dark red Princess Dagmar, the white Matchless, the pale pink Gloriosa, and the cerise Gorgeous. The carnation's chief decorative value is for loose bouquets—and a dozen large blooms, with stems nearly a yard long, are much better than one hun-



THE SHAPELY TULIP

A few of the early varieties force well; but the most wonderfully decorative blooms are from the Darwin and cottage tulips of the May gardens.

FLOWERS OF DECORATION

THE GLADIOLUS IN DECORATION

Few realize that the gladiolus is one of the great decorative flowers. To go into figures: from a single field of two hundred acres 1,500,000 stalks of bloom have been shipped to town in a season. New York takes most of this field's crop, cut at the rate of 15,000 to 24,000 stalks a day. The gladiolus—which should be cut before the lowest bud on the stalk opens—is a boon to the larger hotels. These hotels have become very heavy consumers of cut flowers: spring, summer, autumn, and winter each table must have its seasonable blossoms. The Waldorf-Astoria, for example, spends on an average \$150 a day for cut flowers alone. Occasionally a great store is a heavy consumer also. One in Boston used 6,000 gladioli for a single decoration. Violet and yellow gladioli are two of the best colors to use together.

POINSETTIA FOR CHRISTMAS

The accepted Christmas flower is the poinsettia. It is not a flower, the gorgeous red belonging to false leaves (called bracts) which surround the true blossoms. The poinsettia has a striking enough glare of color, in all conscience; but its decorative value has been overestimated, and it would be well if this "flower" were less in evidence at Christmas. The increasingly popular bougainvillea (pronounced boo-gane-vil'-e-ah) also owes its vogue to the color surrounding inconspicuous blossoms. It is wonderfully decorative when its rich magenta is kept away from other colors—unless it be the soft yellow of the acacia, itself one of the most effective flowers for the house.

White and pale yellow daisies, "oft called marguerite," are among the big flower crops under glass. For the table, for baskets, for bouquets, and for extensive massing, they have a lightness and grace that gives them a place all their own. The



POINSETTIA, THE "CHRISTMAS FLOWER"

The real blossoms are the little round things in the center. The Christmas red belongs to the surrounding bracts, or false leaves. The true leaves are the wide ones below.

winter long they bloom incessantly, and then come the ox-eye daisy and the "black-eyed susan" of the fields to piece out the year. From the common, but beautiful, ox-eye daisy is made the celebrated daisy chain that is always a special feature of the closing of the school year at Vassar College.

IRIS AND SWEET PEAS

Spanish irises, long a popular decorative flower abroad, are now forging ahead here, as the bulbs are cheap and are easily forced. The yellow and white ones are a particularly refreshing spring combination. In May, June, and July, the German, Siberian, and Japanese irises, grown in the open, follow. Although the irises do not last long, they are glorious cut flowers for jars and vases.

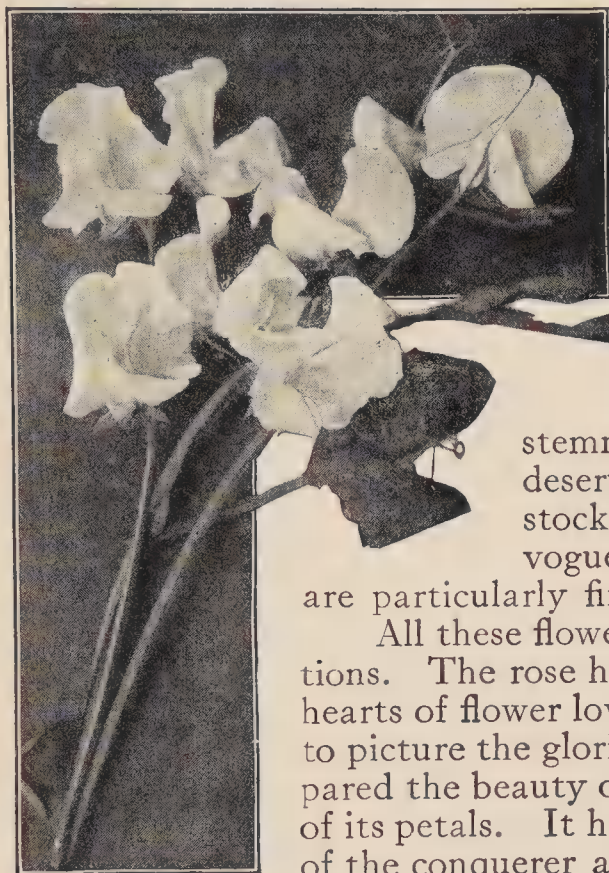
The sweet pea is somewhat difficult to grow indoors in large quantities; but its winter use is increasing, there being a few varieties that force readily. A new use is to bunch the blossoms tightly, like violets, as a round corsage bouquet. From the garden supply in early summer sweet peas are sold in prodigious quantities, and the same is true of the peony, which is cut with long stems from the great fields of the nurserymen. Later in the summer the gardens furnish China asters and dahlias by the thousand. Both are popular table decorations. The few tulips that force well are splendidly decorative in the late winter.

Forced into bloom long before their time, lilacs are among the choicest of cut flowers in winter. They are very expensive then; whereas when they bloom outdoors in spring they are cheap enough for anyone's purse. Both the single and double white lilacs are very beautiful for a bride's bouquet or in a basket with pink roses. Purple lilacs



SNAPDRAGON, A NEW WINTER FLOWER

This oldtime garden favorite has lately come into vogue as a cut flower of late winter. The tall stalks are admirable for large vases.



THE WHITE SPENCER SWEET PEA

An improved form of this beautiful flower. The sweet pea, through the forcing of a few varieties, now has a season lasting from Christmas to the latter part of summer.

and yellow roses are an especially successful color combination. The forsythia, or golden bell, is another very common shrub that is being forced for cutting. For large, loose effects the branches of yellow bloom are excellent. A third flower that

Grandmother would have as little expected to see outside of the garden is the snapdragon. Huge, long-

stemmed sprays of this have been enjoying deserved vogue the last few years. The stock, also old-fashioned, has had longer vogue. The pale pink and mauve shades

are particularly fine.

All these flowers have strong holds upon our affections. The rose has for centuries held first place in the hearts of flower lovers. Poets have borrowed its colors to picture the glories of the rising sun; lovers have compared the beauty of their loved ones to the delicate hue of its petals. It has been used to symbolize the triumph of the conquerer and to console the conquered. Roses have been strewn at the feet of monarchs and over the graves of the dead. The rose is the "Queen of Flowers."

The tender lily symbolizes purity—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!"

The violet, the flower of poets and lovers, the emblem of loyalty, truth, and humility belongs to all the world. It is the flower of wealth and poverty.

In early spring the golden daffodil comes to us. With its perfect golden grace it will always hold a warm place in our hearts.

The orchid, the élite of the flower kingdom, is the modern flower. Its frail beauty is associated with little of myth or legend.

We love the carnation for its "odor divine." Its origin is as old as that of the rose.

All these are "flowers worthy of paradise" indeed.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



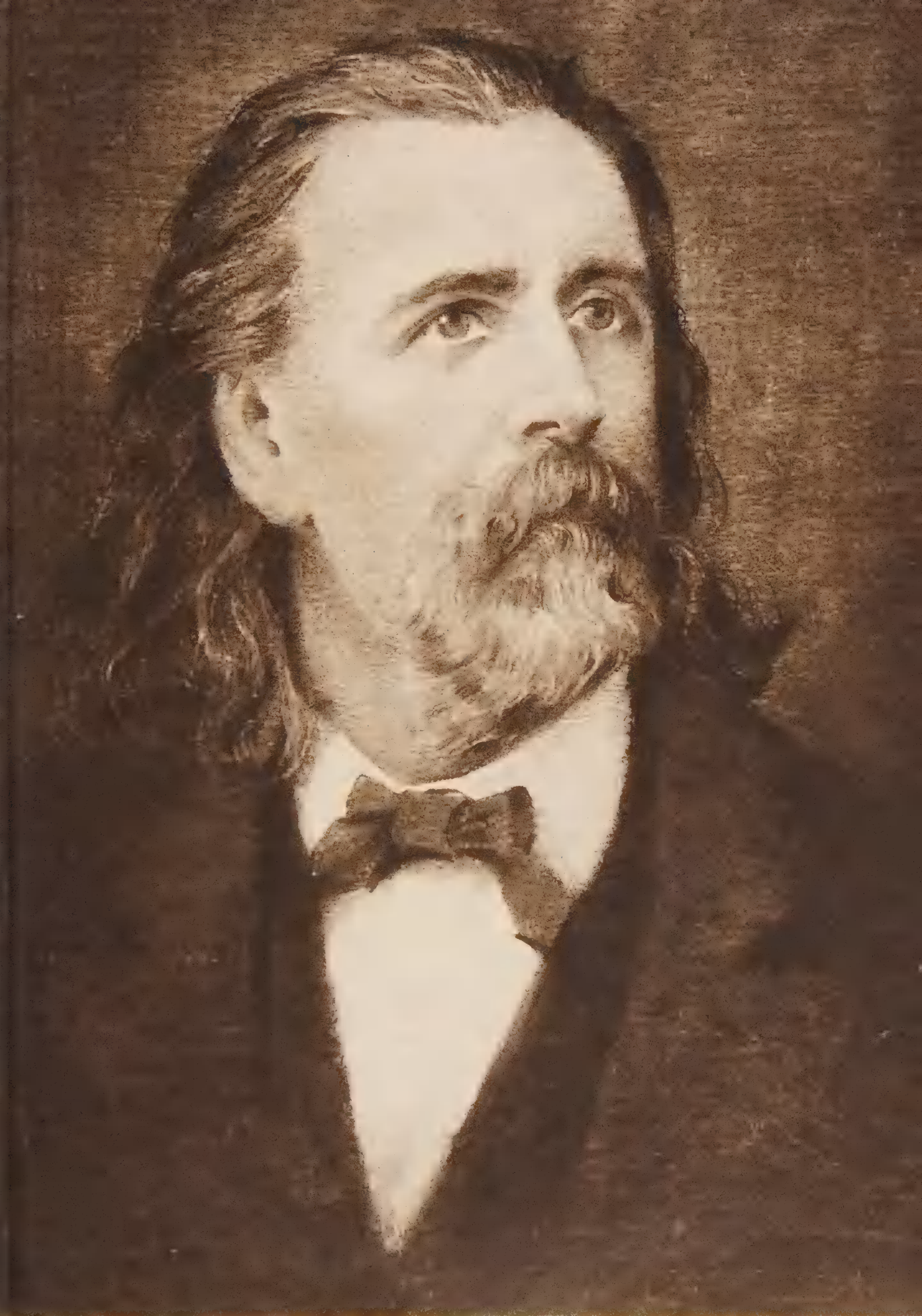
Flower Decoration in the House	<i>Gertrude Jekyll</i>
The Floral Art of Japan	<i>Josiah Conder</i>
Floral Decorations	<i>Mrs. H. A. De Salis</i>
British Floral Decoration	<i>R. F. Felton</i>
Artistic Flower Decorations	<i>B. C. Seward</i>
Floral Decorations for the Dwelling House	<i>Annie Hassard</i>
Flowers and Festivals	<i>W. A. Barrett</i>
Art of Garnishing Churches at Christmas, etc.	<i>E. Y. Cox</i>



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject
treated can obtain it by writing to the

***"Inquiry Department" of The Mentor Association
52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City***





OSH BILLINGS, one of America's most popular humorists and epigrammatists, is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Monday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

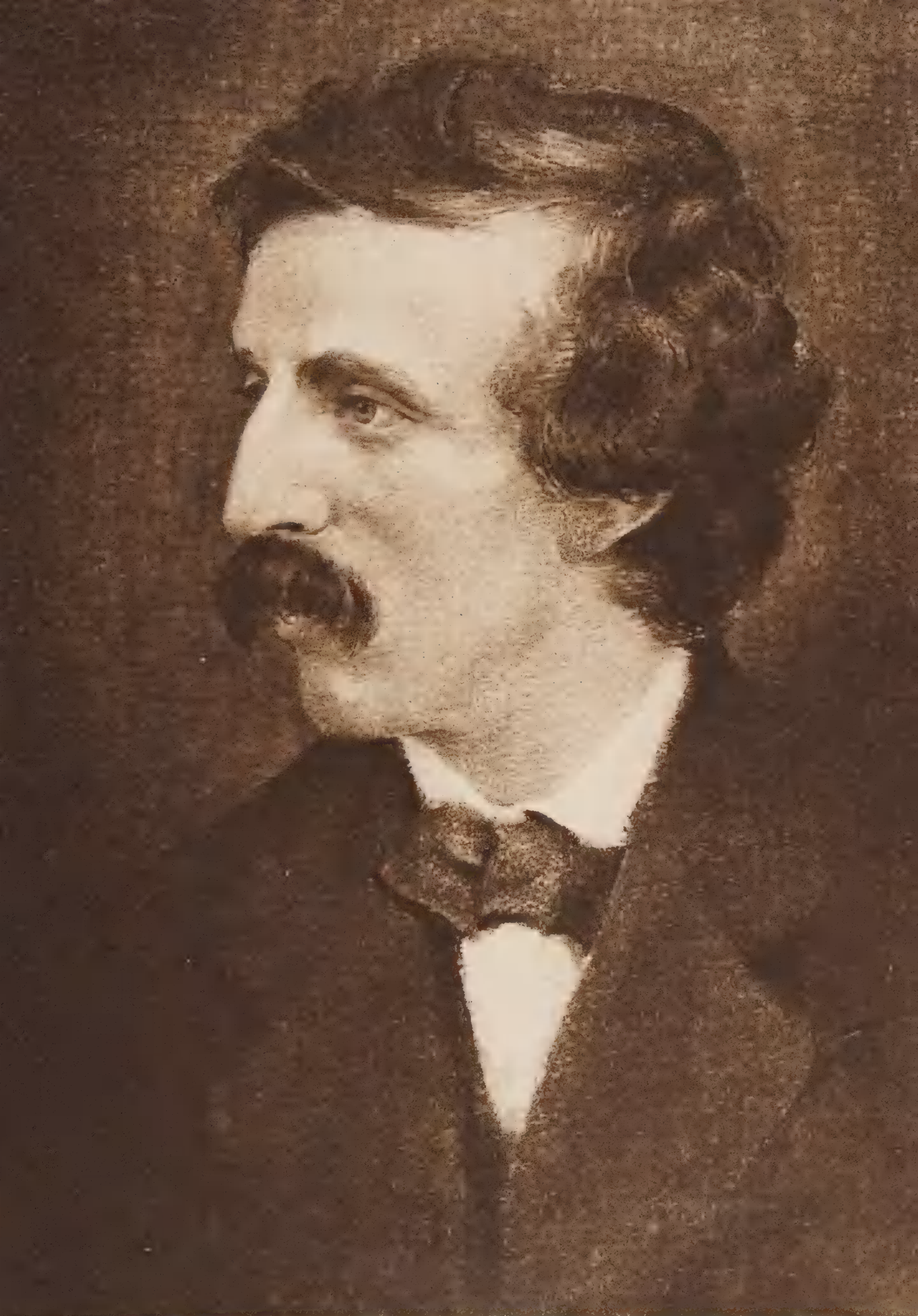
IT is said of Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw) that his first writings did not win wide attention, but that after he changed his spelling the American public began to "take notice," and soon his popularity as a humorist was great. When he was writing regularly for the *Century Magazine* under the title "Uncle Esek's Wisdom" Dr. J. G. Holland, then editor, insisted upon printing his epigrams in correct fashion. Mr. Shaw accepted the mandate, but continued to compose his contributions in his own peculiar misspelled way.

Like most of the early American humorists, Josh Billings was a Jack-of-all-trades. He tried college life, but gave it up before completing a course at Hamilton College. He was successively farmer, steamboat captain, real estate agent, and auctioneer. This latter pursuit he followed in Poughkeepsie, New York. He was born in Lanesborough, Massachusetts, on April 21, 1818; but his wanderings carried him West and back again, and finally he died in Monterey, California, on October 14, 1885. Much of his later wandering was due to the fact that he took to the lecture platform and there achieved considerable success. Mark Twain was one of his associates in his lecturing days.

In the quality of their humor, Mark Twain in his earlier writings and Josh Billings had much in common. Extravagance of statement and radical absurdity

of ideas were the chief constituents of their output. "I am too old and too respectable to be a phool ennymore," said Josh. And the American public of his day placed confidence in his consistent extravagance of assertion and gladly refused to believe him!

Many of the humorists of the wartime period resorted to the trick of queer spelling, and as we translate their writings into ordinary speech today we are likely to find little left that amuses us. But Josh Billings can stand translation. His epigrams are always good, and there is a vein of philosophy underlying his humor that is true to any age. In this he often reminds us of that first American humorist, Benjamin Franklin, and, like Franklin, Billings created an almanac that ran for several years and was crowded with fun and philosophy so thoroughly mixed that the reader could not tell where one left off and the other began. Listen to his description of laughter: "Anatomikally konsidered, laffing iz the sensation ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot. Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the 10 commandments. Theoretikally konsidered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existence. Pyroteknikally konsidered, it is the fireworks of the soul. But i don't intend this essa for laffing in the lump, but for laffing on the half-shell."





ARTEMUS WARD, a man of whimsical personality and of extravagant humor, is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Tuesday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

ABOUT fifty years ago a slender, modest appearing man edged his way hesitatingly out upon a London lecture platform before a large audience of phlegmatic Britishers, and with every evidence of failing courage and embarrassment proceeded to poke fun at the Tower of London and every cherished British tradition. This was Artemus Ward. His winning personality and the contrast between his apparent shyness and the extravagance of his statements won him instant success in England. They loved him for his "nerve," and they took to the quality of his humor, which in its boisterousness and absurd exaggeration was distinctively American.

Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne) was the first American contributor to London "Punch"; he wrote that periodical many letters which were read with delight throughout England. In fact, his success abroad was much greater than any he had achieved at home, and there was tragedy in his death, which came very soon after he began his work in England, and just as he was reaping some reward for many years of struggle. For Browne was like most of our other early humorists, in that he was a rolling stone.

Artemus Ward, like Josh Billings and many other contemporaries, developed an extravagant system of spelling. As we of this generation attempt to read his works at any length, we find less to amuse us than in the writings of Josh Billings,

for instance. He lacked the undercurrent of philosophy that Josh Billings possessed. Yet his fame in his own day was greater than that of Billings.

Charles Farrar Browne was born in Waterford, Maine, on April 26, 1834, and died in Southampton, England, on March 6, 1867. By trade he was a journeyman printer, and traveled from one end of the land to the other following his trade. The true humorist must of necessity have a wide knowledge of human nature, and these early American humorists were given great opportunity to meet and study odd types of humanity in the many corners of our new nation in the days before the Civil War.

Artemus Ward loved to refer to himself as a showman. Next to his famous lecture on his visit to the Mormons, his descriptions of his traveling show won the greatest popular success. "My show at present consists of three moral Bares and a Kangaroo (a amoosin little Raskal —'twould make you larf yourself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal)," he writes to a country editor, and in the same letter he adds, "I am anxys to skewer your infloence. I repeat in regard to them hanbills that I shall git em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yours exactly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't. Respectively yures, A. Ward. P. S. You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back."





BILL NYE, beloved by the people—the last of the old school of humorists, is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Wednesday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

AN original and amusing letter of resignation, written in his capacity as postmaster of Laramie, Wyoming, to President Arthur, first brought Bill Nye (Edgar Wilson Nye) to public notice. Somehow a copy of this letter escaped from the President's files, and, as Nye says, "was copied from Japan to South Africa and from Beersheba to a given point." Bill Nye disproves the assertion that a reputation as a humorist will keep a man out of public office. In addition to the postmastership at Laramie he was justice of the peace for six years, and might have held other offices within the gift of the community had he so wished.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born at Shirley, near Moosehead Lake, at the northern end of Maine, on August 25, 1850. When he was two years old his parents moved to St. Croix County in northern Wisconsin, and he there received a thorough common school education. He chose the law for a profession, and was admitted to the bar; but chance brought him a position as reporter on an evening paper at Laramie City, Wyoming Territory. This work lasted for only a year. He then practised law for a time, and was elected justice of the peace and later postmaster.

Bill Nye was a busy, hard working writer. He probably made more money from his writings than any other humorist of his time, except of course Mark Twain. There was a time, however, when he received one dollar a column;

but as he says, "the columns were short and the type large, and I was glad to get the dollar."

Nye tells of his family in his characteristic way. "Some of the Nyes claim to be of French extraction, and I have a cousin who says he is a descendant of Marshal Ney, that being the spelling of the family name in an early day. I had some curiosity a few years ago, and tried to learn all I could of this matter. I traced our people back to the European police courts, and even beyond that, discovering at last in France our Coat of Arms; but I lost it from the line where it was airing last summer."

Bill Nye was popular as a lecturer. He had a delightfully frank personality, and his simplicity of manner and hatred of sham won him a host of friends. Nye never wished to be considered a phenomenon. For some time James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye traveled together. It was an oddly mated team for the lecture platform and a highly successful combination.

In 1877, Nye married Clara Frances Smith. They had two sons and two daughters. On February 22, 1896, he died near Asheville, N. C. With his death there passed away the old school of American humor; for he had carried into this generation the style of absurd extravagance and exaggeration that was characteristic of Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, and the fun makers of wartime.





JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, the creator of quaint old "Uncle Remus," is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Thursday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

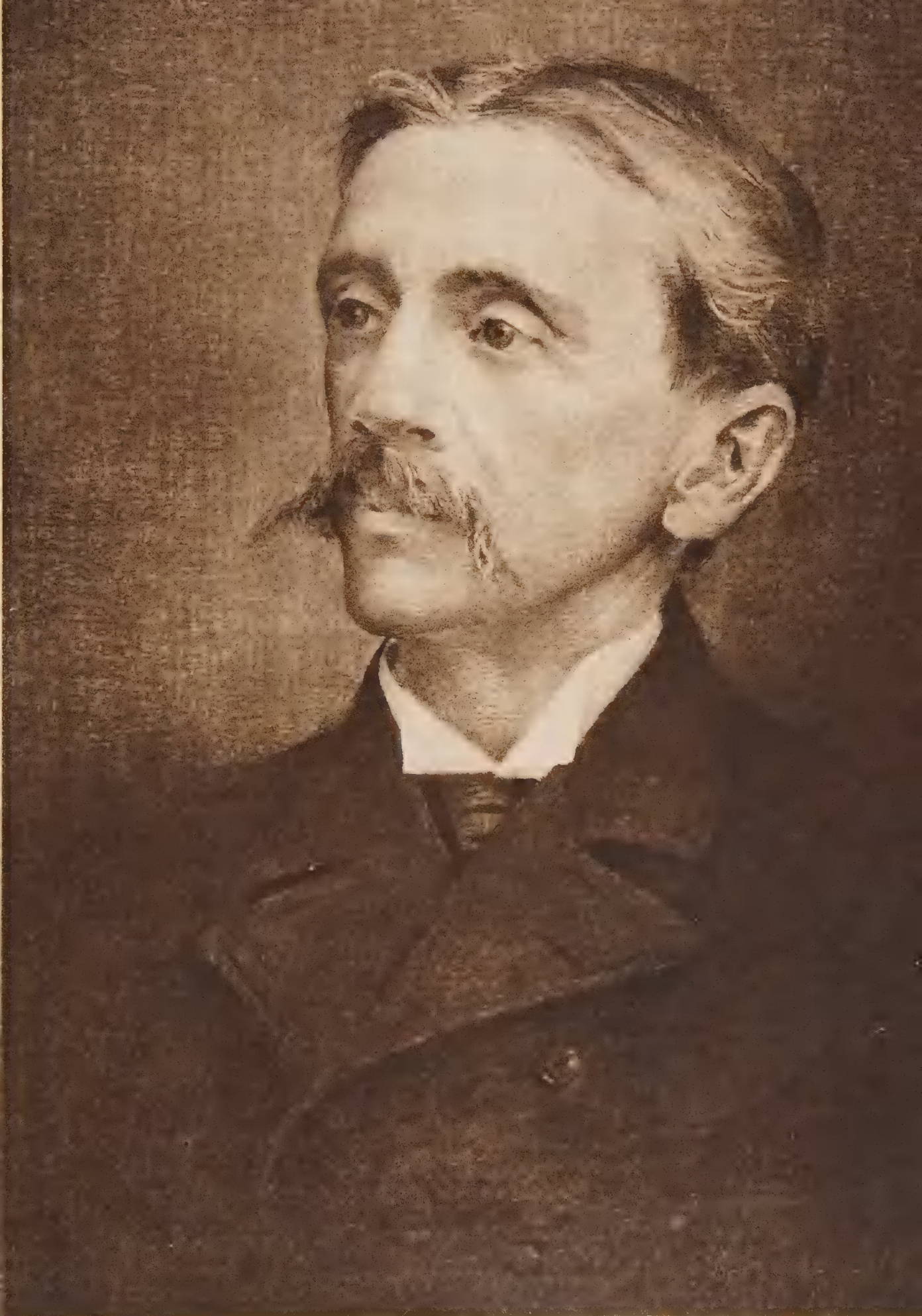
IT does not often happen that a man makes a serious contribution to scientific literature and finds it enthusiastically received by the reading public as a collection of humorous stories. This happened to Joel Chandler Harris, who wrote in 1880 a book entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," knowing it to be an important contribution to the records of Afro-American folklore; but the reading public cared little for the accuracy in these portrayals of the American negro type, in comparison to their delight in the humor and charm of the stories themselves.

Our great American humorous writers in the past have done a varied service to literature and to the social structure of our nation. Some have attacked sham and fraud with the weapons of wit and caricature and have done lasting good. Some, like Petroleum V. Nasby and Orpheus C. Kerr, served the Northern cause in the Civil War and at the same time afforded rest and relaxation to Abraham Lincoln when his mind greatly needed it. Others have done a lasting service in preserving accurate pictures of quaint provincial types throughout America. Joel Chandler Harris is one of these. Many who are still writing, such as Irving Bacheller, George Ade,

and others, perform the same valuable service. It is hard to call this important service a byproduct, and yet, after all, the laughter and enjoyment stimulated by their writings is perhaps the greatest service they can render.

Mr. Harris was born in Eatonton, Georgia, December 8, 1848, and died in Atlanta in 1908. Like so many other American humorists he was a printer by trade, later becoming a journalist. Unlike many of the others, however, he was no rolling stone, but lived his life in Georgia and rose high in his profession, becoming editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Mingo and Other Sketches," and "Daddy Jake, the Runaway" are among his best known books; but he was a constant contributor of prose and verse to the magazines. Young and old like his stories. "The Tar Baby" is a classic in juvenile literature.

Uncle Remus does not belong among the slapstick humorists, and yet his place among the makers of American humor is just as definite, and he belongs just as distinctly to American literature as they. Joel Chandler Harris belongs to our national life, and the distance between him and Josh Billings marks the scope of our native humor.





FRANK R. STOCKTON, who puzzled America with his "The Lady or the Tiger," is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Friday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

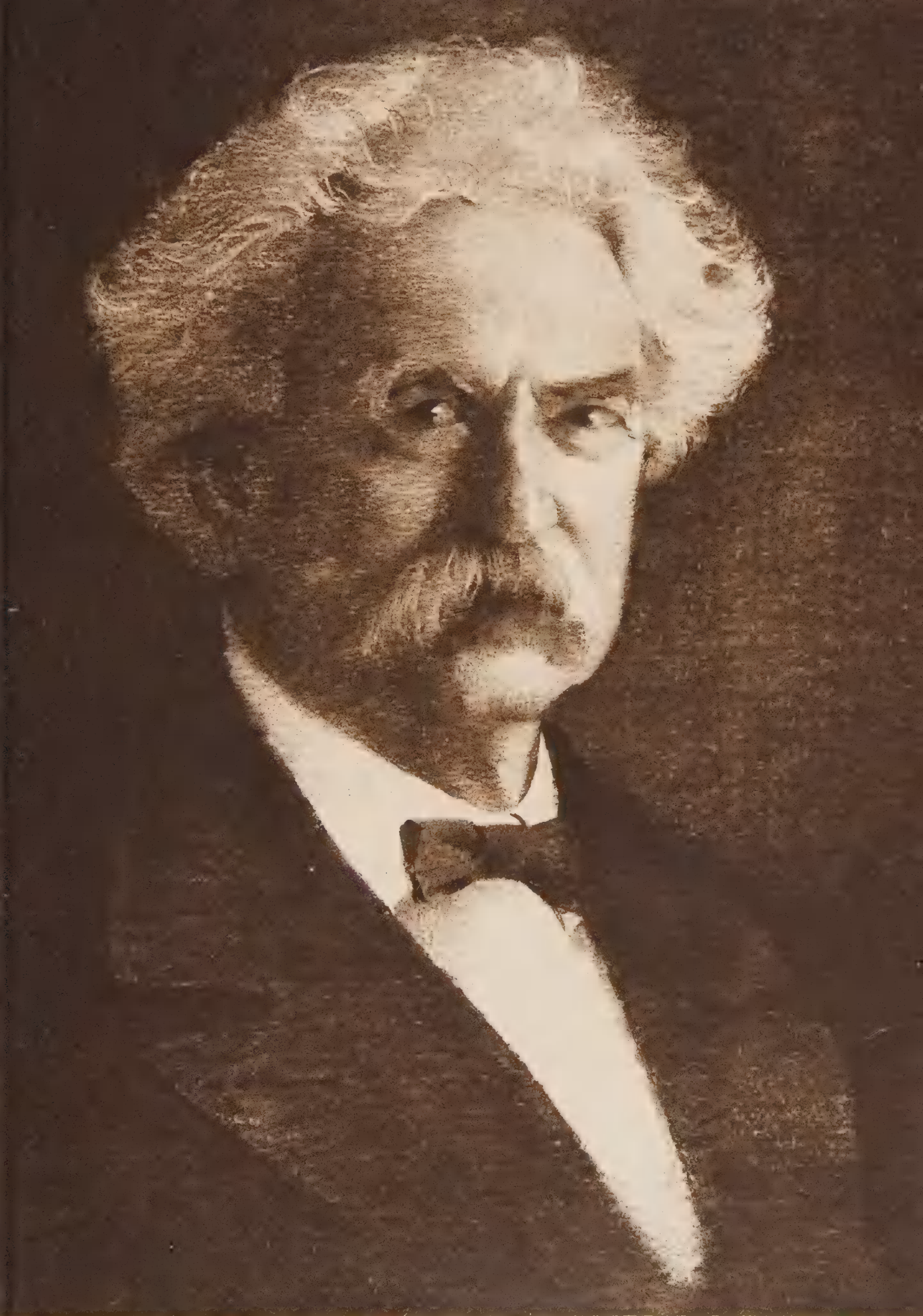
A GENERATION ago our mothers and fathers were asking whether it was the lady or the tiger. The question was illustrated and dramatized, cartooned and parodied. All this excitement arose from a single short story written by a quiet, unassuming man, who had already begun to win attention as a story teller. "The Lady or the Tiger?" left its hero in a terrible predicament. A simple choice that faced him would either leave him face to face with a beautiful young lady or place him absolutely at the mercy of a devouring tiger—and there the story stopped. It was a practical joke that found a permanent place in American literature.

It is said that at a dinner once given to Frank R. Stockton, when the dessert was placed before the hostess, the amused guests saw two blocks of ice-cream, one modeled as a lady and the other as a tiger. There was tense silence when Stockton was asked which he would have, and he gravely replied, "A little of both, please."

Frank R. Stockton was born in Philadelphia on April 5, 1834, and died in Washington, D. C., April 20, 1902. He attended Philadelphia public schools, and his first vocation was that of wood engraver and designer. He made many illustrations for magazines that afterward sought his contributions as an author. His first employment was on a Philadelphia morning paper, and while he sup-

ported himself as an engraver he was constantly contributing short articles to his own and other papers. In 1872 he gave up designing to join the staff of New York *Hearth and Home*. A year later he went over to Scribner's Monthly (now the *Century Magazine*), and in a very short time was made assistant editor of a new magazine for children that was then being established—the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. This position he filled until 1880.

Aside from certain famous novels, such as "Rudder Grange," which first brought Stockton into prominence in 1879, and "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," this author is at his best in his stories for children. His humor is no less distinctively American than that of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward and others of the slapstick school, and yet his style is simple and quiet. He deals in an extravagant absurdity of plot. It is as though his whole story was a joke on the reader. One seems to see the man's own gentle, delightful personality behind the stories he has written. His death is so recent that it is hard to say how permanent a place many of his writings will occupy in American literature; but some of them are certain to survive. His name is almost as well known in England and Australia as in America, and his novels have nearly all been translated into foreign tongues.





ARK TWAIN, whose wit, humor, and philosophy brought him great fame, is one of the six Makers of American Humor, and is the subject of the Saturday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

IF all of us realized our boyhood dreams, the world would be overcrowded with pirates, treasure hunters, and keepers of candy shops. One man who realized his boyhood ambition was our greatest American humorist, Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens). His boyhood was spent in a little Mississippi River town before the war, when river commerce was in its glory, and the Mississippi pilot was a man who ranked very little below the angels in the eyes of small boys. To be a pilot was the dream of small Sam Clemens. After working in a local printing office, and then as an expert compositor in St. Louis, New York, and other cities, he came back in 1861 to realize that early dream and be a pilot. The Civil War stopped his piloting, and after a brief service on the Confederate side he went to Nevada with his brother, who had been appointed territorial secretary. There he began the journalistic work that led to his later career as a writer.

Mark Twain, as everyone knows, was a pen name taken from the terminology of river steamboating. But everyone does not know that Clemens was the second writer to make use of it. It was first used by Captain Isaiah Sellers of the New Orleans Picayune.

Just as Mark Twain easily ranks superior to any other American humorous writer, so does he seem to have exceeded

them all in the variety of his experiences and the extent of his wanderings into the odd corners of our country. When in Nevada he became a reporter and staff writer. It was there that he first learned his power of expression. For a time he tried mining, going to California and other gold mining districts. In San Francisco he tried his hand at journalism again, and took a trip to the Sandwich Islands, which he wrote up for a local paper. From 1869 to 1871 he was editor of a prominent Buffalo daily.

An experience that undoubtedly had great effect upon Mark Twain's personal character, bringing him friends in great number who until that time had known him simply as a humorous writer of considerable ability, was the failure of his business. In 1884 he became owner, with others, of a publishing house. The business failed ten years later with large liabilities. Mark Twain accepted responsibility for these debts, toured the world in a triumphant lecture tour, and paid them entire.

It is hard for us of the present day critics, living still in the memory of Mark Twain's delightful personality, with his mirth provoking after-dinner speeches still ringing in our ears, to say just how he will be measured,—as a humorist or as a serious writer: he has written so much of both kinds—all good.

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No. 20

MAKERS OF AMERICAN HUMOR

JOSH BILLINGS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ARTEMUS WARD

FRANK R. STOCKTON

BILL NYE

MARK TWAIN

By BURGESS JOHNSON

A FIB of colossal proportions, a lie so enormous that it flaunts and scorns belief, has amused Americans ever since there has been any such thing as a national temperament this side the water. If the assertion be made in sedate and solemn fashion, so much the funnier.

Analyzing humor is like dissecting a butterfly; but it is safe to say this much,—that exaggeration has been a chief ingredient of all American humor, and has always distinguished it from European products. British audiences gazed in amazement at a hesitating young American lecturer who asserted shyly and gravely that Brigham Young had one hundred and eighty wives, and that it took him three days to kiss them all. They listened until amazement had given place to merriment—and Artemus Ward had won a triumph.

The first American humorous writers appeared not many years ago. We do not find a school of American literature of any kind in the early years of the republic; and as the men of those days had little time for writing, because there was the work of nation building to be done, it would seem as though the early writers had less time for laughter.

In the years just before the Civil War we began, as a people, to find a little more time for the study of ourselves. We had developed a national sensitiveness toward outside criticism, and a personal pride as Americans. At the same time Providence sent us our first humorous writers as a safeguard against too great self-satisfaction.

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These men found plenty of material ready to hand. The country was raw and undeveloped, there was comparatively little traveling among the sections, and each corner of the land had its native type, with peculiarities that amused the provincial inhabitants of another section. Of the men who wrote at least a decade before the war, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, George Horatio Derby, William Tappan Thompson, and others described the life of their rural neighbors in the South, while Seba Smith, Frederick Swartwout Cozzens in the "Sparrowgrass Papers," Mrs. Frances Miriam Whitcher as the "Widow Bedott," and many more taught their own neighbors of the North to see themselves as others might see them,—and laugh about it.

EARLY "SLAPSTICK" HUMOR

This early period of American humorous literature might with all due respect be called the day of the slapstick, as it was the day of blunt tools in so many directions of national activity. Politics was played with a club, caricature was brutal, oratory was flamboyant, and to the more sensitive taste of today the humor of that period lacked subtlety.

Among the tricks of the humorous writer's trade at that time—the habit deserves no more dignified phrase—was the use of grotesque spelling. Perhaps this was a half-conscious effort to create a crude national dialect, caricaturing a widespread slovenliness of speech. At any rate, it characterized the professionally humorous writers of the wartime. Bad spelling served as a sort of helpful announcement, as though the writer said, "What I now tell you is intended to be funny: do not read it seriously."

JOSH BILLINGS, THE PHILOSOPHIC

Head and shoulders above most of his fellow writers of that day stood "Josh Billings," born Henry Wheeler Shaw. Test almost any of his epigrams by translation into pure English and correct spelling, and the fun is there. "There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three," is a sentiment that does not gain its accuracy or any other quality from the spelling. "Truth is sed to be stranger than fickshun: it is to most pholks," is a characteristic bit of his philosophy.

Henry Wheeler Shaw was born at Lanesborough, Massachusetts, in 1818; he died at Monterey, California, in 1885. The life of remarkable variety that crowded those years is worthy of notice, because it parallels the lives of so many of our other humorists. If there were space in this article to analyze closely our distinctive American humor,—to go behind the returns, in other words,—we should find utmost significance in the

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fact that Billings and Nye and Ward and Lanigan and Stockton and Twain and a score of others were rolling stones in their business affairs, or Jacks of all trades, rubbing elbows at one time or another with men of every rank and variety.



From a photograph made and lent by James F. Ryder, taken about 1857

ARTEMUS WARD

A Master of American Humor.

Shaw entered Hamilton College; but left before graduation to take up a roving life in the West. He was successively farmer, steamboat captain, and real estate agent. In 1858 he returned to New York and became an auctioneer in Poughkeepsie, at the same time beginning to write for newspapers and magazines. For ten years he published annually

his "Farmer's Allminax," a delightful travesty upon the serious almanacs then current; but filled with shrewd wisdom that reminds one of that first great American gazetteer, "Poor Richard." "Josh Billings, His Sayings," and "Every boddy's Friend" were among his most widely popular books.

In discussing our early humorists there is little space here for those who obviously gained inspiration from British models. Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber was one of these, and John Godfrey Saxe was another. The former's "Mrs. Partington," an American Mrs. Malaprop, is good reading today; and the latter owes to Thomas Hood a muse that still excites our laughter. Nor should we do more than mention in passing Washington Irving and Lowell and Holmes, or any of the founders of our literature. They are among our greatest humorists; but their names belong elsewhere. We like to think that humor was an inevitable part of their greatness because they were Americans.

ARTEMUS WARD, THE ORIGINAL

The man who perhaps first drew Old World attention to a New World school of humor was Charles Farrar Browne, universally known as "Artemus Ward." Born later than Josh Billings, at Waterford, Maine, in 1834, and dying when yet a young man, in Southampton, England, in 1867, his fame was more widely heralded than that of Shaw. He too roamed from one end of the land to the other, as a journeyman printer. He too rejoiced in a wonderful "fonetic" spelling. And both men, as they came to depend upon their humor as a source of livelihood, took to the lecture platform. The presentday reader may wonder that Artemus Ward should ever have gained the wider vogue. But his charm of personality and the fact that he gave first place to his lectures, afterward publishing them in book form, may account for this in great measure. It is said that all who saw and heard him delighted in him; and this was specially true of the British public, which seemed stunned at first by the utter extravagance of his humor, then flocked to his lectures in delighted crowds. His letters to "Punch" (the first American contributions, by the way, to that august journal) were enjoyed throughout England. Once taken to the British bosom, he might jibe at the Tower, and joke in Stratford-on-Avon, and his very daring added to his success. Writing to "Punch" about his visit to the Tower of London, he says, "A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abrest, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in ginral. Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of people. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a coun-

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From a photograph lent by Robinson Locke. Halftone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, MARK TWAIN, AND JOSH BILLINGS

Three writers who made us laugh with them.

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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
"Uncle Remus" at work in his study.

try,—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes."

Mr. Browne took delight in referring to himself as a showman. Next to his famous lecture on his visit to the Mormons, his descriptions of the animals in his traveling show won greatest popular success.

It is easy to group many of the writings of our nineteenth century humorists in the slapstick school, while at the same time one may hesitate to apply the term to the individuals who produced it. Almost without exception each one of them wandered in and out of other fields, or often in his most boisterous moments wrote with some serious under-

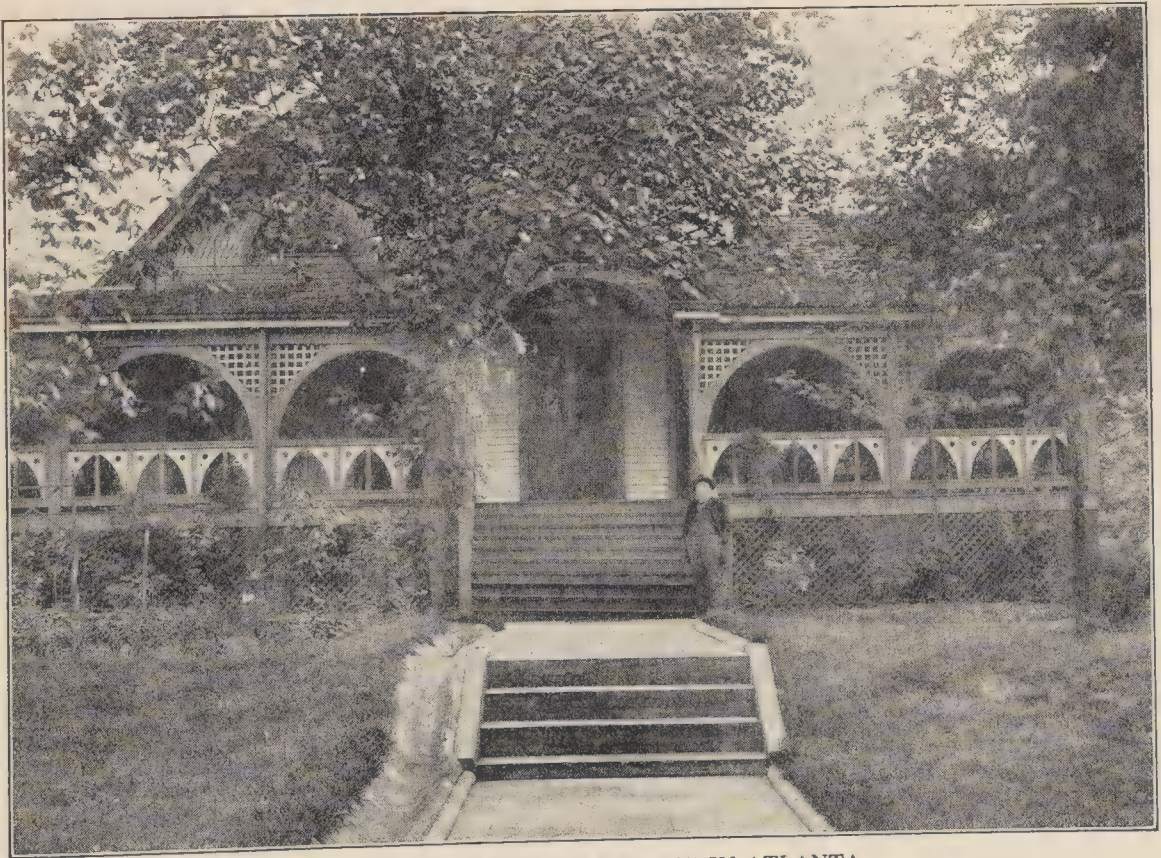
lying motive. David R. Locke, writing under the name of "Petroleum V. Nasby," not only delighted President Lincoln and brought him needed relaxation of mind, but was of great assistance to the Northern cause. Robert Henry Newell, as "Orpheus C. Kerr," wrote in the same vein; while Charles Henry Smith, as "Bill Arp," similarly served the Confederacy. These, and many others whose names deserve equal mention, we find hard to read at length today, with their weird spelling, their vociferous humor, and often with a vein of coarseness that was characteristic of the period rather than of the individual.

BILL NYE AND NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS

One writer in particular, Bill Nye, deserves special mention here because he carried that earlier school of humor over into the present day; his hilarious wit and his delightful exaggeration have grouped him with Ward and Billings and Nasby, while he belongs in point of time with that later group of men developed by the newspapers, such as James Montgomery Bailey ("The Danbury News Man"), Robert J. Burdette of

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the "Burlington Hawkeye," Charles Bertram Lewis ("M. Quad") of the "Detroit Free Press," Charles Heber Clark ("Max Adeler"), and several others. Edgar W. Nye was born at Shirley, Maine, in 1850, and died near Asheville, North Carolina, in 1896. He too rubbed elbows with men of every section in his variety of occupations, and in company with James Whitcomb Riley faced large audiences from the lecture platform. His published works were many, some so recent that the test of time lends little aid to our judgment. "Bill Nye and the Boomerang," "A Comic History of the United States," and "The Railroad Guide" are still fresh in the memories of many readers. At his best he fully equals Josh Billings; but he lacks that underlying philosophy that has led critics to liken the latter to La Rochefoucauld. "You can stimulate your hair," says Nye, "by using castor oil three ounces, brandy one ounce. Put the oil on the sewing machine, and absorb the brandy between meals. The brandy will no doubt fly right to your head, and either greatly assist your hair or it will reconcile you to your lot. If you wish, you may drink the brandy and then breathe hard on the scalp. This will be difficult at first; but after awhile it will not seem irksome."



THE HOME OF "UNCLE REMUS" IN ATLANTA



From a photograph by Van der Weyde, London, lent by
James Whitcomb Riley

BILL NYE

Famous for his witty epigrams.

Perhaps as an epigrammist Bill Nye will be best remembered. His remark that he had become convinced that Wagner's music "is not half as bad as it sounds" touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many; and there is pleasant philosophy in his assertion, "As far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along somehow if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another."

There is a quieter school of writers who have not only made us laugh, but have done a service to literature in preserving the dialect and manners and customs of out-of-the-way corners. The humor of Bret Harte belongs in this group, and of James Whitcomb Riley, and George W. Cable, and a hundred of greater or less fame.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS"

One among them, Joel Chandler Harris, stands out as an American humorist who has performed a lasting service to literature and to the science of folklore by reason of his Uncle Remus stories. Joel Chandler Harris was born at Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848, and died at Atlanta in 1908. Like many others whose names have found place here, he was a printer by trade. Later he became a journalist, and finally editor of the "Atlanta Constitution." In 1880 he published a book entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," intending it to be a serious contribution to Afro-American folk lore. He awoke next morning, as the saying is, to find himself hailed as a humorous author, with an audience worldwide. Today those stories, and the many others that followed, have a permanent place in literature. "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Mingo and Other Sketches," and "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," appeal to children and their elders, not because they are an accurate portrayal of the true Southern darky, but because of the unadulterated enjoyment they afford.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S WIDE RANGE

A wider field of amusing human nature was exploited by Frank R. Stockton, who might properly have been mentioned with Bret Harte and others who have contributed so largely to literature outside the realm of humor. And yet his fantastic fairy stories for children and his inimitable

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MARK TWAIN

An interesting photograph of the great humorist, taken at Tuxedo Park.

"Rudder Grange" compel a notice in this article. His humor was quiet rather than extravagant, but the characters he introduces, and the fantasy of plot in his stories, mark him as distinctively American. He was born in Philadelphia in 1834, and died in 1902. He began life as an engraver; but later devoted himself to journalism. American children who read the "St. Nicholas" magazine felt a love for him that seemed somehow to attach itself to his personality, as though they saw the gentle-natured man himself behind "The Floating Prince," and "The Bee-Man of Orn," and other stories that they awaited so eagerly.

MARK TWAIN, PRINCE OF HUMORISTS

A study of our American humor carries one over but a short period of years when all is said. And it seems as though a glance at each phase of American humor helps us to consider the writings of that prince of them all, Mark Twain, and appreciate the wide range of his humor and the depth of his philosophy. He was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835, and his boyhood, spent in the neighboring town of Hannibal, acquainted him with the varied types of humanity that throve along the Mississippi River in the "flush times" of steamboating. Samuel Langhorne Clemens he was baptized; but the pen name that he later selected from the terminology of steamboat piloting supersedes any other in the minds and hearts of the reading world.

Mark Twain too learned the trade of printer; afterward he achieved his boyhood ambition and became a river pilot; and the list of his later occupations and wanderings, until he settled down to the serious business of writing, compares in length to that of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward. He was prospector and newspaper editor in the gold fields of Nevada; was reporter in San Francisco, soldier for a short time in the war, and lecturer throughout the United States. He too rubbed elbows with every type of fellow citizen, and his shrewd and searching humor made "copy" of them all. Just as his life in those early days paralleled closely the lives of some of the wartime humorists, so did his first writings partake of their boisterous style, their untrammelled exaggeration, and often their coarseness. But his genius broadened with his years, and as his knowledge of human nature increased he developed a searching insight and a kindly philosophy that make it impossible to associate his name with any single group. When the present generation has forgotten the laughter that he evoked, it is hard to say which of his writings will determine the place he will occupy. Perhaps those stories of his own boyhood life, "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with wide appeal to youth and age, will be the determining factors; or "The Inno-

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From a photograph by Hollinger Adv. Co.

F. P. DUNNE

The creator of "Mr. Dooley."

From a photograph by Brock

GEORGE ADE

Whose "Fables in Slang" have brought him fame.

cents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," and others of his farcical writings, despite their wealth of fact or philosophy, will leave him distinctively among the humorists. Perhaps "The Prince and the Pauper" and "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" will find another niche for his fame. We of today—for he was so lately among us—honor him for all and leave the question of relative merit in his works to be settled at another time. Hardly another American writer of any day won, during his lifetime, such worldwide recognition. American universities, and Oxford as well, delighted to honor him with degrees, and his friends were myriad.

It is not wise, in such a study as this, to consider the work of men now living, who are still in the fullness of their powers. George Ade and "Peter Dooley," Irving Bacheller, John Kendrick Bangs, Oliver Herford, Gelett Burgess, Ellis Parker Butler, Wallace Irwin, and a score of other presentday humorists are contributing something to American literature that will place their names finally in some other category. We mention them and their group at this time merely as a tribute of gratitude to them all for keeping the flame of American humor so brightly burning.

MAKERS OF AMERICAN HUMOR

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The American of the Future, and Other Essays	<i>Brander Matthew</i>
A History of American Literature	<i>Wm. P. Trent</i>
American Literature	<i>Chas. F. Richardson</i>
A Manual of American Literature	<i>Theodore Stanton</i>
Little Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor	
Mark Twain Library of Humor	
The published works of "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," "Bill Nye," "F. R. Stockton," "Joel Chandler Harris," and "Mark Twain."	

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue, ten cents.

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NEXT WEEK'S "MENTOR"

AMERICAN SEA PAINTERS

Winslow Homer, Charles H. Woodbury, Emil Carlsen, Frederick J. Waugh, Paul Dougherty, and Alexander Harrison. Beautiful gravure reproductions of some of their paintings

Comment by

ARTHUR HOEBER, Author, Artist, and Critic





INSLOW HOMER, one of the most original of the American painters of the sea, was also a striking character, a genius in his way. Even though he had a great success during his life, his pictures today have increased enormously in value. He was born in Boston in 1836, and, disclosing a strong artistic bent, was apprenticed

to a lithographer at an early age. When he was twenty-four he went to New York and entered the schools of the National Academy of Design. He did not work long there, however; for he had a living to make, and when the Civil War broke out he went to the front as a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. Though he sent back much matter, he also filled his sketch books with material for subsequent drawings, and one of these, "Prisoners from the Front," created a sensation when it was shown at the Academy exhibition. It represented a lot of Confederate prisoners, old men and young boys, clad in rags. It was a pathetic incident.

At first Homer's success was scant. He went abroad, spending some time on the Cornish coast, where he was attracted by the sea, painting the fisher people with the ocean as a background. On his return to New York he took a studio; though he spent sometime in the Adirondacks every summer fishing and hunting, for he was a great lover of sport. Always, however, he made water color sketches of these scenes in his odd moments; but he found difficulty in selling them. Finally, in despair, he took a portfolio of them to the shop of Richards, a dealer on Fifth Avenue, and offered them to him for a song. So greatly impressed was the merchant that he de-

clined to take them at such absurd prices; but on the contrary, having the greatest confidence in their ultimate selling quality, begged Homer to consider him as his banker and to draw on him at will. It was an arrangement mutually satisfactory and profitable, and continued until Richards retired from active business.

Homer's only trouble after this was to keep up with the demand; for he was a bachelor, his wants were few and simple, and he would not paint for gain, working only at the things which interested him. He had a studio at Prouts Neck, in Maine, where he lived most of the year and was very friendly with the natives, but most suspicious of city folk who came to inspect his studio. These, it may be added, never got farther than the front porch. If they proclaimed themselves would-be purchasers, he curtly referred them to his dealers. Even his brother artists he declined to see, save with rare exceptions.

No matter what he was doing, when a storm came up he would rush in for his oilskins and go out to make sketches of dramatic sky and turbulent waters. There he was in his element. No painter has given the water more of the sense of power and profundity, or has studied the sea with greater understanding. His death in 1910 was a great loss to American art.





WHEN Paul Dougherty was old enough to choose a profession, he unhesitatingly expressed the desire to become a painter. But he thought he ought to have a good, solid foundation in an educational way, so he went to the Brooklyn Polytechnic, where he graduated at the early age of nineteen. He came

of an intellectual family, his father being one of the distinguished members of the Brooklyn bar, and his brother, Walter Hampton, an actor of international repute. Because his father wanted him to follow in his footsteps, Paul read law and took his degree of LL. B. at the New York Law School, becoming a member of the bar. Having done all this, in 1898 he went abroad to see the art galleries of Europe, and immediately began to work at painting.

He studied alone, traveling extensively for five years, returning home, and then opened a studio in New York. Before he was thirty years old he was made a National Academician, and his pictures were instantly successful. One has to go back to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great English artist, to find success at an equally early age.

Although he began as a landscape painter, Dougherty soon turned his attention to marines, and by these he is better known. By these too he is represented in the various galleries at Pittsburgh, Washington, the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences, and elsewhere. He has won many medals, both at home and

abroad. The coast of Maine has furnished him with material, particularly the Island of Monhegan, just off Boothbay Harbor, where many of his most important pictures have been painted. He has also worked along the Cornish coast in England, at the painters' colony at Saint Ives, and is a member of many art organizations, as well as of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Tall and broad shouldered, Dougherty has enormous physical activity and energy, and is a constant worker. In New York he occupies a large studio apartment in one of the coöperative buildings, where he has a wealth of artistic things he has picked up all over the world. He is a constant attendant at the many musical happenings that take place in the metropolis. His wife is a talented performer. His studio is a gathering place for musicians on Sunday afternoons. There throughout the winter may be found many persons well known in the musical and artistic world. At the first sign of spring, however, Dougherty is off for the sea, not to return until driven in by the winter's cold, and he always comes back with a mass of material for subsequent pictures.





FREDERICK J. WAUGH comes of a well known artistic family. His father was a portrait painter, his mother a painter of miniatures, and his sister, Ida Waugh, also an artist. He was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, the scene of some of the earliest manifestations of Colonial art. He was educated in the schools of the

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and at the Académie Julien, Paris. After leaving the French schools Waugh settled down in England, where he became an illustrator for the *London Graphic* and other English weeklies, serving a long apprenticeship at picture making. During all his illustrative work he found time to make oil paintings of landscape scenes, and finally turned his attention to marine themes. These he has made his great successes. Finally he gave all his time to painting, and, returning to America, settled in Montclair, New Jersey.

Almost immediately Waugh took a prominent place as a painter of the ocean, spending considerable of the summer on the coast of Maine. His pictures have found their way to many museums at home and abroad. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art he is represented with "The Roaring Forties," an enormous canvas of mid-ocean, while in the National Gallery, Washington, and the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences he has work of almost equal significance. In England he is represented in the galleries at Liverpool and Bristol, and also in the Museum of Natal, South Africa.

Painting the ocean in great activity,

with a sense of enormous power and movement, Waugh obtains a highly dramatic, not to say tragic, quality which few men secure. With much mechanical skill and inventiveness, he finds time in his odd moments to fashion various things with tools, and to give no little attention to the playing of musical instruments, making some of them himself. He has also made a study of small arms, and has a notable collection of those of various epochs and styles. Indeed, he is an authority on the subject.

Although Waugh's recognition has come largely through his marine pictures, he is a competent painter of the figure and landscape, as well as a decorative artist of no small ability. The Philadelphia Art Club has one of his important landscapes in its permanent collection. Two years ago his painting of "The Holy Grail" was one of the successes of the National Academy exhibition; while in 1910 his picture called "Bucaneers" obtained the Thomas B. Clarke prize. It represents a ship at sea, her decks crowded with fighters in quaint costumes, slashing and cutting with swords, or firing pistols, faithful in customs and costumes, full of the liveliest action, seriously composed, and well carried out.



AMERICAN SEA PAINTERS *Charles Herbert Woodbury*

FOUR



It is a curious fact that many of the most distinguished of American painters were originally educated as engineers. Charles H. Woodbury was one of these. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1886, receiving the degree of mechanical engineer. But he always had the art instinct, and

meant sooner or later to take up that profession. Even when he was taking the difficult course at the institute he managed to paint a great deal, and obtained in his junior year a medal from the Boston Arts Club—no small accomplishment. After his graduation he went to Paris and entered the Julien Academy, and he has been receiving medals ever since he came home.

Few men have studied the sea as has Woodbury. He has a house and a studio on the Maine coast at Ogunquit, a workshop where he can paint the sea directly out of his window. There he lives the year round, and he works like a hired man every day and all day, no matter what the weather, or how high the wind.

Woodbury was one of the first men to paint the open ocean, making many trips over the Atlantic for this purpose. He used to stay on deck, with his canvas, and himself also for that matter, lashed

to the rigging, that he might catch storm effects. His most important work, a great canvas called "Mid-Ocean," created a sensation when it was first shown, and he followed it with many more.

Woodbury married a prominent painter, Miss Marcia Oakes. Together they spent much time in Holland, where she painted the figures while he did the shore and the canals. Up in Maine where he lives the natives all know him, and have a profound respect for a man who can go out in the rain and sit for hours on the bleak rocks painting pictures.

One of the most successful teachers in this country, Woodbury has often as many as sixty pupils in his class during the summer at Ogunquit. There, twice a week, he gives criticisms and talks which are famous the country over. He has won many medals both here and abroad, and his pictures are in many famous museums.



THE WAVE
By
ALEXANDER
HARRISON
Copyright by the
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of Fine Arts



ALEXANDER HARRISON has lived so continuously in France that one is apt to forget he is a very good American. Yet he was born in Philadelphia, in 1853, of good American stock, one of three artistic brothers, the youngest of whom died years ago. The other, Birge, is an able landscape and figure painter,

who not infrequently paints the sea as well. Alexander, as a very young man, was a member of the United States Coast Survey, working along the Pacific shores, when the art career first appealed to him, and he threw up his commission to enter the schools of San Francisco. From there he went to Paris and entered the studio of J. L. Gérôme, in the École des Beaux Arts. But he spent most of his time studying nature. He painted landscapes and figures. And with the latter he had a big success, his picture, "En Arcadie," being afterward bought by the French government for the Musée of the Luxembourg.

His recognition was almost instantaneous. Honors were heaped upon him, among them being the ribbon of the Legion of Honor (he has the Grand Cross of the order now), together with membership in many European academies and art societies in Munich, Berlin, London, and elsewhere. He was also awarded gold medals abroad and at home, and his sea pictures may be said to have changed the method of modern sea painting.

An intimacy with Jules Bastien-Lepage, the French painter, had some in-

fluence on his style, and he traveled extensively throughout the Continent studying the various galleries. A tall, distinguished looking man, with a large amount of energy and enthusiasm, he worked continuously out of doors with great success, and later had a large class of students, with a host of followers, not to say imitators.

Harrison was one of the first of the modern men in the early '80's to get the real feeling of diffused light out of doors. At that time he was considered almost a dangerous innovator; though we accept the manner readily enough nowadays. Yet at that time he was a leader, and his pictures made spots in the exhibitions, causing others by their sides to appear dull and uninspired. He was particularly good in rendering the effects of early moonrise over the water. His painting of surf came as a revelation to eyes accustomed to the old-fashioned manner of presenting it.

Never a clever workman, he obtained that which he sought by the hardest kind of labor and application, and he worked a picture over and over until the result was satisfactory. Much of his painting has been done along the coast of Brittany.

OPEN SEA. BY EMIL CARLSEN. Metropolitan Museum of Art



EMIL CARLSEN won recognition first as a painter of still life. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark; but he came over to America when he was a very young man, settling first in Boston. He afterward went to the Pacific Coast, where he taught art and had a large number of pupils.

His early struggles were severe indeed, and he was put to it to make both ends meet. In those old days he used to take a dead chicken and keep painting it till the other occupants of the building protested at the gamy odors that came from his studio. Fish also from time to time made it awkward for his fellow workers, on account of their long stay in his workshop; but those were days when to buy a goose or a shad was a serious consideration with Carlsen.

Curiously enough, the man always had a singularly original color point of view, seeing it in a manner quite different from his fellows. Indeed, no other worker in this country possesses so individual an outlook on the world of color. He has as well a method of painting quite his own, of handling his pigment, of blending the tones and obtaining sparkle and vibrancy.

Few painters keep up their interest to such a high pitch. Carlsen is today as enthusiastic as a beginner. Among the

members of the Salmagundi Club of New York, that intimate artistic organization, Carlsen is most popular, and they have given him many of the best prizes the organization has to offer. He has also won many medals and honors elsewhere. One season the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, awarded him one of its important prizes, and purchased his painting for its permanent collection.

He is a member of the National Academy of Design, of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and of the famous St. Botolph Club of Boston, as well as the even more famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. He is an untiring worker, never happy away from his easel. One of his important canvases at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, "Surf," shows him to be a rare poetical and lyrical painter of the sea. "Carlsen's color," said one of the prominent New York painters,—“well, Carlsen's color is good enough to eat,” which gives one an idea of its appetizing quality.

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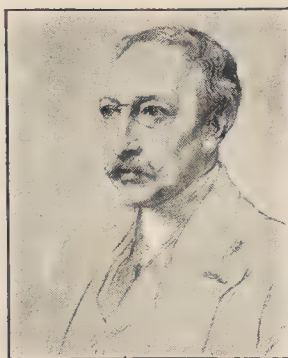
No. 21

AMERICAN SEA PAINTERS

WINSLOW HOMER

ALEXANDER HARRISON

CHARLES H. WOODBURY



PAUL DOUGHERTY

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

EMIL CARLSEN

By ARTHUR HOEBER

THE painting of deep sea pictures, of the ocean in great activity, is an essentially modern accomplishment, and may be said to date no further back than the time of the distinguished English artist Turner; while, curiously enough, it is perhaps the Americans who have carried it to its greatest possibilities. A German, Andreas Achenbach, somewhere in the late '30's or early '40's, broke away from conventions, and was said to have so painted the water that it seemed a really fluent, agitated element, where waves did not appear as if they were made of lead, and foam and froth like white wadding. There were a few later Englishmen, with the moderns Wyllie, Olsson, and Hemy, occasionally a Frenchman, Courbet being the shining example; but one must turn to this land to see really remarkable achievements along modern methods in the searching after action, profundity, the forms, and the onrushing power of ocean. It was but natural that a native of the seagirt island should have found himself irresistibly drawn to depicting the wonders of the waters, those bulwarks of Great Britain's safety and prowess. Right well, too, did Turner represent the awfulness, the sub-

limity, and the force of the sea; though it was rather in her ability to reflect the brilliance of the heavens, to bear on her bosom craft of strange and poetic forms, that the ocean most appealed to him. Recalling his famous "Slave Ship," which excited so much discussion in its day, for it was broad and impressionistic,—though it seems sane and lovely enough now,—one can realize how Turner made his ocean an excuse for glorious tints, for sun-stricken mists, golden vapors, and all of his brilliant imaginings.

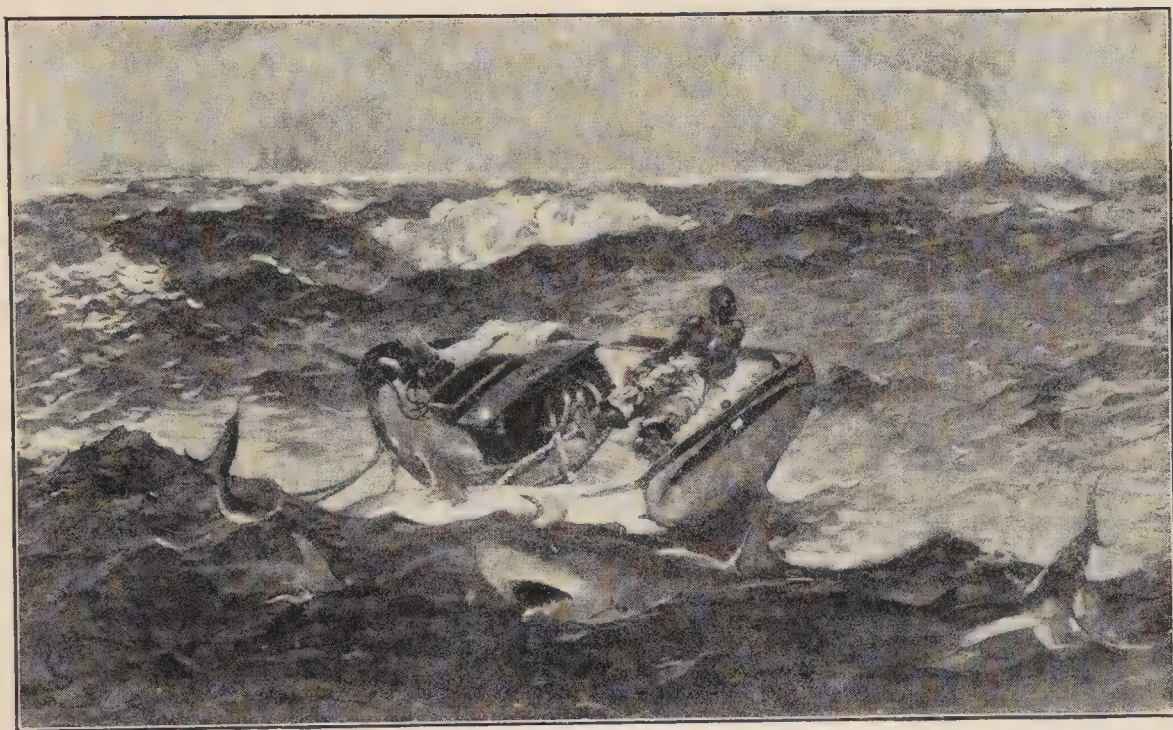
WINSLOW HOMER

The first of the genuinely artistic Americans to paint deep water was Winslow Homer, in the beginning as a background for his figure pieces, notably in his "The Life Line," "The Lookout: All's Well," and "Kissing the Moon." In these we saw the sublimity, the force, the heaviness, of the sea; but later Homer left his figures entirely out of his compositions, and with massive rock and oncoming wave was content thus to portray nature. His "Gulf Stream," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, it is true did include a boat with a negro sailor; but even in this it was the open sea and its many happenings that interested him, with rolling waves, with a waterspout, and indications of the finny monsters of the mighty deep. How well this painter knew his ocean this picture will show, and it must be understood that there is no end of drawing and construction necessary to make water appear real. No successful marine painting is the result of happy accident: it means a long and serious investigation into the science of wave thrust, of light and reflection, of heaving bodies coming against other heaving bodies, until the phenomena are carefully digested and understood. Homer painted very directly and simply in excellent color, in a manner quite his own, reminiscent of no school or group of other men. One is conscious of no particular facility on his part, of no special trick that serves so many artists; but rather a dogged, straightforward perseverance until he achieved that which he set out to accomplish.



From "Winslow Homer and his Works"
by W. H. Downes

WINSLOW HOMER



Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE GULF STREAM, BY WINSLOW HOMER

Winslow Homer was unusually happy in catching particular and fleeting effects of light on the water, moonlight especially seeming to appeal to him. Some of his canvases appear almost supernaturally lit, so brilliant are the lighter tones. There is, for instance, a painting in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, called "A Light on the Sea," which is really quite remarkable, the artist seeming to have secured the impossible with the use of his pigments. A fisherwoman stands on the rocks against sea and sky. The ocean is a simple, almost unbroken tone of effulgence, but of so dazzling a quality as to suggest artificial lighting. Again, Homer would invest his canvases with a sense of the awfulness of the ocean and its rugged strength, a sort of elemental quality most impressive. He gave it a relentlessness almost appalling, explanatory of the serious faces of the masters of vessels who know their responsibilities in taking craft from port to port.

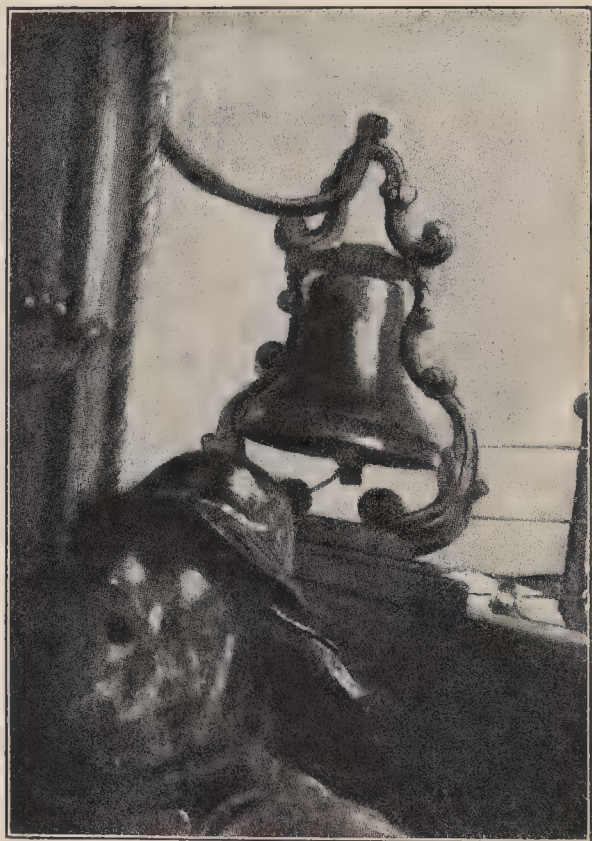
ALEXANDER HARRISON

It was in the middle '80's that Alexander Harrison startled all Paris with an enormous marine picture which he sent to the Salon with the title "The Wave." The French had seen nothing like it before. Harrison had caught, as had no one before him, apparently, the trans-

parency, the brilliance, the changing light, and the flow and ebb of the water. It was a wonderful accomplishment, all the more remarkable when one remembers the instability of the effect, the constant movement, the myriad forms, one dependent on the other, reflected light, surfaces now here, now there, never for a moment in repose. The canvas was the result of long and faithful study of ocean day by day, evening after evening of serious contemplation, scientific study of every detail. And, too, he had made innumerable sketches of effect after effect, of wave after wave, roller after roller, until finally there was some sort of grasp of the theme. With the most delicate appreciation of color, serving himself with broken tints, painting in pure pigment, Harrison gave to his pictures an opal quality not before attempted. He had spent a long apprenticeship at his art as painter of landscape and the figure, and he had achieved considerable success; but it was with these sea pieces that there came his greatest triumph. He may be said to have founded a school of marine art, and he had many followers.

ORIGINALITY OF HARRISON

It is interesting to note, however, that he



**THE LOOKOUT (ALL'S WELL)
BY WINSLOW HOMER**



FOG WARNING, BY WINSLOW HOMER

was entirely original. Just as Turner was in a class by himself, so Harrison seemed to have drawn on no one for inspiration. This "Wave" picture, which is owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, was something no one had attempted in just this way before; the more strange since it was no unusual happening, and in its color variety offered the most alluring possibilities. The movement of the mass of dark green water, the combing over of the breaking wave, the back rush, the eddying foam, all catching reflections, having infinite variety, combined to produce a color harmony and a sense of the water

most appealing.

Artists have painted many such views since; but Harrison was the first, and no one has quite equalled him.

There was yet another phase of ocean the painter had not essayed, and that was a representation of it in its loneliest part,—mid-ocean, in other words,—and this aspect, with



Metropolitan Museum of Art

NORTHEASTER, BY WINSLOW HOMER

this title, "Mid-Ocean," Charles H. Woodbury gave out some ten years ago as the result of a voyage from Europe. The artist caught the mystery of the boundless deep, and when the picture was first shown at one of the exhibitions of the National Academy it created a profound impression. It was the ocean seen from the stern of a steamer, with the wake boiling in a mass of white foam, running all over the surface of the water, with oncoming wave surging up, with the deep, solid quality of salt water, and the thousand little marine happenings in the shape of reflected lights. Over all, save a patch on the right, was a tranquil sky. The upper right hand corner of the canvas showed a bit of angry cloud. The picture was solemn, giving one much of the



LA CREPUSCULE, BY ALEXANDER HARRISON

feeling that comes from a contemplation of ocean, as one's utter helplessness is realized. Mr. Woodbury, too, had brought a scientific training to his task. He had also studied the sea long and faithfully, as thousands of sketches in his studio testify; and in Maine he had lived long, through all seasons of the year, at the very brink of the ocean. In fair weather and foul, in winter and summer, he noted the changes with pencil and brush, and again the work was the result of no mere accident. So many things go to the making of a marine picture and its thorough understanding! There is the wave, for instance, which is a vertical thrust, if one may so express it; then comes along the wind, which modifies it, pushing its side off perhaps, and yet another wave gives it more impetus, and, when these details have been begun to be considered, comes still another wave, and all the first is churned into foam. But each wave is the result of direct reason, must show the result of law and order, for the sea responds to wind, propulsion, force, and other waves, a veritable tangle of facts; but facts, nevertheless, which the painter must analyze if he is to be successful. Further, it must be recalled that these ocean effects are but momentary. The landscape, though the light may change, does as a matter of fact remain reasonably



From "Who's Who in Art"
ALEXANDER HARRISON

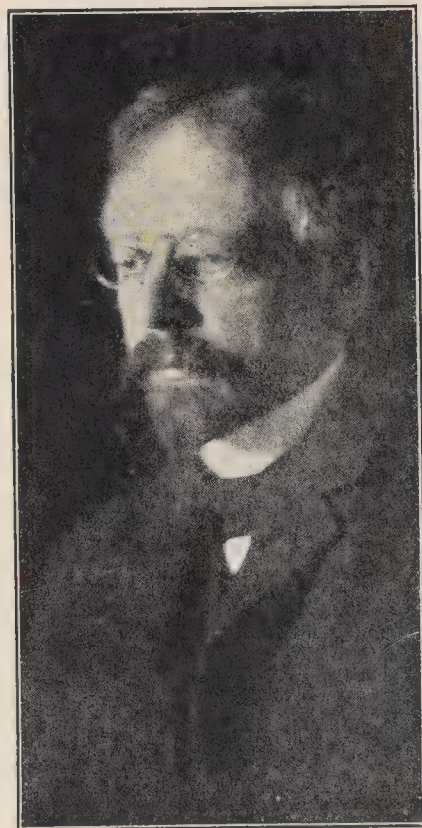
the same, and thus offers some chance for investigation; but the sea, capricious as a beautiful woman, is never twice the same, and never the same for any length of time.

PAUL DOUGHERTY

With the first exhibition of the work of Paul Dougherty came still another and entirely personal way of looking at the ocean. As Mr. Woodbury was an engineer with a scientific training before he came to be a painter, so Mr. Dougherty had won his degree of M. E., and brought a well balanced mind to bear on artistic problems. One of his early successes was "Land and Sea"; but the sea was the impressive part of the composition. Against a great headland the surging sea beats relentlessly, continuously, with irresistible force, and in the distance wave after wave comes following in, to continue the fierce attack. It was such a headland as one finds on the islands off the Maine coast, with serried rocks that show the force of the elements. Again a familiar happening had received a new treatment, a man's personality pervaded, his deep observation, his technical skill and long study, had given him the prowess to tell his story convincingly. In Mr. Dougherty's "The Black Squall" there was still another note, always the sea, but always, too, some glimpse of the land upon which the ocean was pounding. Here were the angry skies, breakers piling against the rocky shore, great mass of foam and spume in the foreground; while overhead, the angry heavens. One could fairly feel the rugged spirit of the scene, sense the stiff breeze, and smell the salt air.

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

When Frederick J. Waugh appeared on the scene we were made aware that the last word had by no means been said. Still another personality was to enter into the portrayal of the ocean, and more of her wondrous phases were to be chronicled. A picture called "The Roaring Main" was unique of its kind, and represented greater ocean activity than any of the men had yet attempted; for Mr. Waugh stopped at no dramatic, even tragic, happening. Here, indeed, was a violent



CHARLES H. WOODBURY

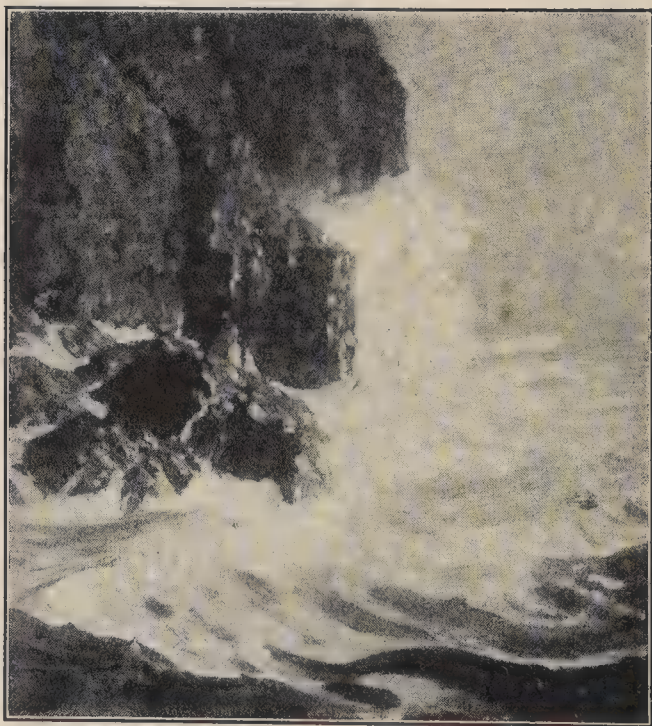


The Macbeth Gallery

ROCK CHANNELS, BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

scene, well carried out, portrayed with astonishing fidelity and realism, where water dashed over rocks, lashed itself into fine fury, made vigorous onslaught, receded, churned itself into white foam, trickled down the granite bulwarks of the land, or was caught by the winds and thrown off into fine spray. One apparently saw a thousand maritime events in a single canvas, and they were all convinc-

ing, recorded not alone with scientific accuracy, but impressing the spectator much as such a scene itself would affect the onlooker. Into this Mr. Waugh had worked a handsome composition pattern, had secured wonderful color, not alone in the deep blue greens, but in the opal quality of the lights, and he had caught over all something of the brilliance of the sunlight. Once more it was a new rendering of the familiar, in which again the personality of the painter dominated and empowered him to reach the spectator. Perhaps Mr. Waugh's greatest achievement is his "The Roaring Forties," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, where the fury of the deep sea,— "green water," as the mariners



The Macbeth Gallery

AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS, BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

A M E R I C A N S E A P A I N T E R S

call it,—far, far from land, was depicted with astonishing realism, where waves roll relentlessly on, and where there was indeed a “waste of waters.” We recall no one to have painted just this scene before, and this canvas also created a profound sensation when it was first exhibited. Mr. Waugh, too, knows his ocean, and has studied it patiently and long. His sketches rarely find their way to the public exhibitions, because he holds them as working data for his more completed canvases; but they disclose infinite pains, serious contemplation, many experiments, and research of a most artistic kind.

EMIL CARLSEN

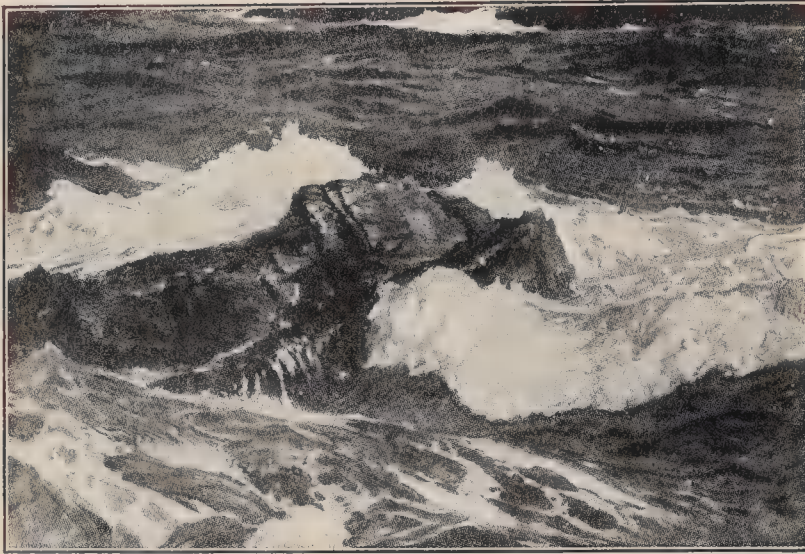


The Macbeth Gallery

PAUL DOUGHERTY

The last of the sextet of men so thoroughly identified with the annals of sea painting is Emil Carlsen. He is not the youngest of the group, nor is he a native born, having first seen the light of day at Copenhagen, in Denmark. Yet he has been a citizen of this country for over two score years, he is thoroughly American in every respect, and he developed his talents among us. I have saved him for the last because he is perhaps not only the most original of the six, but he brings to his art a poetical charm and a personal color note both unusual and delightful. Identified with still life for several years, from that going into landscape painting, Mr. Carlsen finally came to a serious consideration of marine pictures, and

almost at a single bound leaped into merited fame. He confined himself to no particular mood of the ocean either, rendering surf, deep water, tranquil sea lapping the shore, but always in a manner entirely his own, and some of his moonlight effects were so novel, so delicate, and of such evanescent tonality as to be almost past belief. And to accomplish all this he invented a technic quite original, with a method of using his pigments that defied analysis. Occasionally he might have been charged with seeing that light that never was on land or sea, of insisting on a pale quality that defied what the painters call values; but in the end the refinement and the beauty were the excuse for any deviations he may have made from nature.

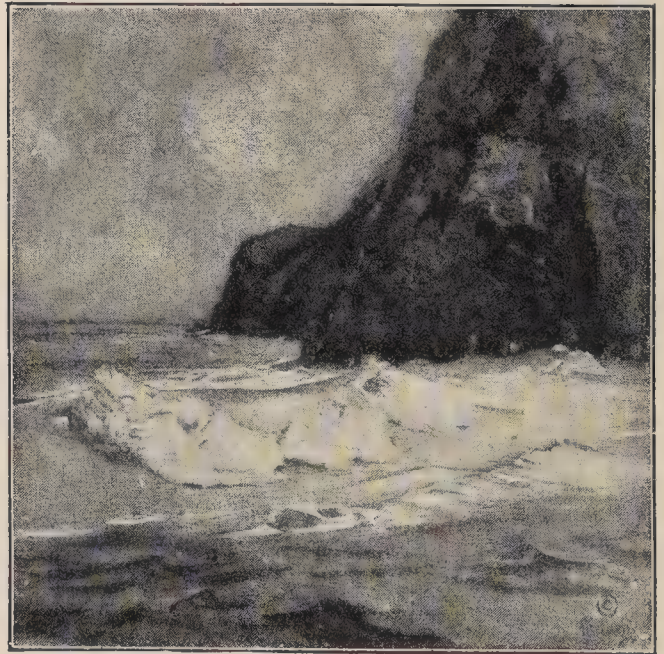


EAST COAST OF BAILEY ISLAND, BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

CARLSEN'S POETIC ART

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art there hangs his large canvas, "Surf," a work of dominating blue, a color that Mr. Carlsen has made quite his own by his loving treatment of it. Some rocks are in the left-hand corner, over which the sea tumbles, breaks, sends up its spray, and subsides as

it comes nearer land. The sky is a marvel of tenderness and lightness, the sense of pigment being quite absent. Strange blue greens manifest themselves in the ocean, with touches of pink and iridescent tints, until the whole work seems bathed in a dream of color. Another admirable work is his "Open Sea," showing the heave of mid-ocean, with its poetry rather than its awfulness, and always there is the searching after beautiful tones and their successful grasp. His last work, one of the extraordinary canvases of modern times, is called "O Ye of Little Faith," wherein he has painted a moonlight, but a moonlight of such dazzling paleness and brilliance, of such wonderful sky effect and alluring beauty, as to hold the spectator enamoured. In the midst of this rather calm water, catching the most striking part of the light, walking on its surface, is the Savior. The artist has resisted all temptation to become oversentimental with this figure, and has painted the Redeemer with a simplicity and a



THE RESTLESS SEA, BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH



FREDERICK J. WAUGH

seriousness worthy the immortal theme. It is a fitting culmination to an honorable life of artistic endeavor, upon which he may well rest his reputation.

It is interesting to note that of the six painters referred to in this story of those who have achieved distinction in rendering ocean, each has gone his own way quite uninfluenced by tradition, and all have worked independently of each other, not only in a technical way, but as to the general schemes of the pictures, for the sea has told its story to each in its own particular manner. It has made in every case a personal appeal in its moods, as well as in its varying aspects. From the sublimity of Homer, the poetry of Harrison, the exquisite tenderness of Carlsen, the loneliness of Woodbury, the relentless surge in the canvases by Waugh, and the rugged quality of Dougherty, always there is individuality, always the new aspect,

invariably the mystery that holds men impressed. And the truth of ocean's eternal changefulness is again evident. The varying tones, the incessant movement, the resistless energy, the overwhelming power, come as revelations to him who goes to the sea humbly as a student, to depict her on canvas. His first impression is one of hopeless impossibility. It is a peculiar equipment that enables the artistically endowed man to record convincingly the quality of water. The facts are so elusive, the action so sudden, so unexpected. It must be, after preliminary study, almost a matter of intuition. One feels like quoting Stevenson, in his letter to the young gentleman about to take up the career of art, when he says: "To those exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish, which the artist so ardently desires and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil like a miner buried in a landslip, for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind."



EMIL CARLSEN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



- The Life and Works of Winslow
Homer *William Howe Downes*
- The History of Modern Painting *Richard Muther*
- The History of American Painting *Charles H. Caffin*
- A Text Book of the History of
Painting *John C. Van Dyke*
- History of American Painting *Samuel Isham*

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

- Charles H. Woodbury *Arthur Hoeber*
(*The International Studio*, February, 1911)
- Winslow Homer *Arthur Hoeber*
(*The World's Work*, February, 1911)



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning this subject
can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association
52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—DISCOVERED BY DE SOTO—1541





It was the end of a sultry summer day in June, 1542. The sun was down in the west; twilight was falling. The turkey buzzards settled to rest, and all was quiet. Suddenly the brooding silence of the dense forest was broken. There came the sound of voices and the clink of armor. Through the underbrush and tangled vines,

cutting a way with their swords, burst two men. Before them swept a mighty, rushing river. They halted on the bank, and were joined in a few minutes by other soldiers bearing a canvas-covered figure.

Night had now fallen. Only a single torch of burning pine branches illuminated the darkness. The little band of men tied some logs together, placed upon them the body, weighted with a heavy stone, and floated this crude raft out upon the river. In midstream they quietly pushed the body overboard, watched the waters close over it, and then sadly made their way back to shore.

Such was the pathetic ending of Fernando de Soto, discoverer of the Mississippi River. His wife in Spain watched through many weary months for his return; but she watched in vain.

De Soto was born about 1500 at Badajoz, Estremadura, Spain. After leaving school he went in 1519 with his patron, Pedrarias, on an expedition to Darien in Panama. After this he explored the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan, and in 1532 led 300 volunteers to aid Pizarro in Peru. He helped to conquer the land of the Incas, and was so successful that when he re-

turned to Spain he possessed a fortune of 180,000 ducats. He married the daughter of his old patron Pedrarias, and settled down to a happy home existence.

But reports came to him of the fabulous wealth of Florida, and the wanderlust seized him again. Selling much of his property, leaving wife and friends and home, he set off in 1538 with several hundred foot soldiers and horses. From Havana he went, in 1539, to Tampa Bay on the west coast of Florida. Thence he led his men for four long years in a weary and unsuccessful search for gold, traversing much of the southeastern part of the continent, through dense forests, through terrible swamps, and across swollen rivers. He was a stern, cruel master, and fire and slaughter followed in the wake of his army. He reached the Mississippi in 1541, and spent the next winter in what is now Arkansas and Louisiana. Returning along the Mississippi the next summer, De Soto was stricken with fever and died.

His remaining followers descended the river on rafts, coasted the Gulf of Mexico, and at last arrived, a tattered and weary band, among their countrymen once more.





As far as the eye could see stretched the endless desert. Nothing but sand and mesquit bushes, with the stinging cactus here and there, met the gaze of the fatigued soldiers dragging their weary way across the burning sands. Far away to the north and also to the west loomed mountain ranges; but they seemed too distant to be

reached in time. Horses and men were nearly famished. Time and again they had spied water with green trees about it, only to find that it was one of the grim jokes of this cruel land, and all had vanished on near approach. The sun poured down relentlessly; so that the metal of the men's armor burned like red-hot iron. The only other living things to be seen were two eagles sailing high in the sky. But relief was near; for in an hour the way led down a concealed arroyo. There at the bottom was water, brackish and hot, but still water, and men and beasts were saved.

This was the expedition led by Francisco de Coronado in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. Rumors of these stately cities, paved with gold and rich in gems, had come to Coronado in Mexico, and taking with him a company of horsemen, footmen, and friendly Indians, he set out in February, 1540, on one of the most remarkable expeditions in the history of the exploration of America. Over burning deserts, up barren and forbidding mountains of rock, through quicksands, over snow-covered passes of the Rockies, through deep and gloomy canyons, went the Spaniards.

The Seven Cities they discovered and captured; but they were only the pueblo dwellings of the Zuñi Indians, mud-built

cities that may be seen today in New Mexico. And there was no gold but the gold of the setting sun.

Parts of the expedition discovered the Moki settlements of Arizona, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the Rio Grande was explored for a considerable distance. Winter was spent on this river, and it was here that the friendly Indians revolted unsuccessfully. They saw vast herds of buffalo, and, lured still farther by tales of an eldorado away to the northwest, Coronado and a few horsemen penetrated the interior as far as central Kansas, finding scattered Indian settlements; but the fabled wealth was never discovered.

The missionaries that accompanied the party remained with the Indians in the interior, and some of the rude churches erected through their efforts were among the first built in America. The return was made in 1542.

Coronado was born in Spain about 1500, and accompanied Antonio de Mendoza, first viceroy of Mexico, to that country in 1535. Here he married a wealthy woman and became governor of the province of New Galicia. After his two years of wanderings over this strange southwestern land Coronado drops out of sight. He is supposed to have died in 1545.



GNARLED oaks, majestic elms, here and there tall, whispering pines, clothed the hills and changed the early sunlight of the open into deep shade beneath their branches. There was a strange feeling of danger abroad. The birds had flown far back from the lake-shore and their songs had ceased. And well they prophesied!

Approaching from north and south came lurking figures, from the north, Algonquins and Hurons, from the south, Iroquois, creeping stealthily from tree to tree, their bodies hideous with vermillion and yellow paint. At last with a rush and yell of defiance the struggle began. Arrows whistled, tomahawks and knives rose and fell, and over all rose the bloodcurdling cries of the savages. Suddenly a deafening report startled the battling Indians, a white man stepped into the foreground with a smoking musket, then another, and a dozen more. The savages from the south, with a cry of despair, turned and fled. They were pursued and slain till the pursuers could go no farther. The guns of the white men had decided the battle.

So in 1609 did Samuel de Champlain cement this friendship and that of the French with the Algonquins and Hurons. And thus began the long struggle with Indians on each side, between the French and English; for the defeated Iroquois sought the aid of the English against the French.

Born at Brouage on the Bay of Biscay in 1567, Champlain learned much of the sea from his father, who was a sailor. He served too in the army, and was in com-

mand of a ship sent to the West Indies. From Vera Cruz he went inland in Mexico. In the manuscript of his adventures he made the suggestion of a canal at Panama, "by which the voyage to the south sea would be shortened by more than 1500 leagues."

In 1603 Champlain made his first voyage to Canada. He made friends with the Indians, and explored the St. Lawrence to the rapids above Montreal. Then, seeking a site for a settlement, he explored as far south as Cape Cod. In 1608 he planted a settlement at Quebec.

Champlain discovered Lake Champlain, long the most important highway between Canada and the English settlements to the south. He was again in Canada in 1611 fighting with and against the Indians, and established a trading post at Montreal. His two great desires were to find a way to the Indies and to convert the Indians. In 1613 he went as far as Lake Nipissing and the eastern shore of Lake Huron; but turned back. When Quebec was surrendered to the English in 1629, Champlain was taken a prisoner to England. On the restoration of Canada to the French he returned to his post as lieutenant governor in 1633, and died there on Christmas, 1635.



LONG a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, later the occupant of a dungeon in the Tower of London, and finally suffering death at the hands of the executioner,—this was the lot of Sir Walter Raleigh, poet, courtier, soldier, colonizer, one of the explorers of America. Born in Devonshire in 1552 of an old family, young Raleigh for a

time studied at Oxford, and later lived in the Temple, one of the great law schools of London. He then took part in several expeditions of discovery in which he lost money. He went to court in the train of the Earl of Leicester, and it was at this time that he is said to have thrown his cloak on the ground to let Queen Elizabeth walk upon it over a puddle. He rose into great favor with the queen, and received many gifts and privileges from her, being knighted in 1584. It is said that he first introduced the growing of tobacco and the potato into Ireland.

Raleigh made many attempts at colonization in America. In 1584 he sent his captain to Florida and as far north as North Carolina. Raleigh named all the land thereabout Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. In 1585 his colonists under Sir Richard Grenville made a settlement on Roanoke Island; but they deserted when Sir Francis Drake appeared there the following year. Other fruitless attempts were made in 1586 and 1587. The second colony was found massacred by the Indians. When the place was again visited in 1590, the third had disappeared absolutely without leaving a trace. The only message were the words "To Croa-

tan" cut in the bark of a birch tree. Croatan was an Indian village; but the sailors were too terror-stricken to go there, and from that day to this nothing has ever been heard of the colonists. In this colony were William and Eleanor Dare, whose daughter, Virginia Dare, was the first English child to be born on American soil.

Discouraged, Sir Walter Raleigh gave up his attempts at colonization. In 1603 he was accused of conspiracy, and was thrown into prison by James I, who had succeeded Queen Elizabeth. After many years he was released on his promise to James I that he would find a gold mine in America without intruding on Spanish possessions. He was allowed to make the attempt; but was warned that should he arouse the anger of Spain he would be put to death.

He sailed into the Orinoco the last day of 1617, ill with fever. He sent his son and the captain up the river, where they found a Spanish settlement and attacked it. Raleigh's son was killed, and no gold could be found.

True to his threat, King James promptly seized Raleigh on his return, and he was executed in 1618.



ARMS and feet bound with buckskin thongs, the prisoner showed no trace of fear. The clear gray eyes, set in his bronzed face, watched with apparent unconcern the grunting savages quit their council and approach him with the grin of fierce satisfaction on their faces. Nor did he wince when each savage as he passed cut him with

a stinging lash. But now the last moment had come. Tomahawk in hand, the chief warrior came over to the kneeling Englishman, while the surrounding warriors watched for a sign of weakening. The hatchet was raised; the kneeling man was inwardly bidding farewell to the fair world about him. Suddenly, quick as a panther, there sprang through the circle of Indians the chief's daughter. She threw herself upon the captive's neck and talked in her soft gutturals fast and vehemently. Her plea was successful; for the tomahawk was lowered and the captive freed. Thus, according to the oft-told tale, did Pocahontas save the life of John Smith, captain and governor of the colony of Virginia.

Born in 1579, John Smith was the eldest son of a tenant farmer in Lincolnshire, England, and early showed a love for adventure. He made a trip to France, became a soldier under Henry IV of that country, and then went to Holland. Returning, he erected a hut of boughs near a pretty stream in the country, and stayed there, reading the art of war and the essays of Marcus Aurelius. Then along came a man who fired his desire to war against the Turks. Starting for Rome, he was thrown into the sea as a heretic by the pilgrims on board; but managed to swim to an uninhabited island, whence he was rescued next day by a vessel bound for Egypt. He finally reached Hungary and entered the emperor's service against the Turks. In the presence of both armies, as a champion of the Chris-

tians, he beheaded three Turks in one day. In 1602 he was left wounded on the field, captured, and sent to Constantinople as a slave. There a princess fell in love with him. Fearing her mother's vengeance against Smith, she sent him to her brother Timor, in Tataria. Timor, suspecting the truth, put irons on him, clothed him in hair-cloth, and made him a slave in his harvest field.

One day the Englishman slew Timor, put on his clothes, hid the body, mounted his horse, and escaped, coming at last to Germany, where the Prince of Hungary met him and rewarded him for his feat against the Turks. Thence he wandered through Germany, France, Spain, Morocco, and back to England.

In 1606, with three vessels and 105 men, he set out to establish a colony in Virginia, where Raleigh's colonies had perished. The little fleet was blown into Chesapeake Bay, and finally found the James River. Jamestown was founded May 13, 1607. Privations followed,—food was scarce; Indians menaced; sickness appeared. Smith was everywhere, hunting, fighting with the Indians, bartering for food. New colonists coming, plotted against his life. In his boat asleep, they set fire to his powder. He was terribly burned, and jumping into the water was nearly drowned. He was sent home in 1609, and never returned. When contemplating a history of the sea, Smith died in 1632 and was buried in St. Sepulchre's, London.



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

THE EXPLORERS *Myles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla*

SIX

"So I have come to you now, with an offer
and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true,
Myles Standish the Captain of Plym-
outh!"

HOW the gruff, bluff captain of Plymouth, who was not afraid of bullets but could not face the "no" from a woman, forgot his own adage, "If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"; how he sent his good young friend, John Alden, to ask Priscilla the all important question; how

Priscilla blushing replied to Alden with another question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"—these are the familiar things associated with the name of Myles Standish, even though historians say that there is no foundation for the truth of this incident in the life of Standish.

However this may be, the bluff captain has attained wider fame through Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Myles Standish," than through anything he did in the way of exploration, and he will doubtless continue to be known in this way.

Myles Standish was born in Lancashire in 1584, had some experience in the wars in Holland, and when 36 years old, with his wife Rose, sailed in the Mayflower for America. Soon after landing at Plymouth, Standish became the military captain of the colony. He had command of the little army, and kept a sharp watch on the Indians. On one occasion when the Indians had conspired to massacre the

English their plan was discovered, and Standish and his men, falling upon the savages, killed them with the very weapons they had brought to use against the colonists. In 1625 he went to London to endeavor to secure the intervention of the council for New England in the affairs of the colony. This mission failed.

He fought the Indians on several occasions, and by his expeditions to keep them friendly or to punish them became familiar with the surrounding country. In 1628 he pledged himself in common with seven other members of the colony to pay \$10,000 to buy out the merchant adventurers who controlled the colony. Eleven years after landing Standish removed with William Brewster and settled at Duxbury, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1656.

On Captains Hill, near the old home at Duxbury, is a tall shaft, rising 110 feet, in memory of the old leader, while a bronze statue of him stands nearby.

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THE STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES THE EXPLORERS

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FERNANDO DE SOTO

VASQUEZ CORONADO

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

JOHN SMITH

MYLES STANDISH



WHY does that unreal book, *Swiss Family Robinson*, appeal to generation after generation of readers? Because every member of that impossible family is always finding something new, regardless of latitude and circumstance. On the same day Papa shoots a bison; Mama tames a zebra; Fritz finds a field of potatoes, all weeded by Nature and ready to dig; Ernest makes a pet of a kangaroo; and Jack trains a chimpanzee to ride a llama. The reader has a new sensation every time he turns a page. This love of novelty, this desire to make known the unknown, was one of the motives of the men who first pene-

trated into the islands and continents of America, and found there strange trees, strange beasts, and strange people. The discoverers operated at arm's length; they touched at or coasted leagues of land of which they hardly saw the treetops. The explorers' task and glory was to plunge into strange and dangerous countries, and those who were left alive came back with true tales which far surpass the miscellaneous adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson.



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI

SPANIARDS

It took some years after the first discovery for the Spaniards to realize that there was an enormous stretch of continent before them. It was just twenty years after Columbus's first voyage that Ponce de Leon began the exploration of the interior of North America by civilized men. He landed on a coast which he called Florida, not because it was flowery, but because it was in the Easter season, the "Pascua florida." Before the attempt could be renewed upon that part of America, Cortés had broken into Mexico and established the first Spanish colony on the continent; then followed the conquest of Peru and the founding of a permanent Spanish settlement there. These conquests were in many ways a misfortune, not only for the hapless natives who were killed and enslaved by their merciless conquerors, but also for the Spaniards, since it gave them the idea that the two continents of America were inhabited by weak and defenseless people who could be overcome and plundered. For many years the main purpose of the Spanish explorations was to find more gold-bearing soil and gold-possessing natives.

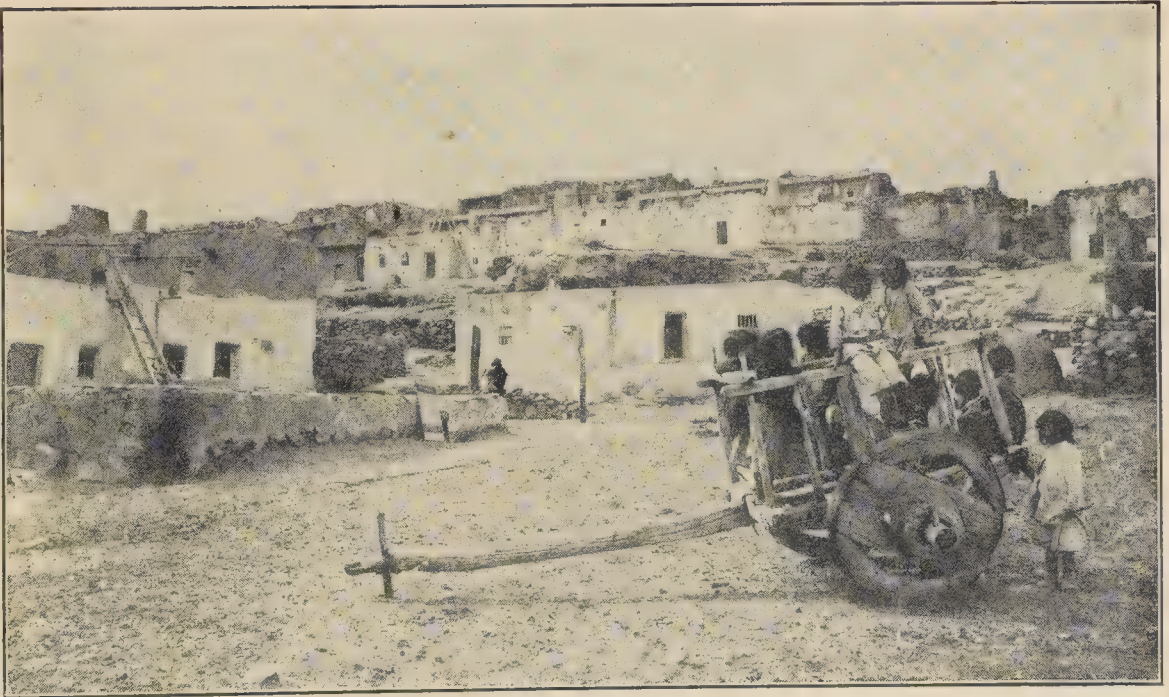


FERNANDO DE SOTO

DE SOTO

This thirst for other people's wealth was the motive for the two most famous interior explorers of the sixteenth century, De Soto and Coronado. From 1527 to 1534 the Narvaez expedition along the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico whittled itself down from six hundred men to four survivors who somehow reached the Pacific coast of Mexico alive. How little they understood the country is shown by their crossing, or coasting, the delta of the Mississippi, without realizing that here was an immense continental river. But they brought back vague tales of the richness of the country through which they had passed, and Fernando de Soto took it up. He was a self-made man who had fought in Peru, and came back to Spain with immense wealth, which he was willing to put into the discovery of another Peru in North America, of which he would naturally be the viceroy. He easily raised a force of Spanish gallants "in doublets and cassocks of silk, painted and embroidered." He landed in Florida in 1539, and with several hundred men, three hundred horses, and a pack of bloodhounds struck off westward.

Here the Peruvian veteran, who was accustomed to hew through the ranks of his enemies a lane wide enough for ten men at arms, was made dis-



ZUÑI VILLAGE

One of the primitive villages of the Zuñi Indians. Coronado was the first to explore the interior territories of the Southwest where these villages stand.

agreeably aware that the old families in that section were not hospitable to strangers. Cortés and Pizarro had smashed through the armies of Mexico and Peru; but the fierce, wild tribes of North America for the first time showed what they could do against European soldiers. Though their arrows rebounded from the Spanish armor, they hung upon the advancing column like bloodthirsty wolves. In the pitched battle of Mavila, somewhere near the present Mobile, they killed eighty-two Spaniards and wounded five hundred more.

With obstinate courage De Soto kept on westward and northward, zigzagging through what is now Alabama and Mississippi, and in 1541 his little army came out on the banks of a river "half a league over—very deep and very rapid,

and being always full of trees and timber, which was carried down by the force of the stream; the water was thick and very muddy."

Crossing the stream he marched northward into what is now southern Missouri, and was the first European to fall in with the immense buffalo herds. He had nowhere found gold



CLIFF PALACE

An interesting ruin of a great dwelling place of the prehistoric cliff dwellers.

nor cities, and did not in the least appreciate that he was the first white man to traverse one of the richest bodies of agricultural land in the world. He marched and countermarched with very little purpose, and in 1542 died, and was buried in the stream he had discovered. Three hundred of his men managed to get down the river and to reach Mexico in safety, after four years of struggle through forest and swamp since their landing on the coast of Florida.

CORONADO

Long before the survivors brought their tale of disappointment, another expedition had pushed up from Mexico northward, under the command of Coronado. It was drawn by tales of seven wealthy cities,

of which Cibola was the chief. A monk, Friar Marcos, sent a negro named Estevan, one of the Narvaez survivors, to reconnoiter these cities, and Estevan sent him back a flowery account of "seven very large cities all under one lord, with large houses of stone and lime—on the portals of the principal houses there are many designs of turquoise stones." Estevan did not come back to verify these tales, because he became unpopular in local circles, and at that time, in that part of the world when a man was unpopular it was thought to be the suitable and appropriate thing to torture him to death.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT AT
QUEBEC, CANADA

Nevertheless the Spaniards in Mexico were certain that the seven cities were rich in gold, and that here was another chance to enrich a conqueror. Therefore, in 1540 Vasquez Coronado was designated as commander and started northward, and he shortly captured Cibola, drove out the Indians and found—quantities of corn! That was all there was of the fabled wealth of Cibola; for the tale of the seven cities was true. Only they were not cities at all; but pueblos of the Zuñi and other Indians. One member of the expedition got as far as the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, probably not far from the wealth-absorbing spot now crowned by the Hotel El Tovar.

Then Coronado heard of a rich place called Quivira; and in 1541 he started off northward, and reached a point not far from the present site of Omaha. Nowhere was there any gold, and in many places there was hard fighting with the Indians; and in 1542 Coronado marched back into the city of Mexico, "very sad and very weary, completely worn out and shamefaced." Nobody suspected that a few hundred miles northwest of Cibola were the placers and quartz ledges of Col-



MODEL OF CHAMPLAIN'S CARAVEL, DON DIEU

orado. The failure of these two expeditions is probably the reason why the Spaniards were so half hearted about exploring the western coast of North America, why they never discovered the Bay of San Francisco till more than two centuries later.

THE FRENCH

Nearly a hundred years passed before the French began to make their way into the interior

of North America; but they had a perfectly clear road to follow. Instead of aimless wanderings they knew not whither, they started in on the St. Lawrence, gradually pushing up its course through the river and the Great Lakes till after more than sixty years' effort they forced their way across the divide and down the Mississippi. The French had no deluding hope of finding gold; but they expected to make a quantity of it by the fur trade, of which the St. Lawrence was the natural outlet. Furs and skins were absolutely the only thing that the Indians could trade to the white-faced strangers, who brought beads and hatchets, iron pots, firearms, and powder. The French were canny enough not to begin like the Spaniards with fighting their Indian neighbors.

CHAMPLAIN

To open up this gateway was the special task of Samuel de Champlain, "Captain in Ordinary to the King in Marine"; that is, a captain in the navy. Champlain had wandered among the Span-



DRAKE



HAWKINS

ish possessions, and was one of the first people to suggest a Panama canal, and he eagerly joined in the attempts of the French to found colonies in what is now Nova Scotia and Canada. In 1603 he got up the St. Lawrence River as far as Lachine Rapids, and in 1608 founded the little town of Quebec on the shore of the river underneath the cliff.

Now enters upon the stage of American history that wonderful group of Indians, the Five Nations, the fierce and adventurous Iroquois. From their "long houses," in what is now central New York, they sent marauding parties toward every point of the compass, to murder, to capture, and to torture. Among the tribes who feared the very name of Iroquois were the Hurons, living near the Great Lakes, and their allies the Algonquins, on the lower St. Lawrence. Champlain made it his policy to aid these people, who controlled the river; therefore in 1609 he joined them and explored the Richelieu River, and entered the beautiful lake to which Champlain's name has been given. Near the present Crown Point they met a band of Iroquois, and Champlain and his two French companions with their arquebuses put two hundred of them to flight.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

It was a momentous battle, for it made friends of the Hurons of the upper river; but for nearly a hundred years the Five Nations held the French as enemies; and many a Frenchman was gashed, dismembered, and roasted to make clear to the French what Iroquois hostility meant. Six years later Champlain reached Lake Huron by the route through the Ottawa River, since that route was farther away from the dreaded Iroquois. Champlain is the first example of the politic and friendly Frenchman, gathering Indians about him and making them his allies, as against the Spanish method of enslavement and the English method of destruction.

THE ENGLISH

The English, in the early times, were much fonder of long expeditions by water than by land; and no bolder spirit ever lived than the English sea dogs. Think of Sir John Hawkins sailing into San Juan de Ulloa on the Mexican coast with three small ships, being blockaded by thirteen big Spanish ships, and fighting his way out with one of his craft! Think of Drake starting out with five ships to assail the Spanish vessels and towns

in the Pacific! Think of Raleigh, twice reaching and partly exploring Guiana, which he thought was the fabled El Dorado, and which is exactly the country where they are now trying to work valuable gold mines!

Nothing ever daunted Sir Walter Raleigh!

RALEIGH

As an explorer, except in Guiana, Raleigh worked through others; for he was one of the earliest English-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



POCAHONTAS

men to conceive the idea of permanent English settlements in North America. With his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, they got one of the earliest patents ever issued by the English government for a colony, and tried in vain to set up a plantation in cold and rugged Newfoundland. Undiscouraged, Raleigh put his own money and that of such friends as would subscribe to the stock into founding a colony on another part of the American coast, which, in compliment to his patroness, Queen Elizabeth, he named Virginia. Two of his ships, in 1584, under command of Amidas and Barlow, explored Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and brought back a glowing report of "the soile the most plentiful, sweete, fruit full and wholsome of all the worlde—fourteene seureall sweete smelling timber trees—the people most gentle, louing, and faithfull, voide of all guile and treason, and such as liue after the maner of the golden age." Thrice in succession did Raleigh attempt to plant a colony in that favored region, and thrice was it destroyed by disease or the



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AT JAMESTOWN



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

Reproduced from a painting by George H. Boughton. It pictures the danger attending the Pilgrim's life even in his most peaceful pursuits.

savages; but Raleigh's work taught the people of England what the new country was, and led to the settlement of Jamestown twenty years later.

JOHN SMITH

Of all the early English colonists the man who showed most curiosity about the country back of the coast where the English settled was Captain John Smith. He wrote his own memoirs, and may be depended upon not to undervalue Captain John Smith. Hardly had the Englishmen landed at Jamestown when Smith was one of an exploring expedition up the James River, where he forthwith fell in with Indians, "kindely intreating vs, daunsing and feasting vs with Strawberries, Mulberies, Bread, Fish." To which the English courteously replied with "Bels, Pinnes, Needles, beades or Glasses." All the early explorers report that the Indians had a knack in making rude maps showing the course of rivers and the place of lakes. Champlain and John Smith were both glad to take advantage of these native American geographers.

Smith explored once too often, and was caught by Powhatan. His hosts were on the point of braining him, when Pocahontas appeared. Pocahontas was not quite the nice little girl described by modern writers; but she saved John Smith from the hatchet—else how could there be so many pictures of the scene in the school textbooks? Smith lived to wander and



JOHN ALDEN HOUSE

at Duxbury, Mass., where John and Priscilla Alden lived for several years. The house was built in 1653.



STANDISH HOUSE

Built by Alexander, second son of Myles Standish, at Duxbury, Mass., 1666.

to make maps for other people's use. He loved out-of-door life and the roof of the blue sky; but apparently it never entered his mind to start off in the wilderness as De Soto and Champlain did.

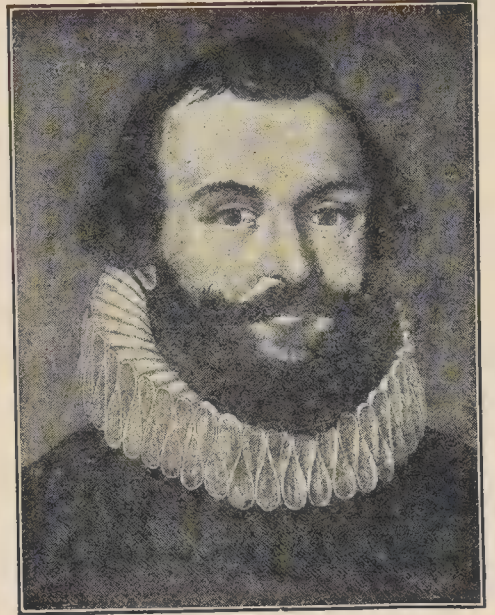
MYLES STANDISH

Captain Myles Standish was an explorer of the military type. He went where he thought his enemies could be found. That "little pot soon hot" was commander of the first Puritan exploring party, that army of sixteen men "well armed" which explored the western coast of Cape Cod and discovered "diverse faire Indean baskets filled with corne." In 1625 he headed an expedition to deal with "Mr. Weston's men in ye bay of Massachusetts," who were in trouble with the Indians and could not get enough to eat. In 1635 he made an excursion to the Penobscot to reason with some Frenchmen who had acquired goods of the Plymouth men without the formality of payment. The men of Plymouth knew the coast for hundreds of miles up and down, and like their neighbors of Massachusetts they sent out explorers into the back country. Governor Endicott early followed the Merrimac to its source in Lake Winnepesaukee, and there inscribed his initials on a stone showing the line of the northern boundary of Massachusetts.

THE EXPLORING SPIRIT

All the early explorers alike suffered from their total lack of knowledge of the country except as the Indians described it to them, and they believed most readily that part of the Indian tale which sounded most like gold. They suffered almost invariably from the hostility of the Indians,

who at first were disposed to look on the strangers, with their white skins, horses, and firearms, as rather impolite gods; but soon learned that they had human passions and human bodies, and would die of starvation or of an arrow wound. Somehow the Indians did not like it when a party of them surrendered to Coronado on promise of mercy and were burned alive; just as the remnant of the Pequots in 1637 thought the Connecticut people savages because they all but exterminated their tribe. Food the explorers found without much difficulty, either by stealing it from the Indians, or by bargaining for it, or by hunting the abundant game. Their great enemy, as of so many later explorers, was disease. The American mosquito avenged his country hundreds of times by injecting poison into the veins of the invader. The mosquito was a more insidious foe and quite as mortal to the explorer, as the Indian. Nevertheless the explorers were preparing the way for the trader and the settler, and they go down upon the roll of brave and adventurous spirits who lived or died in order to give the world a better knowledge of itself.



MYLES STANDISH



GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



The Discovery of America (2 vols.) . . .	<i>John Fiske</i>
Spain in America	<i>Edward G. Bourne</i>
History of the United States (vol. I) .	<i>Edward Channing</i>
History of the United States (vol. I) .	<i>E. M. Avery</i>
Narrative and Critical History of America (vol. I)	<i>Justin Winsor</i>
France in America	<i>R. G. Thwaites</i>
England in America	<i>Lyon G. Tyler</i>
Pioneers of France in the New World .	<i>Francis Parkman</i>
History of the American People (vol. I)	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i>



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning this subject
can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association
222 Fourth Avenue . . . New York City



HUNTING



HUNTING," illustrating a phase of duck-shooting, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Monday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

WHEN one has packed his things and shipped his ammunition and camping outfit, when he has left the office for the last time and is indeed on his way to the train which is to take him to the hunting grounds, what a feeling of exhilaration comes upon him! Nothing to do for a week, two weeks, or a month, but hunt and fish and be refreshed in a life near to Nature! Even now, those whose inclinations have this bent, are planning and preparing for their fall hunting trip. It may be that you will go again to Dakota for wild geese. How well you remember last year's trip,—the getting up before dawn, the freezing drive out over the prairies, then the tramp to set the decoys, the wait in the bitter cold, the break of dawn in the east, and finally the "honk, honk" and the whistling whirl of the approaching birds!

Or, did you go for ducks along the shore of the Chesapeake? If so, you recall the early trip to the shooting blind, the setting of the decoys, and then how you settled back into as easy a position as possible which you could hold without much moving about, and how surprised you were to find yourself just nodding for a second, and to wake and see the water

alive with ducks which you had to shoot away before you could get a wing shot.

Then you live again vividly those few days you spent with your good dog among the wood partridges; your tramping cautiously about the undergrowth until the covey was pointed and the rising birds gave you a right and left shot which you made, to your great delight.

Perhaps you go after bigger game—deer in the north, or moose in Canada. How you shook with excitement when your first moose came by, so that you made a clean miss, although the target was big enough and the shot an easy one. Since then you have grown to be an old hand with the rifle, as the mounted heads in your club and your den evidence. Even the grizzly and the mountain lion of the Rockies may have succumbed to your prowess as a hunter, and the long, hard climbs, the hunting for "sign," and the days of no success have merged into a remembrance of weeks pleasantly spent among glorious surroundings, air that was invigorating and redolent of pines, scenes of beauty beyond description, and an appetite that would make an ostrich bury its head in the sand.



FISHING



ISHING," the delight of sportsmen the world over, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Tuesday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

GENTLY the man in the khaki suit made his way down the bank, and out on the dead, overhanging cedar trunk. Off somewhere a woodpecker was hammering, and in the big oak near at hand a squirrel was chattering. Just down the stream the rapid fumed and fussed, until suddenly it sank out of sight in a deep, black pool. That was the spot! Carefully poising his rod, the man made the cast. The line spun out, the fly went straight to the center of the pool—splash! A gleam of silver, a sputter of the surface, and he felt the deep delight that always comes with a pull of the line and a bend of the rod. The fish fought and sulked and fought again, until at last, guiding the line carefully with his left hand, the man bent low and scooped him in with the net in his right. Three pounds, silver and speckled, and panting with the unequal struggle!

There is no more exhilarating sport in the world than trout fishing, despite the hard work, the long walks, the discomfort of pushing through bushes and branches, and the slipping on the wet stones and logs.

Maskalonge fishing is different. If you are after maskalonge, you go to the smaller lakes in the north, or to Canada.

Either with frog or minnow bait, or with a fly and "spinner," it is best to cast along the edge of lily pads in the morning or early evening. It is necessary to have a guide or one of the party row the boat, for a maskalonge of any size is all you will want to handle.

The cast is made; there is a vicious strike and a terrifying splash, and almost before you are aware of it the struggle is on. The line sings through the water. The reel spins around so fast that it burns your fingers, and of a sudden there is a leap for freedom. Clear out into the air comes the great fish, and shakes himself to free the hook. Then down he goes, making for the other side of the boat; then up again into the air. With a taut line you need not fear his leaps; and after a while he tires of this form of exertion and makes for the bottom, to sulk and gain the friendly protection of the weeds.

All this time the oarsman has been pulling you into deep water, and you have had a chance to take in a good deal of slack line. Then, tired out with the fight, the fish is pulled to the top and captured. The maskalonge is often called the tiger of fresh water because of its fierce characteristics, and it sometimes grows to a very large size.



CAMPING



CAMPING," illustrating camp life in the Adirondacks, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Wednesday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

THERE are so many attractions about camping as a means of enjoying one's vacation that it is almost in a class by itself, especially in the comparatively newer portions of the country, and in the older parts also there are many thousands who enjoy this form of recreation. Its greatest advantage over the summer resort is that one can go into the wilder and less frequented country, and need not be tied to the neighborhood of settled communities. It is true there are some disadvantages, but to the experienced camper these do not count. There is a lot of work to be done, there are some discomforts to be met with; but these are outweighed by the pleasure and the freedom experienced.

One thing is absolutely essential to the successful camp—water. There must be a stream nearby or a lake at the tent door—and a spring for drinking water is necessary. And there should be woods, for shade and to furnish that air of mystery and privacy that add so much to the pleasure of camp life. After the first experience one has a pretty good idea of the necessities of this form of outing—a good tent, with fly to keep off rain and sun, bedding, provisions, cooking equipment, boat or canoe to explore the neighboring water. First of all, after the start, is the choosing of the camp site, which should be open enough and high enough

to keep it free from dampness. An ideal site is a level knoll top, sloping at the back to the woods and in front toward the lake shore. When once the tent is pitched, bedding of green pine boughs installed, and the daily routine established, the hardest work is over, and the campers can settle down to pure enjoyment.

The days are free of care and nights exhilarating, and it is no wonder that appetite, sleep, and good health are the rewards. There are long tramps by day, or canoe trips to distant waters, fishing or hunting, to replenish the larder with fresh meat.

Then the evenings around the campfire—they are compensation for many times the work and trouble. The night air is chilly, and sweaters are brought into use. Seated on logs or rough chairs, you watch the flames leap up from the pile of brush, and listen to the pleasant crackling of burning cedar and smell the delightful odor of pine. And you listen to songs and stories and smoke many pipefuls of your favorite tobacco. Then the fire burns down to the glowing logs, the great moon comes up over the lake, away off a loon cries, and from the woods back there comes the hoot of the owl. A sense of peace and quiet steals over you in this bewitching hour, and when at last the time comes to turn in, you go to bed clear headed and content.



EXPLORING



XPLORING," illustrating an incident of the trail," is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Thursday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

THE lure of the unknown is strong in all of us. We like to find the hidden bays, to make our way up strange rivers, to prowl along roads new to us, and to explore the woods. And if there are mountains near, we take the keenest pleasure in climbing every face of them, on the lookout for strange creatures and hidden caverns. Aside from the search for gold, it must have been this feeling, to a great degree, that prompted and spurred on the early explorers in their wanderings.

What is more invigorating than to start out with a good companion and a comfortable stick for a day's tramp through the woods, with no appointments to keep and no "park rules" to observe? Old shoes and a suit that rough usage will not hurt, a drinking cup and luncheon in your knapsack, are the only needs. Forth you go, breathing the air more deeply in very anticipation of the pleasure that is to be yours. City streets are left far behind, meadows and forests line the road. How merrily the birds are singing! The meadow lark skims along with its burst of silver notes; away over in those bushes the thrush's song is bubbling out in liquid tones.

Striking through the woods, the long forest aisles, shaded and cool, stretch

away from you in the distance. Squirrels scamper and look at you from behind their trees of refuge. A rabbit bounds across the way and is gone into the underbrush. And you saunter on, eyes open for everything about,—tall trees and nodding ferns and flitting woodpeckers. By and by, at the edge of a little stream, you find a place to have your luncheon, with the music of the water—sweeter than that of any orchestra—sounding in your ears.

Perhaps you have set out to climb a mountain, not by the beaten path, but over a new one of your own choosing. It is hard work, scrambling, pulling yourself up, wriggling along narrow ledges. Now, under an overhanging rock you find a cave that has been used at some time or other by man; for some of the rocks are black with smoke. Who were they that used this refuge in this out-of-the-way place, high above any water or any roadway,—Indians, train robbers, ordinary tramps, counterfeiters, or just common prowlers like yourself, bent on nothing more than a holiday of exploration? To these things there is no answer, and the uncertainty and mystery of it only adds to the many pleasures of your day.





WOODCRAFT," an art of the great outdoors, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Friday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

THOSE who are familiar with the characters of Cooper's novels have wondered at and perhaps envied their knowledge of the woods, their remarkable ability to detect and interpret the signs they saw there, and to get along with the least assistance in all the varying moods of the forest country. Woodcraft was the Indian's life. From childhood he had been lulled to sleep by the wind in the pines or the ripple of the brook; in his waking moments had known the call of the loon, the shriek of the panther, the querulous call of the little owl, and the stealthy approach of the enemy. He had seen the braves of his tribe strip and prepare the bark from the birch tree to make canoes and fashion vessels for the maple sap, and he had watched the women weave baskets from the green twigs of the willow, and mats from the reeds along the margin of the lake. He knew how to trap the wild hare and he could tell the fox's den from that of the woodchuck or the skunk.

The trait is something almost instinctive and intuitive that gives to a few the power to find their way through vast tracts of wooded country, where it seems impossible not to become lost. Quick and acute observation of landmarks helps greatly to notice this giant oak, or that bend of the stream, or yonder fallen elm, or the crow's nest in the big pine, or the nature of the country itself, whether hilly, or low, or rocky.

Many people in the woods do not even notice the blazes on the trees, and it is easy for them to stray from the trail and lose themselves. Nor would they discover their foot-prints when they have circled and are covering again their own route. It pays to know how to fill your pack so that it will carry most easily; to know when to rest, and how rapidly to walk in order to reach one's destination. When camp is to be made, experience helps to choose the site, away from swamps and low ground, to select the proper boughs for the bed, and to cut the pieces that will serve many useful purposes about camp. It is also useful to know that birch bark or pine knots will serve well for kindling, and it should never be forgotten that the utmost care must be taken to prevent the spread of fire in the woods. Indians build a fire not more than 12 or 18 inches across, and always put it out on leaving.

One of the greatest pleasures of life in the forest is to come to know the trees in all their variety, and to learn the birds, to listen to their songs, and to sit and watch the squirrels and rabbits and whatever wild things may be in the neighborhood. If one does these things intelligently, it will be but a few years before the great green out-of-doors will hold for him a fascination that is at once intense and inspiring.



CANOEING



ANOEING," a sport that can be enjoyed by everyone, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Sporting Vacations," and is the subject of the Saturday Daily Reading in *The Mentor* course.

TENTS and poles and provisions and all the necessary paraphernalia have been stowed away in your canoe; you pause a moment to think whether you have forgotten anything; your companion is seated in the stern, holding to the bank with his paddle. You step gently into the bow, pick up your paddle, the canoe shoots quickly down the stream, and you are off. Two weeks in your tiny floating home to go where and when you will! The very thought of it makes you want to sing with joy. You need not worry about paddling down stream; for it is easy work, and all there is to do is to steer clear of logs and overhanging trees and shoal rapids. The water laps musically against the rocks, and a gentle breeze adds greatly to your comfort. Softly the banks glide past, with their wealth of deep forest shade and the countless cosy little nooks where you would like to linger.

At the first turn, where the river widens, a blue heron rises clumsily and wings ponderously over the trees, with outstretched neck and legs, and you easily snap him with the camera.

Farther on, a pair of ducks skim swiftly along the water, and, rising, circle with whistling wing-beats, back to where you started from.

In the next quiet spot, where the banks are low and marshy, a muskrat swims

swiftly and silently across in front of you.

Gradually the stream becomes swifter, and there, below, is the first danger spot in the trip, where the water rushes in among the rocks with a roar and much foaming and fretting. You both are all attention now. Keeping close to the left bank, in a flash you are in the rapids, and are borne swiftly down, carefully guiding the little craft past the rough spots. One or two quick turns give the experience plenty of excitement, and then, almost before you realize it, you are floating quietly on the river below, and the rapids are behind you.

This is a rare spot to take a fish for dinner, and with the first cast you know that you have made no mistake, for the fly disappears with the quickness of magic, and instantly you are playing a fine brook trout. Another, and then two more, and you have enough.

Landing beside an ancient oak, and near a clear, welling spring of cold water, you prepare to make camp. The tent is pitched, boughs are cut, a fire is kindled, and soon the pleasant sound of frying fish and the unequaled odor of coffee greet you.

And the best part of all is that as you quietly stretch out near the fire, you know that tomorrow holds still more delights.

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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No. 23

S P O R T I N G V A C A T I O N S

EXPLORING

HUNTING

FISHING



CANOEING

CAMPING

WOODCRAFT

By DAN BEARD

TO be happy one must be normal; to be normal one must occasionally go where one can tell the difference between day and night without looking to see whether the men have business, afternoon, or evening dress,—where one will know that it is morning without hearing the milkman's bottles clinking under one's window; where one will recognize springtime without inspecting the women's bonnets, summertime without a ticket to the roof garden. Yes, one must go where the seasons mean something more than a change in the fashion of clothes, somewhere where one can get one's toes in the dirt and head in the sky!

To create something from nothing is foolish for us to attempt; but to *re*-create a thing is to make it over, and this is within the limits of our power. Re-creation and recreation differ only in pronunciation; consequently it is paradoxical to indulge in any sort of dissipation for a vacation and call it recreation. To re-create ourselves, we must abandon the gaiety of the cities and strike the trail, which necessitates the



A CAMPFIRE DINNER

W. T. Hornaday on Rattlesnake Mountain, Wyoming.

vigorous use of our muscles and brains in the open air. Some of us may even hit the arduous trails traveled by Greely, Peary, Shackleton, Scott, and Belmore Browne, the "great white way" that leads to the arctics, the antarctics, or the top of Mount McKinley.

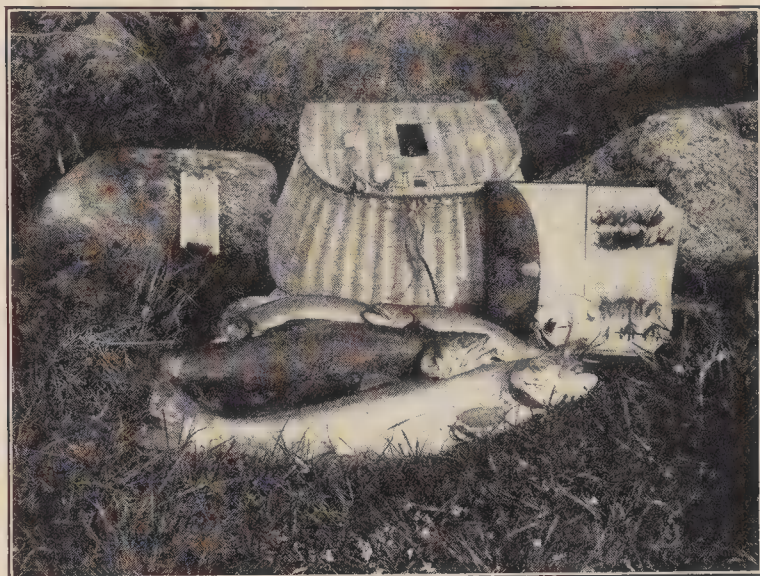
THE JOY OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Among those suffering with business indigestion are many who would love the hardships necessary for outdoor achievement, if they possessed the strength of character requisite to break away from the flesh-pots and to become real men. To such I recommend the power of suggestion, and advise them to read books of travel and exploration; to seek the company of outdoor men; to think over and talk over outdoor subjects; to repeat words and phrases suggesting vigorous outdoor life; to talk of the whisper of the leaves, the droning of the bee, the singing of the birds, the gurgling of the spring, the gossiping of the brook, the crunching of the snow underfoot, the flap, flap, flap of the snowshoes, the squeaking of the ungreased wagon wheels, the clinking of the spur and bit, the creaking of the saddle leather, and the breathing of the bronco. Here take a breath and begin again, this time with the whistling

of the marmot in the slide-rock, the bugling of the elk on the mountain-side, the grunting of the moose by the lonely lake, the bellowing of the bison on the wide prairie, the woof, woof, woof of the startled black bear, the yap, yap, yap of the coyote in the swale, the war-whoop of the barred owl, the weird scream of the eagle from the crag, the long-drawn howl of the timber wolf in the river-bed, the wild, creepy yell of the panther at night, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the booming of the thunder, the crashing reverberations of the avalanche.

After repeating these suggestions, then let the patient read from Robert Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," "The Law of the Yukon," and

read it aloud and with a vim. It will do him good.



A FISHERMAN'S KIT

And with it a fine catch of fish.

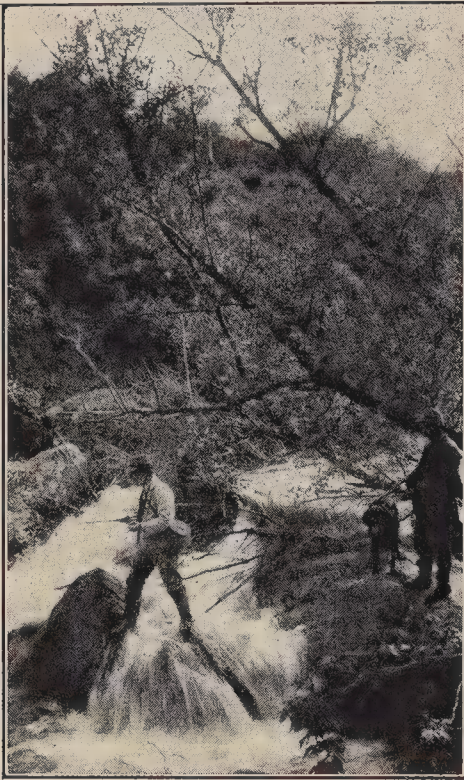


CAMPING

In the woods of Ontario, Canada. Daniel C. Beard, 1887.

SPORTSMANSHIP

A sporting vacation does not necessarily imply time spent shooting; for if the reader is in search of thrills he will soon discover that it requires more nerve to photograph dangerous animals in their native haunts—that is, to face them with a camera—than it does to face the same animals armed with a deadly repeating rifle. At the same time I should not advise anyone to en-



FISHING

At Salisbury, Conn. It is in such a spot as this that the big trout lurks.

season'; but a gunner believes in killing 'all the law allows,' and objects to long closed seasons."

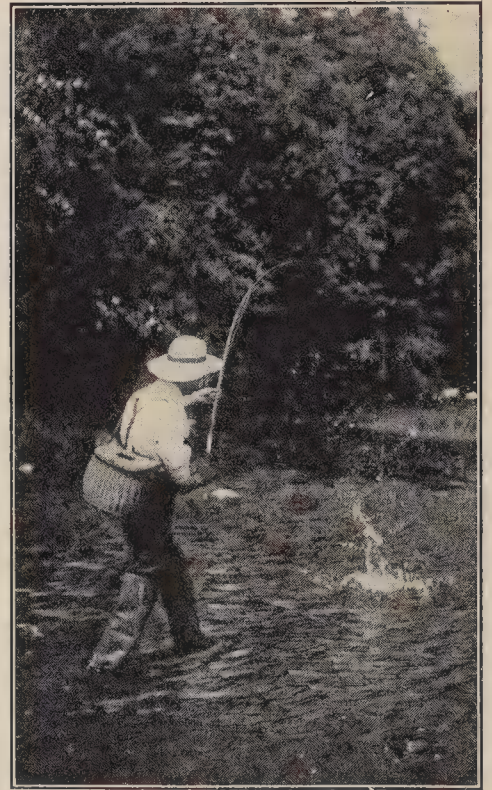
TRUE HUNTERS

In the West we have true hunters; the gunners come mainly from the East. But hunting is the term that appeals most to an American saturated with the hunting lore of his pioneer ancestors. The chase, the pursuit of big game, is manly, exciting, normal, and healthy; the slaughter of the game is disagreeable. Besides, sportsmen are beginning to realize that the existence of wild life depends primarily upon the smallness of the bag of the hunter, and they are consequently exercising self-restraint.

gage in this sort of photography without the protection of a good rifle.

When it comes to the real thing in sportsmanship, however, the capturing of dangerous animals with a lariat excels anything ever invented in the line of exciting and thrilling sport. The feats accomplished by Buffalo Jones and his American cowboys, horses, and dogs in Africa are real thrillers. With no weapon but their lariats, these men captured alive a full-grown lioness, a rhinoceros, various antelopes, leopards, and zebras, furnishing us an example of what real skill and daring in the game field can do, and making a record breaker in the line of sport.

Dr. Hornaday says, "A sportsman stops shooting when game becomes scarce, and he does not object to a 'long closed



THE CRITICAL MOMENT

In an instant, if you know your business, you will have him.

It requires self-restraint for the man with the gun to limit his bag when the game is in sight. But, if he will remember that this country is now thoroughly settled; that practically every woodcock, every covey of quail, and black ducks and wood ducks, are marked by the local sportsmen, who await only the signal gun of the opening season to wreak havoc among them; that with modern arms and good dogs these birds can be literally exterminated almost in a season,—he will then realize the necessity of self-restraint. With the exception of Long Island, the Bob White has been exterminated in all the southern part of New York state; the same is the case almost all over the length and breadth of Connecticut.

The gunners are wont to attribute this to cold winters; but they forget that ages and ages before the white men reached these shores the winters were as cold, or colder, than they are now, and the birds survived. It is the dog and gun, and only the dog and gun, which is exterminating our game birds.

THE FUN OF FISHING

Angling is perhaps the best sort of recreation with which to break in an indoor man or one who, through indulgence in the fleshpots of Egypt, is compelled to carry his knapsack in front. Such a man can do "still fishing" sitting comfortably in a boat, while a guide paddles him around. This occupation will at least keep a fat man out of doors, and, by his efforts to circumvent the wiles of the "hook-wise" fish, furnish a healthy stimulus to his mind. If the novice takes to the trout stream, it will furnish him with all the exercise his soft muscles can stand; but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that when fatigued he can sit down.

Should the amateur fisherman crave for thrills that cannot be furnished by trout, bass, or salmon, let him join with Charles F. Holder and his men of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina and try swordfish and horse mackerel, or visit our southern coast and have a bout with the "silver king" (tarpon); but whether he fishes for twelve-inch trout or seven-foot



CUTTING A TRAIL

This rough work was done in order to make way for a portage.



A DISPLAY OF CREDITABLE TROPHIES OF A HUNTING TRIP IN WYOMING

swordfish, he will add to his physical health, moral strength, and intellectual acumen, and agree with the writer that a sporting vacation is the most satisfactory vacation for a man to take.

It is not even necessary to be successful in filling your creel really to enjoy your fishing excursion. Bear in mind that the object of our vacation is not to act the part of a predaceous animal. We are using the rod and gun only as an incentive to take us away from our desk, our counting room, our books, our pulpit, and our study. We want to catch fish when we go fishing, and with ordinary luck we shall do so; but even if our creel is empty we shall go back with our lungs filled with ozone, our skin sunburned, and our hearts full of joy, because fishing, like a game of chance, always leaves its enthusiasts with the hope and expectation of winning out next time.

CANOEING IN MANY WATERS

If you do not care to hunt, photograph, or fish, possibly canoeing will appeal to you more than lassoing full-grown lionesses, as a sportsman's proposition. I have canoed in the waters of Florida, in the muddy streams of the Middle West, in the deep, dark waters of Lake Chelan in the state of Washington; but the most enjoyable trip I ever took was with a couple of the Camp Fire men and six Indians among the practically unexplored lakes and streams of northwest Quebec. In two weeks' time the only human beings we met on these beautiful lonely lakes or the bosom of the swift-rushing cold-water streams were a couple of Têtes Brûlées Indians traveling north and a Montagnais Indian trapper and

his squaw. Each portage we traveled over was crisscrossed with the foot tracks of moose, caribou, deer, and bear. We passed beaver signs, and lived upon the finest trout that exist anywhere in the world. The rapids were many and thrilling. At night we pulled our little craft up on the shore, put up our tents, feasted, and slept the sleep of the just. Ah, but that was living!

CAMPS AND CAMP LIFE

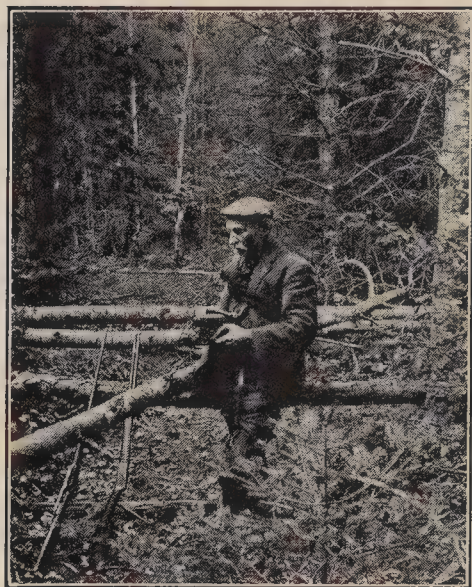
But if you wish only to camp, it is not necessary to travel any great distance. There are camping sites within trolley-riding distance of every city in the Union, and no one is too rich, no one too poor, no one too young or too old, to camp. Millions of babies have been born in camp, and some of the oldest people on record have spent the greater part of their lives in camp. If you have no tent, build yourself a shelter of boughs and branches. Take nature books along with you—a tree book, for instance—and identify the trees around your camp. Use little wooden tags, write their names on them with a hard pencil, then nail the tags to the trunks of the trees identified. Do not collect natural objects, but collect notes and photographic negatives, and remember that it is not



A PACK TRAIN.

In the Rocky Mountains, Montana. A wild and picturesque region.

necessary to cut down trees, pull the wild flowers up by the roots, shoot the birds and animals, in order to learn their names and habits. You are out primarily to lead a gipsy life, a vagabond's life, or even a savage's life; but if you keep a definite object in view as an excuse for your excursion you will come back strengthened in mind and body, and believe with me that pessimists do not flourish in the open.



IN A BEAVER CUT

Showing the way cleared by these industrious creatures.



CANOISTS

Resting at one of the portages, in the woods of northwestern Quebec.

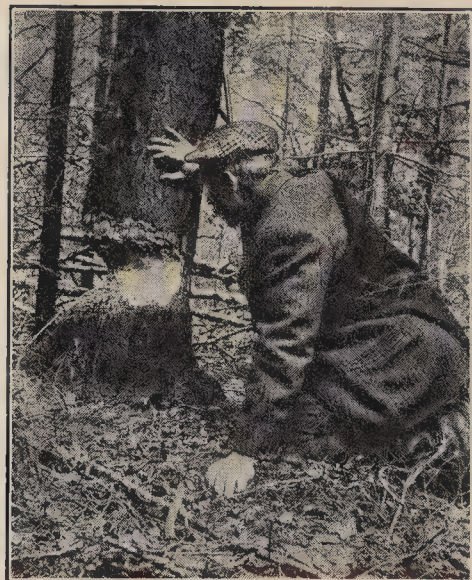


CANOISTS

At La Toque, Quebec, Canada.

WOODCRAFT

Mr. Beard studying the work of a beaver. This tree has been chopped nearly through.



Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and practically all of that body of wonderful buckskinned men, were deeply religious men. It seems to be the rule that men of action are men of religious conviction. It also seems to be the rule that men of action are optimists. Now, whatever our private

belief, we must admit that the man with the spiritual mind and an optimistic viewpoint is the happiest sort of mortal. Go to the open with tent and camp paraphernalia, or go with only your blanket and ax and your provisions, and build your own shelters, or purchase or lease some waste land within reach of your home, and erect upon it a little log cabin, a slab shack, a frame shanty, or a rude bungalow,—something that you can build with your own hands; for the building of it will give you more joy and a more complete sense of ownership than is experienced by the wealthiest man who has his camp or bungalow built for him by other men or purchases it outright.



AN EARLY BREAKFAST

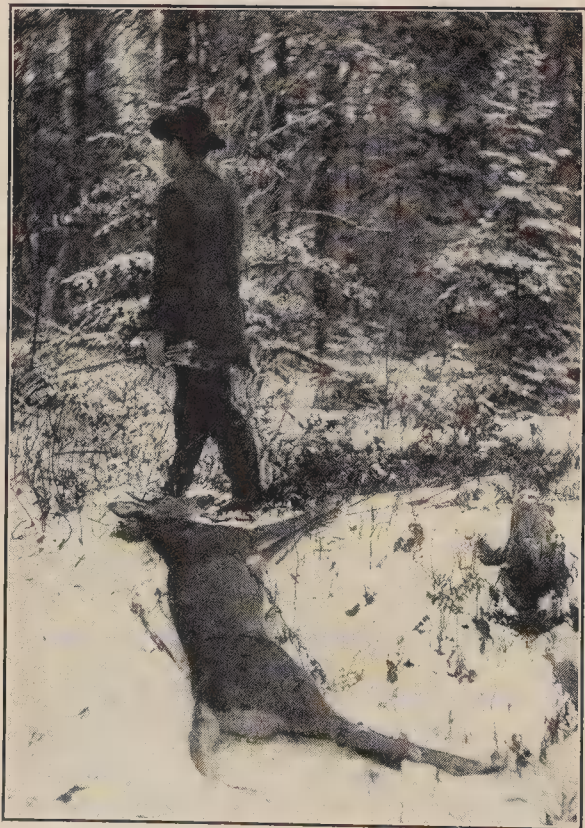
Beginning the day in a mountain camp, Adirondacks.

WOODCRAFT

If a man seeks the open for no other purpose than the study of woodcraft, he will probably have as enjoyable a time as is possible for a normal human being to experience. Woodcraft covers all the problems developed by a life in the woods. One may learn how to pack a horse, how to throw the diamond hitch, how to throw the sling rope for a mountain pack saddle for side or top pack, how to pack a dog, how to make one's own moccasins, to be skilful in the use of ax or hatchet; learn how to whittle with a jack-knife, how to chop down a tree with safety to the axman, how to make the tree fall just where one wishes the log to lie, how to make twine of milkweed bark, or the green roots of the

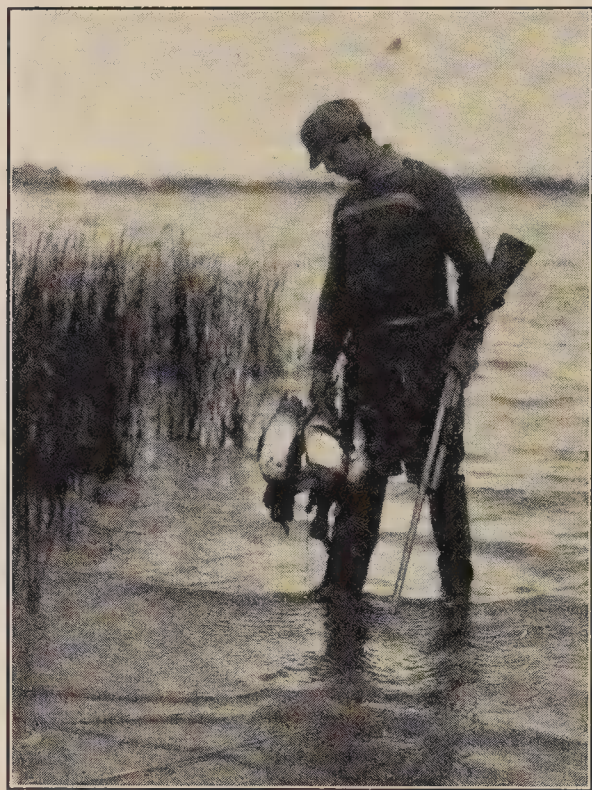
tamarack and other trees, how to mark the trails by bending down bushes or blazing trees.

Whole books may be written upon woodcraft alone,—how to follow the trail of men or animals; how to notice a leaf that is turned the wrong way, a pebble that has been disturbed which tells you the fact by showing you a dampened surface where all the other pebbles are dry; to know the difference between a striped maple that has been stripped of its bark by a moose, a poplar that has been cut down and



HUNTING

Deer in the Canadian woods. A prize brought down.



DUCK SHOOTING

In northern Virginia.

stripped of its bark by a beaver, a beech from which the bark has been gnawed by the porcupine, a pine tree, spruce, or balsam, the bark of which has been lacerated and torn by the claws of a bear; to know these things at sight, and hence to know what animals are hiding nearby; to tell the difference between the tracks left by the sharp-pointed hoofs of the deer, and the

tracks left by the more rounded and blunt hoofs of a stray razorback or domestic pig; to distinguish between the track of a moose and that of a domestic cow,—these are the things you can learn only in the outdoor school.

EXPLORING

Because you are a tenderfoot, do not allow that to cool your ambition to be an explorer. Every explorer was once a tenderfoot. The real pleasure of exploration is to feel that your trail is the first trail that ever crossed that section of the country. It is the primal love of adventure that spurs you on, the same incentive that makes the small boy climb the face of a dangerous cliff to cut his initials at a higher point than any of his comrades have yet reached.

The novice must remember that in outfitting for any excursion, be it near home or in some remote spot, the problem of transportation is the governing factor. If, for instance, he must carry his pack on his back, everything not absolutely essential must be left at home. Even a strong man cannot carry a pack of over fifty pounds day after day; although he may carry more than double that for a short portage where he is buoyed up by the knowledge that at the end of the carry he can lay down his pack.

There is one more piece of advice for the tenderfoot, and for all who think they cannot take time for a vacation, and that is to get all the catalogues and books of sport that can be had. The reading of them and gazing upon the illustrations will start the minds of the "stay at home" in a healthy channel.



THE CAMP BARBER

A primitive but much appreciated feature of camp life.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Field and Forest Handy Book	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i>
Animal Book	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i>
Camp Fires on Desert Lava	<i>W. T. Hornaday</i>
Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies	<i>W. T. Hornaday</i>
Tent Dwellers	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i>
The Last of the Plainsmen	<i>Zane Grey</i>
The Blazed Trail	<i>Stewart Edward White</i>
Burning Daylight	<i>Jack London</i>
African Game Trails	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>
Songs of a Sourdough	<i>Robert Service</i>

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject of the week can obtain it by writing to the "Inquiry Department" of the Associated Newspaper School, Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City. A list of all previous issues of "THE MENTOR" will be sent free on request. Price per issue, fifteen cents.

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NEXT WEEK'S MENTOR

Switzerland, the Land of Scenic Splendors

Beautiful Photogravures of Chamonix, Lucerne, St. Bernard, the St. Gotthard Road, Geneva and St. Moritz.

A Trip Around the World with
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, Lecturer and Traveler.





HE LAKE OF LUCERNE," calm and picturesquely beautiful, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course

LUCERNE, the resting-place of Switzerland, is beloved by tourists. With its two sentinel peaks, Pilatus and Rigi, its picturesque scenery, and its own calm Lake of Lucerne, the quaint old town on the banks of the River Reuss is a magnet for all visitors to the land of William Tell.

Mount Pilatus, nearly seven thousand feet high, is the barometer of Lucerne. By its cap of clouds it foretells the weather.

There is a legend about Mount Pilatus, which says that Pontius Pilate in his wanderings through the world, impelled at last by horror and remorse, committed suicide upon its summit. And so the mountain got its name. For a long time it was considered haunted, and people were forbidden to ascend it on Friday. Now there is a hotel on the top, and every day in the week a train ascends Pilatus to the summit.

On August 10, 1792, twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers of the Swiss guard fell in defending the Tuileries from the Paris mob. Fighting for Louis XVI, a king who was not their own ruler, nevertheless they went

bravely to their deaths. They alone were faithful, and for their fidelity they paid with their lives.

The "Lion of Lucerne" commemorates the bravery of the Swiss guard. It was designed by the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, and was carved out of the natural sandstone in 1821. The lion is twenty-eight feet long and reclines in a monstrous niche. Beneath the figure, chiseled in the rock, are the names of the officers murdered by the mob. Above is the simple Latin inscription, meaning "To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss."

In the neighborhood of the Lion of Lucerne is the Glacier Garden, a series of potholes worn in the sandstone rock bed of an ancient glacier.

Old Lucerne is a walled town. The wall inclosing it has nine watch-towers, erected in 1385.

The Lake of Lucerne is the most beautiful in all Switzerland. It is twenty-three miles long, and has the form of a huge cross. More than 500,000 travelers cross it during the summer months alone.

VIEW ON ST GOTTHARD RAILWAY SWITZERLAND





VIEW ON THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY," showing a part of this great engineering achievement, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

VIEW ON THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course

THE St. Gotthard Railway, constructed in 1872-82 at a cost of \$54,200,000, is one of the greatest achievements of modern science. Besides the great tunnel at the top of the line, there are seventy-nine others of shorter length. Seven of these are spiral tunnels which pierce the sides of the valley, making the ascent more gradual.

In 1869 and 1871 Germany, Italy, and Switzerland signed an agreement for the construction of a railway with a tunnel through the St. Gotthard. This great tunnel itself cost over \$11,000,000 to build. It is nine and a quarter miles long. This makes it about three miles shorter than the Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world. At its center the St. Gotthard tunnel is 3,786 feet above sea level, from which it descends on both sides. It is twenty-eight feet broad and twenty-one feet high. It takes an express train about twenty minutes to pass through the tunnel. The air in the tunnel is fresh and free from smoke.

During the construction of the St. Gotthard tunnel, which took nearly ten years, there were 600 deaths among the workmen. Included among these were the engineer and contractor. This heavy loss of life was due to insufficient ventilation, the high temperature, the exposure of the men to the Alpine climate after emerging from the tunnel, and the poor character of the food.

The St. Gotthard is a mountain group, one hundred and sixty square miles in

area, with a number of different peaks, extensive glaciers, and about thirty small lakes. It is famous for its rich Alpine flora. Many rare minerals are also found there. All the approaches to the St. Gotthard are guarded by modern fortifications.

The pass of St. Gotthard is the principal route from southern Europe to northern Italy. At its highest point it is 6,935 feet above the sea. It takes its name for some unknown reason from St. Gotthard, bishop of Hildesheim, who died in 1038.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the St. Gotthard was probably the most frequented Alpine pass; but it was gradually deserted for others. The road over the pass, constructed between 1820 and 1832 by the cantons of Uri and Ticino, is one of the best and most convenient of the Alpine carriageways, and is free from snow during four or five months of the year; but since the completion of the railway it is not much used. Nevertheless, it is still interesting to walk or drive over the pass, and the grandeur of the scenery is remarkable.

The St. Gotthard hospice on the summit of the pass is first mentioned in 1331. In 1775 some of its buildings were destroyed by an avalanche, and in 1799-80 everything was destroyed by the French soldiers. It was rebuilt in 1834; but in March, 1905, was again destroyed, this time by fire. There is now a new hospice with a meteorological station.



LAKE GENEVA AND THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, SWITZERLAND



LAKE GENEVA AND THE CASTLE OF CHILLON," famous for its romantic history, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

LAKE GENEVA AND THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Monograph Number Three ■ The Mentor Reading Course

ONE night less than a century ago a little boat grated on the shore of Lake Geneva, and there stepped from it a man enveloped in a long black cloak. The man limped slightly. For over an hour he remained all by himself in the historic dungeon. When he had gone a new name was found carved on the post to which Bonnivard had been chained. That name—Byron—may be seen today by all who visit Chillon.

Bonnivard, the defender of Swiss liberties, was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon nearly four centuries ago by the tyrant, Charles III of Savoy. For six years he languished in his gloomy cell chained to a post in the center. For six long, dreary years his jailers heard no word of complaint or suffering pass his lips. And when at last he was rescued by his countrymen his first thought was not of himself, but for his fatherland. Pale and emaciated, still chained to the pillar round which he had walked so many years, he was but a shadow of his former self.

"Bonnivard, you are free!" they cried.

He slowly rose. "And Geneva?" he asked.

"Free also!" they replied.

To tell of all the tragedies that have been enacted within the walls of the time-worn stronghold would be impossible. One of the most terrible is the story of the hundred of Jews who were tortured, and then buried alive on the

foolish suspicion that they had poisoned all the wells of Europe.

But the tragedy of Bonnivard is the most famous of all, and this is due to the poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," written by Lord Byron. And strange to say, Byron's "Prisoner" was a purely imaginary person. The real Bonnivard's story was quite different.

The Lake of Geneva, the lake of poetry and song, is sometimes also known by the name of Lake Lemman. Its waters form a beautiful blue crescent, forty-five miles long and eight miles wide. It is said that Neptune, the sea-god, once came to see the Lake of Geneva, and was so charmed with its beauty that he gave it his own likeness in miniature.

The names of many men of genius are associated with this famous lake. Byron often sailed upon its surface. The poet Shelley nearly drowned there. Madame de Staël lived at one point along its shore. Voltaire, the great genius of France, held his literary court there for years. Gibbon finished "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" near its waters.

Many have praised the Lake of Geneva. Tyndall said that its water was the purest natural water ever analyzed; Voltaire declared it to be the "First of Lakes"; Alexander Dumas compared it to the Bay of Naples. It is indeed a lovely lake, and only to linger on its shores for a few days is a delight not to be excelled the world over.



MONT BLANC FROM CHAMONIX SWITZERLAND



MONT BLANC FROM CHAMONIX," a view of this long invincible "Monarch of Mountains," is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

MONT BLANC FROM CHAMONIX

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course

THE valley of Chamonix has Mont Blanc; but it does not need it, for it has beauty enough of its own. The green fields, the swift running waters of the River Arve, the huge rivers of ice that flow down into the valleys, and the everlasting snows that cap the summit of Mont Blanc itself, have made Chamonix one of the most popular of all mountain resorts.

The valley of Chamonix runs from northeast to southeast and is watered by the Arve, which rises in the Mer de Glace. Chamonix, the village, 3,445 feet above the sea, is visited annually by thousands of tourists, as it is the best starting point for the exploration of the glaciers of the Mont Blanc chain, as well as for the ascent of Mont Blanc itself.

Mont Blanc dominates the valley of Chamonix. It is 15,779 feet high, and its summit is always covered with snow. Jacques Balmat, a guide, first conquered this peak in 1786. De Saussure, the great Swiss scientist, in 1761 had promised a large reward to the man who found a practicable route to the top. During the twenty-odd years that followed many vain attempts to win this reward were made. But it was not until 1786 that young Jacques Balmat, who had been born a year after De Saussure

made his offer, succeeded in climbing the mountain. The ascent has been made many times since, and in 1893 Dr. Janssen built an observatory on the summit.

Many of the greatest poets and prose writers have told of the feeling of awe inspired in their breasts by Mont Blanc in its majesty,—Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth. But perhaps Coleridge has expressed this feeling the best in his "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni":

"Who made you glorious as the gates
of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who
bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who,
with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at
your feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout
of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,
God!"

Chamonix has long been well known as a place to visit in the summer; but it is just beginning to become known as a winter resort. In winter there is fine skating, ski-ing, tobogganing, and bob sledding. There are two skating clubs of Paris whose headquarters are at Chamonix in the winter, and some of the most expert skating in the world is done there.

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, SWITZERLAND





THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD," long the home of a brave little band of monks, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

Monograph Number Five in *The Mentor Reading Course*

EIGHT thousand feet above the sea, far from their friends and the smiling valleys of Switzerland, bound with the icy chains of winter for nine months of the year, beaten by bitter blizzards and gales, lives a little group of monks in the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard on the pass of the same name. The duty of this brave little band is to receive strangers within their gates and to rescue travelers during the snowy season.

St. Bernard de Menthon founded the hospice on the pass in 962. It is the second highest winter habitation in the Alps. Ten or fifteen Augustine canons and seven attendants now live there. The famous St. Bernard dogs, whose keen sense of smell enables them to discover travelers buried in the snow, assist them in their noble work. Many are the rescues that have been made by these sagacious animals.

In the Middle Ages the monastery was rich; but now it has a hard time to meet expenses. Thirty thousand travelers are entertained free of charge annually. Each guest is supposed to deposit

in an alms box a gift to the monastery. This gift should cover the expense of his entertainment; but the amount annually deposited barely pays for one-tenth of the number of people entertained.

The hospice itself consists of two buildings. One contains the church, the dwellings of the canons, and rooms for travelers; the other is an inn connected with the old building by a covered passage. Near the hospice is the morgue, in which are placed bodies found in the snow.

To the west of the monastery is a small lake, which is sometimes frozen over even on summer mornings. It is a desolate body of water. Too cold for any kind of fish, it therefore attracts no birds. Man and dog alone of all living things survive so far above the rest of the world.

On the northwest side of this lake, on the St. Bernard Pass, near a small brook, are stones marking the Italian frontier. Nearby stand a stone cross, erected in 1816, and a tall bronze statue of St. Bernard on a lofty pedestal.

ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND





T. MORITZ," famous the world over as a beautiful health resort, is one of the six intaglio-gravure pictures illustrating "Switzerland."

ST. MORITZ

Monograph Number 24 in The Mentor Reading Course

ST. MORITZ, the highest and most populous village of the Upper Engadine valley in Switzerland, is both a summer and a winter resort of the homeless rich. The English season is during the winter on account of the fine skating and tobogganing. The non-English visitors go to St. Moritz chiefly in the summer.

The Engadine is a valley about sixty miles long, descending from the Maloja Pass to the Tyrolese frontier. The highest part of the valley above St. Moritz is the most beautiful, with its rugged mountain scenery, its many lakes and picturesque little Swiss villages. And in the midst of all this wildness of nature one finds many large and luxurious hotels to accommodate the enormous number of visitors to the Engadine during the year. The glaciers fill the neighboring valleys, the snow peaks cut their white outlines against the clear blue sky. And one may observe it all without moving from a comfortable hotel veranda.

The Upper Engadine is one of the most famous health resorts in the world. The air is strong and bracing the year round. As the natives say, the climate is "nine months winter and three months cold." White frosts and even snow are not uncommon in August.

St. Moritz is divided into two parts,—

Dorf St. Moritz, the village, and Bad St. Moritz, the suburb, whose chief attraction is the Bad Anstatt, or Bath Establishment. These baths are mineral waters strongly impregnated with carbonic acid and alkaline salts. They are used only in the summer.

The village of St. Moritz was known as a pilgrim resort as far back as the fifteenth century. It is built on the north shore of the Lake of St. Moritz. This lake is formed by the waters of the River Inn.

Beyond St. Moritz lies a chain of lovely little lakes. By driving along the shores of those one may reach the Maloja Pass at the upper end of the Engadine. There is found the silvery cascade, the birthplace of the River Inn.

It is said that the Swiss are a nation of hotel keepers, and that too much comfort is ruining the pleasure of seeing Nature in her wilder moods. But one native, a successful proprietor himself, said, "You foreigners are so unreasonable! You come to a poor village and complain that it affords no comfort for those who would so gladly come to enjoy the lovely scenery roundabout. We borrow money and build for you a magnificent hotel, and then you say, 'The mercenary Swiss are ruining their lovely country and killing all its charm.'"

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"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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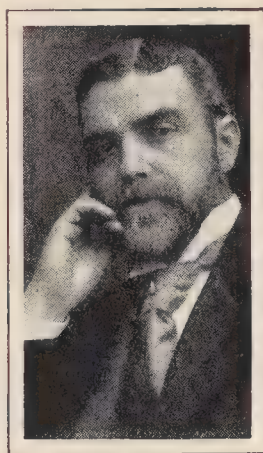
No. 24

SWITZERLAND, THE LAND OF SCENIC SPLENDORS

LUCERNE

ST. GOTTHARD ROAD

GENEVA



CHAMONIX

ST. BERNARD

ST. MORITZ

*A Trip Around the World with
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, Lecturer and Traveler*

NATURE had a very interesting time when she shaped Switzerland. The geologists can tell you about it. She carried the work along apparently in a leisurely manner,—not ripping nor blowing up in huge volcanic disturbances, but working along through thousands and thousands of years, trying one experiment and another, bending, breaking, and cracking the surface of the earth, until she had constructed one of the most magnificent scenic displays to be found on the globe. She turned up abrupt mountain peaks 15,000 feet in height. In stately ranges she stretched them across Switzerland, and in between she shaped valleys

of rare beauty, in many of which are set, like gems, fair lakes as blue as the sky above them.

When Nature had finished her labors, of which she might well have been proud, man came to add a touch of picturesqueness to the scene. He found a great setting for many interesting things. He climbed the high mountains, and laid out



A TYPICAL SWISS STREET

roads through the passes. He established in the danger stretches shelters like the Hospice of St. Bernard. To make places more accessible, he bored tunnels of astounding length through the solid rock.

Man also picked out various spots for pleasure grounds, some in the lower valleys, some on the great heights, and there he placed chalets, toylike villages, and well equipped hotels. Today people go to Switzerland to see the wonderful views and to enjoy the sport and adventure. And in doing so they come in touch with a nation of people that is in itself especially interesting,—a thrifty, self-governed people, whose laws and institutions have served as models in some ways to the rest of the world. Surely the Swiss hotelkeepers are examples of their profession that any other nation could profitably study. Any traveler who has visited the best hotels in the Valley of Engadine, in Geneva, Zurich (zoo'-rik), and Lucerne, will bring home pleasant recollections of them. Switzerland is famous for its good hotels, large and small.

A LAND OF VARIED CONDITIONS

In a country where the height above sea level varies from 650 to 15,782 feet (the summit of Mont Blanc) there must, of course, be great variations in temperature and in conditions of life. In the lower lands the temperature is soft and warm, and the soil richly produces the almond, the olive, and the fig; the great heights are regions of perpetual ice and snow. Of the total area of Switzerland (16,000 square miles) nearly three-quarters is productive in some way. The other quarter is called unproductive; but it is given over to the features that have made Switzerland known to the rest of the world,—lakes of exquisite beauty and the

solemn splendor of glacial fields. The small territory of Switzerland is distributed over four river basins,—the Rhine, the Rhone, the Inn, and the Ticino. The gracious valleys and the rugged mountain heights in close association form a country of wondrous beauty and of constant change of scene.

The pleasantest seasons for visiting Switzerland are spring and autumn; though most visitors, for vacation reasons, have to make their sojourn there in summer. In spring and fall the lakes and valleys are the favorite spots. Lake Geneva, Lake Lucerne, and Lake Constance are popular resorts, and lie at a level of 1,200 feet. The elevated valleys of Davos and Arosa are sought in winter; for there the air is dry and bracing, and life is pleasant indeed. St. Moritz is the popular resort for those who seek winter sport. There, at a height of 6,000 feet, people play outdoors through the short winter days.

PICTURESQUE LUCERNE

There are many things in and about Lucerne to engage the interest of a visitor. One of the first in its appeal, especially to the reader of history, is the Lion of Lucerne, which is to be found in an attractive little park in the city. The lion was hewn out of natural rock by the Danish sculptor

Thorwaldsen, and it celebrates the Swiss guard of 760 soldiers who, with their officers, fell defending the Tuileries in August, 1792. The heroic figure of the dying lion lies outstretched with a broken lance in his body, his paw sheltering the lily, the symbol of the Bourbon family.

The Lake of Lucerne, called by some the "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons" (correctly described as the "Lake of the Four Valleys"),



MER DE GLACE

The "Sea of Ice" is one of the three glaciers descending into the valley of Chamonix.

offers some of the most beautiful views in Switzerland. The scenery on its four branches is varied and full of surprises. A boat trip around the lake is a day of delight that no one will ever forget. In the course of that



LUCERNE AND MOUNT PILATUS

In olden times it was believed that Pontius Pilate, in his wanderings through the world, impelled at last by horror and remorse, committed suicide upon the summit of this mountain.

strikingly contrasted; Pilatus with rude peaks, usually cloud enwrapped, and Rigi covered with orchards, woods, and pastures. Pilatus and Rigi, imposing as they are, have both been captured by man and reduced to subjection; for they are ascended by rail, and are crowned by hotels that offer every comfort.

The station of Tellsplatte (tels-plaht'-te) is an interesting spot to visit. There, on a ledge of rock, stands the little chapel built in celebration of William Tell. It marks the place where, according to tradition, Tell leaped from Gessler's boat. Here, along the lake, runs one of the famous roads of the world, the Axenstrasse, in some places hewn out of solid rock.

Switzerland has its romance as well as its splendid scenery, and its

trip we are introduced to many of Switzerland's star features. There on one side rises the Rigi (ree-gi) into the sky; on another, stately Mount Pilatus; and, as you go along, the distant hills grow more prominent and you are introduced to the Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau (yoong'-frow). Rigi and Pilatus are



THE LION OF LUCERNE

"To the Fidelity and Bravery of the Swiss."

romance has been celebrated many times in prose and verse. Usually, however, the mind of the visitor is absorbed in contemplation of the amazing wonders of Nature. There about the Lake of Lucerne we see how these wonders have been "brought to book" by the skill of mankind. Inaccessible points are reached by elevators or stairways. The imposing walls of rock are tunneled through for carriage roads and railroads.

THE ST. GOTT-HARD ROAD

This marvel of engineering was built in the course of ten years (from 1872 to 1882),



TELL'S CHAPEL

It stands on the shore of Lake Lucerne, at the spot where the hero, William Tell, jumping from the tyrant's boat, escaped the clutches of the Austrian governor.



ON THE AXENSTRASSE

From these two famous windows a beautiful view may be had of Lake Lucerne.

and it runs from Lucerne to Milan, a distance of 175 miles. It takes a course chiefly along the east shore of the Lake of Lucerne, then up the Reuss (rois) Valley until it enters one of the celebrated spiral tunnels. The St. Gotthard tunnel is nine and one-quarter miles in length, and reaches a height of 3,786 feet. In the course of its length it ascends and descends several spiral curves in order to secure a proper grade. It is famous as one of the greatest engineering achievements in the world's history. The road was built by a company; but, in 1909, the Swiss government exercised the right accorded to it in the original agreement of 1879, and bought the railway.

GENEVA

A city of beauty and of business. Like Lucerne, Geneva is the capital of the canton of its own name, and lies at the end of a lake so called. The lake has two names, Lemman being the less familiar one. This lively and industrious city—famous through three hundred years for its watches, jewelry, and music boxes—has many fine hotels, and is much visited by travelers. You find beauties within and about the city. The banks of the lake are rich in verdure, and dotted with many charming villas and pleasure resorts. The lake itself has a beauty peculiarly its own. A boat trip takes you to many points of vantage, where views

can be had not only of the lake but of the surrounding mountain country. One of the most beautiful distant views of Mont Blanc is to be had from Nyon on the north shore of the lake. Lake Geneva is richer perhaps in history and romance than any other spot in Switzerland. Nearby the city is the Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron in his poem "The Prisoner of Chillon." Aside from the romantic and historic associations of the spot, the castle is a most imposing and interesting example of medieval architecture. Looked at from the water side, with the castle mirrored in the lake, it is a charmingly picturesque sight. Many beautiful towns are situated on the north shore of Geneva, among the most attractive of them being Vevey. This town is a great vineyard center, and has been the scene of interesting festivals and celebrations in honor of the vine.



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

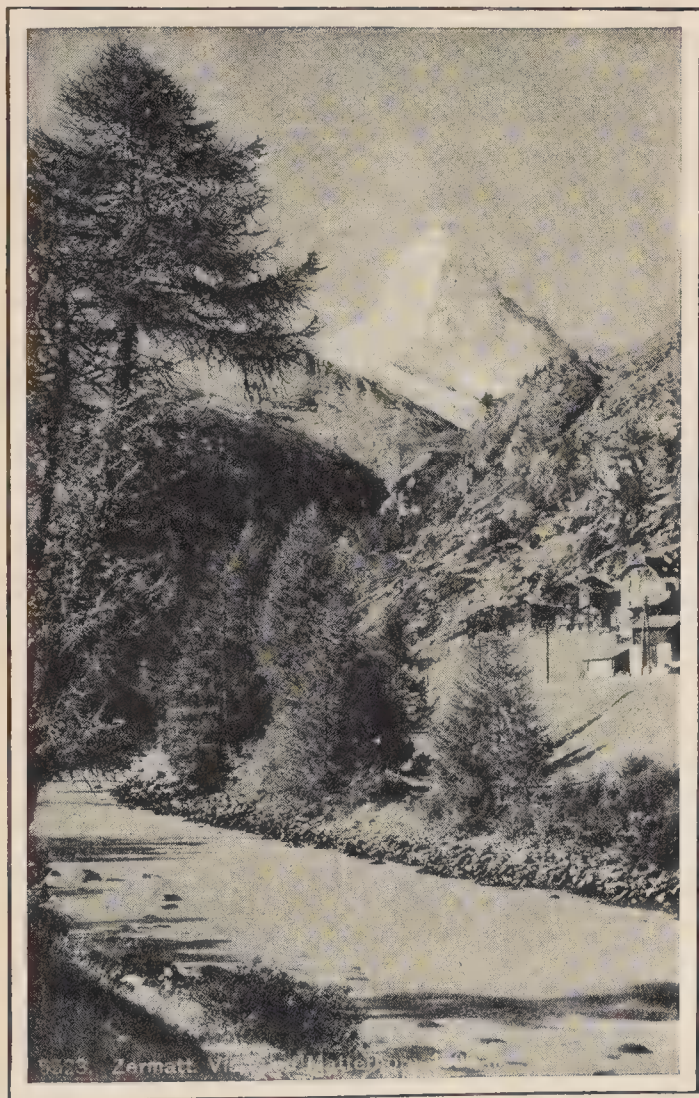
This old stronghold, with its massive walls and towers, located on the Lake of Geneva, has been made famous by Lord Byron in his poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

CHAMONIX

For those who seek the splendors of mountain peaks, the two most interesting towns are Chamonix (shah-mo-nee) and Zermatt, the former because it nestles at the foot of Mont Blanc, the latter for its proximity to the Matterhorn. The valley of Chamonix, through which flows the River Arve, is the one best known to tourists and the one most visited in Switzerland. This is no doubt on account of the grandeur of its glaciers. It is not the beauty that lies in Chamonix that draws so many there: it is

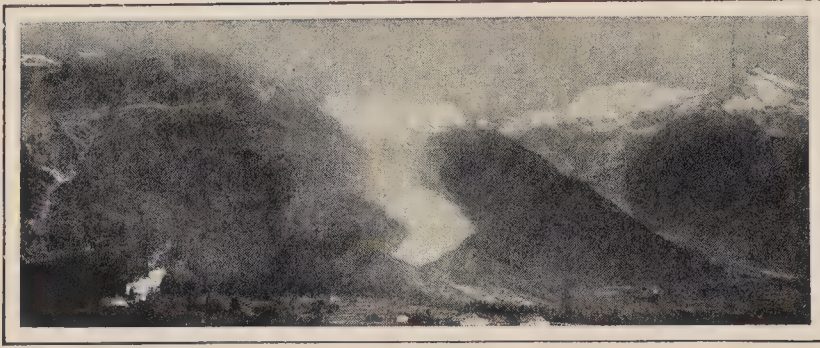
the impressive character of its surroundings,—the huge ice cataracts that flow down toward it, and above them majestic Mont Blanc. The attitude in Chamonix is that of “looking up”; for all the glories to be seen there are above it. An interesting symbol of this is the bronze group that you see as you enter the town. It represents J. Balmat, who first ascended Mont Blanc in 1786, standing beside the Swiss naturalist De Saussure (so-soor') and pointing the way up the mountain. This group is impressively dramatic; for it faces so that Balmat's finger is directed straight toward the summit of Mont Blanc, a view at which the eyes of thousands through the years have gazed in admiration and in awe.

While adventurous climbers are ascending the great mountain, others watch their course from Chamonix through telescopes. Mont Blanc, as Byron has expressed it, is the “monarch of mountains.” Its sovereign sway among the Alps,



THE MATTERHORN

Ascended for the first time on July 14, 1865, by Edward Whymper and six companions. In the descent all but Whymper and two guides lost their lives.



MOUNT BLANC

This monarch of the Alps, forming the boundary between France and Italy, was ascended for the first time in 1786 by the guide Jacques Balmat.

makes up the thousand feet it lacks in height by its forbidding structure. The Matterhorn has been called many names, "the Demon of the Alps" being an expressive one. It sits among its fellows like a huge crouching lion, its head erect in an attitude of menacing challenge.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

We have been going into higher levels. One of the highest known to the general traveler is the Pass of the Great St. Bernard. This is 8,108 feet in height, and through it goes the road between Aosta, in Piedmont, and Martigny, (Mar'-teen'-yee) in Switzerland. The famous Hospice was founded in 962 by Bernard de Menthon, a neighboring nobleman, as a shelter for pilgrims to Rome. It has always been occupied by Augustinian monks, young and strong; about fifteen in number, with some attendants.

All have heard stories of the achievements of the St. Bernard dogs. Some of them have been much exaggerated. The pictures of our childhood days would lead us to believe that these great creatures lifted half-frozen human beings to their backs and carried them up the mountain. As a matter of fact, though, the dogs and

at least, cannot be disputed; except possibly by the Matterhorn, which has an austere character of its own that gives it a position of unique prominence. Mont Blanc (15,782 feet) is the most majestic mountain. In comparison the Matterhorn (14,780 feet)



MONUMENT ERECTED TO DE SAUSSURE AND BALMAT AT CHAMONIX

the monks of St. Bernard have done a noble work through many years. By this service many travelers who have lost their way or become numbed by cold have been rescued. When we consider that the winter on the pass is nine months long, we can appreciate the vigorous character of the work these monks have assumed. It uses them up in time. After about eighteen years' service it is necessary for a monk to retire to the valleys below and give way to a younger and stronger man.

The Hospice is today connected with stations in the valley below by telephone, so that the monks can be informed of parties starting up the pass. There are several buildings, including a chapel and the shelter house itself. The latter accommodates several hundred. No charge is made for the hospitality; but, as other travelers will inform you, no one should leave without depositing in the contribution box a sum at least as much as he would have paid at a hotel elsewhere.

The St. Bernard dogs, according to tradition, were originally a cross between a Great Dane and a native hill dog, a species of mastiff. They were originally all short-haired dogs. The strain remained pure until 1812, when, on account of severe weather, the dogs, female as well as male, were sent out in service and the



ST. BERNARD DOG
The long-haired breed.



MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

*Mountain climbing is one of the most exhilarating sports in the world.
Switzerland offers every opportunity to the mountain climber.*

females succumbed to the cold. In order to continue the breed a cross was made with the Newfoundland, and this brought about the long-haired St. Bernard dog of our day. This breed is beautiful; but on account of the snow and ice clinging to its long hair it was found to be not so serviceable as the short-haired dog. The monks of St. Bernard, therefore, bred back to short-haired dogs.



ST. MORITZ

The highest village in the Engadine valley. It is well known as both a summer and winter resort.

The long-haired St. Bernard has taken a place as a very handsome pet, and as a show dog is generally preferred to the short-haired.

SWITZERLAND'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

In striking contrast to the severity of the Great St. Bernard is St. Moritz, in the upper valley of the Engadine. This beautiful spot is 6,000 feet high,

and has come to be known as one of the most important winter resorts in all Europe. It is not simply the fine climatic conditions that it offers, nor its mineral springs, that commend it to the traveler; it is the magnificence of the scenery and the great joy of outdoor sport during the winter. Surrounded by the most inspiring scenes that Nature could offer, visitors live a life of winter joy, skating, curling, tobogganing, and skeepling. There are many competitions for sporting events, and those of the bobsled are stirring to the point of danger. The famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz is known as the best ice run of all, and its events have been described and pictured many times.

THE JUNGFRAU

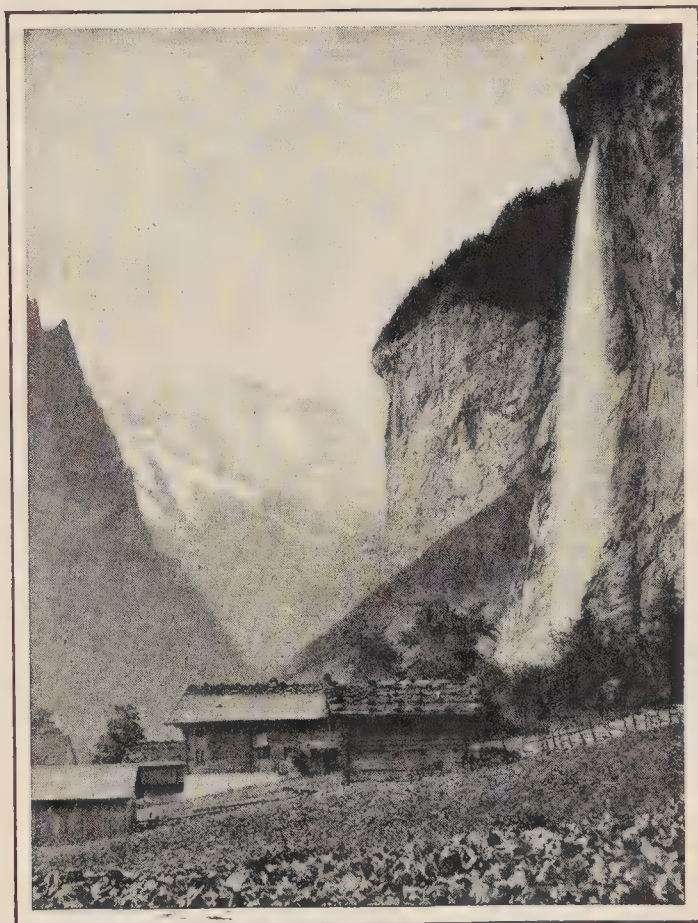
While "touching the high spots," go to Mürren. It is a wonderful place, and commands some of the finest views in all Switzer-



THE JUNGFRAU

Ascended for the first time in 1811 by Rudolph and Hieronymus Meyer.

land. You are taken up there in cable cars twenty-two hundred feet from Lauterbrunnen village. You have had your enjoyment in Interlaken, a lovely town in the valley, and there you got a sight of the Jungfrau. When you get up on the heights in Mürren (muer'-ren) your attention is largely on the Jungfrau, the "Maiden Mountain," regarded by many as the most beautiful mountain of the Alps. Attended by her companion peaks, the sharp-pointed Eiger and the snow-shrouded Monk, the Jungfrau presents an aspect of dignity and loftiness that is most impressive. Once seen, the summit of the Jungfrau, rose colored under the touch of the setting sun, can never be forgotten. Ambitious mountain climbers always found the Jungfrau a difficult problem. She was conquered about a hundred years ago, and now a visitor can ride two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and in a few years he may be carried to the summit.



THE STAUBBACH

The "Spray-Brook" is the best known of the Lauterbrunnen falls. It has a leap of 980 feet, and resembles a silvery veil.

In Switzerland there is something for everyone who loves the beauty and the stimulating air of outdoor life. It is in all its beauties and in all its advantages a splendidly graded scale. You may begin in the valley of the Engadine and gradually ascend to St. Moritz; you may start at the Lauterbrunnen Valley from Interlaken and ascend to Mürren. You may linger in Lauterbrunnen Valley to enjoy the beauty of Staubbach, the veil-like waterfall. You may settle by the limpid waters of the Swiss lakes, or you may assail the superb mountain citadels. At either of the extremes, the valleys or the summits, there is much to interest and much to amaze the traveler, and scattered through the intermediate levels are spots of ravishing beauty. It is indeed a country of scenic splendor.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



Hints and Notes for Travelers in the Alps . . .	<i>J. Ball</i>
Handbook for Travelers in Switzerland . . .	<i>Murray</i>
The Swiss Democracy .	<i>H. D. Lloyd</i>
Social Switzerland . . .	<i>W. H. Dawson</i>
The Rise of the Swiss Republic	<i>W. D. McCrackan</i>
A Little Swiss Sojourn .	<i>W. D. Howells</i>
Our Life in the Swiss Highlands	<i>J. A. and M. Symonds</i>
Sketches of Switzerland .	<i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>



QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone desiring further information concerning the subject treated can obtain it by writing to the

"Inquiry Department" of The Mentor Association
52 East Nineteenth Street, New York City

